

uk - H01776 - 3 - D015181

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Volume 24

WINTER, 1954-55

Number 1



CONTENTS

The Pseudo-Conservative Revolt	<i>Richard Hofstadter</i>	9
The True Face of Our Country	<i>John LaFarge, S. J.</i>	28
He Was There Before Coronado	<i>Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	35
POEMS: Terra Nova, Notes for a Poem, Transformation Scene	<i>Constance Carrier</i>	45
The Birth of the Free University	<i>Carl Anthon</i>	49
On Writing the Family Novel	<i>Worth Tuttle Hedden</i>	65
The Humanities: Mirrors of Genius	<i>Neal W. Klausner</i>	81
PORTRAIT: Alvin Johnson	<i>Irving Dilliard</i>	88
THE SCHOLAR'S SCRATCH PAD	<i>Jacques Barzun</i>	96
THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND		
Reviews by <i>Sidney Alexander, Edmund Fuller, Asher Lans,</i> and <i>Louis Simpson</i>		99
Brief comments on fourteen outstanding books of the pre- vious quarter		118
THE READER REPLIES		126

Our literature and our thought . . .

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE

by John Buxton

A study of patronage between 1570 and 1630 showing how Sir Philip Sidney and his family and friends, by their appreciation of poets and their deep critical interest in the techniques of poetry, played an essential part in the flowering of the Elizabethan Renaissance. *Early December. Illustrated. \$4.50*

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

by Miguel Cervantes Saavedra

Translated and edited by WALTER STARKIE

Here Dr. Starkie has omitted the lengthy interpolated narratives and many of the burlesque episodes at the court of the Duke and Duchess. The result is a fluent and vigorous rendering of the original Spanish. A critical introduction gives a fresh and penetrating explanation of the origin and interpretation of Don Quixote, and a vivid sketch of Cervantes' life. Decorations from the drawings of *GUSTAVE DORÉ*. *\$4.50*

SEAN O'CASEY: COLLECTED PLAYS

VOL. I: Juno and the Paycock; The Shadow of a Gunman; The Plough and the Stars; The End of the Beginning; A Pound on Demand.

VOL. II: The Silver Tassie; Within the Gates; The Star Turns Red.

VOL. III: Purple Dust; Red Roses for Me; Hall of Healing.

VOL. IV: Oak Leaves and Lavender; Cock-A-Doodle Dandy; Bedtime Story; Time to Go.

Each volume, \$2.50

THOMAS HARDY

by Evelyn Hardy

A critical biography which explains Thomas Hardy's enigmatic character and traces the curious genesis of his works. Miss Hardy, who has published studies of John Donne and Swift, has included much unpublished material about Hardy's life, and offers penetrating analyses of his novels and poems. *Photographs. \$5.00*

THE HUMAN SITUATION

by W. MacNeile Dixon

A brilliant coordination and criticism of views of man's present state held by philosophers, theologians and scientists. Reissued. *\$3.50*

At your bookstore, or

ST MARTIN'S PRESS

103 Park Avenue, New York 17

Publishers in the U.S. of all books to which Macmillan & Co. Ltd., London have the world rights.

p1510 37

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 24

Winter, 1954-55

NUMBER 1

.....

The Pseudo-Conservative Revolt

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

TWENTY YEARS AGO the dynamic force in American political life came from the side of liberal dissent, from the impulse to reform the inequities of our economic and social system and to change our ways of doing things, to the end that the sufferings of the Great Depression would never be repeated. Today the dynamic force in our political life no longer comes from the liberals who made the New Deal possible. By 1952 the liberals had had at least the trappings of power for twenty years. They could look back to a brief, exciting period in the mid-thirties when they had held power itself and had been able to transform the economic and administrative life of the nation. After twenty years the New Deal liberals have quite unconsciously taken on the psychology of those who have entered into possession. Moreover, a large part of the New Deal public, the jobless, distracted and bewildered men of 1933, have in the course of the years found substantial places in society for themselves, have become home-owners, suburbanites and solid citizens. Many of them still keep the emotional commitments to the liberal dissent with which they grew up politically, but their social position is one of solid comfort. Among them the dominant tone has become one of satisfaction, even of a kind of

© RICHARD HOFSTADTER is professor of history at Columbia University and the author of several books, including *The American Political Tradition*. This article is based on a lecture which Dr. Hofstadter delivered this spring at Barnard College in the second annual series of lectures in American Civilization, devoted to the theme "The Search for New Standards in Modern America."

conservatism. Insofar as Adlai Stevenson won their enthusiasm in 1952, it was not in spite of, but in part because of the air of poised and reliable conservatism that he brought to the Democratic convention. By comparison, Harry Truman's impassioned rhetoric, with its occasional thrusts at "Wall Street," seemed passé and rather embarrassing. The change did not escape Stevenson himself. "The strange alchemy of time," he said in a speech at Columbus, "has somehow converted the Democrats into the truly conservative party of this country—the party dedicated to conserving all that is best, and building solidly and safely on these foundations." The most that the old liberals can now envisage is not to carry on with some ambitious new program, but simply to defend as much as possible of the old achievements and to try to keep traditional liberties of expression that are threatened.

There is, however, a dynamic of dissent in America today. Representing no more than a modest fraction of the electorate, it is not so powerful as the liberal dissent of the New Deal era, but it is powerful enough to set the tone of our political life and to establish throughout the country a kind of punitive reaction. The new dissent is certainly not radical—there are hardly any radicals of any sort left—nor is it precisely conservative. Unlike most of the liberal dissent of the past, the new dissent not only has no respect for non-conformism, but is based upon a relentless demand for conformity. It can most accurately be called pseudo-conservative—I borrow the term from the study of *The Authoritarian Personality* published five years ago by Theodore W. Adorno and his associates—because its exponents, although they believe themselves to be conservatives and usually employ the rhetoric of conservatism, show signs of a serious and restless dissatisfaction with American life, traditions and institutions. They have little in common with the temperate and compromising spirit of true conservatism in the classical sense of the word, and they are far from pleased with the dominant practical conservatism of the moment as it is represented by the Eisenhower Administration. Their political reactions express rather a profound if largely unconscious hatred of our society and its ways—a hatred which one would hesitate to impute to them if one did not have suggestive clinical evidence.

THE PSEUDO-CONSERVATIVE REVOLT

From clinical interviews and thematic apperception tests, Adorno and his co-workers found that their pseudo-conservative subjects, although given to a form of political expression that combines a curious mixture of largely conservative with occasional radical notions, succeed in concealing from themselves impulsive tendencies that, if released in action, would be very far from conservative. The pseudo-conservative, Adorno writes, shows "conventionality and authoritarian submissiveness" in his conscious thinking and "violence, anarchic impulses, and chaotic destructiveness in the unconscious sphere. . . . The pseudo conservative is a man who, in the name of upholding traditional American values and institutions and defending them against more or less fictitious dangers, consciously or unconsciously aims at their abolition."¹

Who is the pseudo-conservative, and what does he want? It is impossible to identify him by class, for the pseudo-conservative impulse can be found in practically all classes in society, although its power probably rests largely upon its appeal to the less educated members of the middle classes. The ideology of pseudo-conservatism can be characterized but not defined, because the pseudo-conservative tends to be more than ordinarily incoherent about politics. The lady who, when General Eisenhower's victory over Senator Taft had finally become official, stalked out of the Hilton Hotel declaiming, "This means eight more years of socialism" was probably a fairly good representative of the pseudo-conservative mentality. So also were the gentlemen who, at the Freedom Congress held at Omaha over a year ago by some "patriotic" organizations, objected to Earl Warren's appointment to the Supreme Court with the assertion: "Middle-of-the-road thinking can and will destroy us"; the general who spoke to the same group, demanding "an Air Force capable of wiping out the Russian Air Force and industry in one sweep," but also "a material reduction in military expenditures";² the people who a few years ago believed simul-

¹ Theodore W. Adorno et al., *The Authoritarian Personality* (New York, 1950), pp. 675-76. While I have drawn heavily upon this enlightening study, I have some reservations about its methods and conclusions. For a critical review, see Richard Christie and Marie Jahoda, eds., *Studies in the Scope and Method of "The Authoritarian Personality"* (Glencoe, Illinois, 1954), particularly the penetrating comments by Edward Shils.

² On the Omaha Freedom Congress see Leonard Boasberg, "Radical Reactionaries," *The Progressive*, December, 1953.

taneously that we had no business to be fighting communism in Korea, but that the war should immediately be extended to an Asia-wide crusade against communism; and the most ardent supporters of the Bricker Amendment. Many of the most zealous followers of Senator McCarthy are also pseudo-conservatives, although there are presumably a great many others who are not.

The restlessness, suspicion and fear manifested in various phases of the pseudo-conservative revolt give evidence of the real suffering which the pseudo-conservative experiences in his capacity as a citizen. He believes himself to be living in a world in which he is spied upon, plotted against, betrayed, and very likely destined for total ruin. He feels that his liberties have been arbitrarily and outrageously invaded. He is opposed to almost everything that has happened in American politics for the past twenty years. He hates the very thought of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is disturbed deeply by American participation in the United Nations, which he can see only as a sinister organization. He sees his own country as being so weak that it is constantly about to fall victim to subversion; and yet he feels that it is so all-powerful that any failure it may experience in getting its way in the world—for instance, in the Orient—cannot possibly be due to its limitations but must be attributed to its having been betrayed.³ He is the most bitter of all our citizens about our involvement in the wars of the past, but seems the least concerned about avoiding the next one. While he naturally does not like Soviet communism, what distinguishes him from the rest of us who also dislike it is that he shows little interest in, is often indeed bitterly hostile to such realistic measures as might actually strengthen the United States vis-à-vis Russia. He would much rather concern himself with the domestic scene, where communism is weak, than with those areas of the world where it is really strong and threatening. He wants to have nothing to do with the democratic nations of Western Europe, which seem to draw more of his ire than the Soviet Communists, and he is opposed to all "give-away programs" designed to aid and strengthen these nations. Indeed, he is likely to be antagonistic to most of the operations of our federal government except Congressional investigations, and to almost

³ See the comments of D. W. Brogan in "The Illusion of American Omnipotence," *Harper's*, December, 1952.

all of its expenditures. Not always, however, does he go so far as the speaker at the Freedom Congress who attributed the greater part of our national difficulties to "this nasty, stinking 16th [income tax] Amendment."

A great deal of pseudo-conservative thinking takes the form of trying to devise means of absolute protection against that betrayal by our own officialdom which the pseudo-conservative feels is always imminent. The Bricker Amendment, indeed, might be taken as one of the primary symptoms of pseudo-conservatism. Every dissenting movement brings its demand for Constitutional changes; and the pseudo-conservative revolt, far from being an exception to this principle, seems to specialize in Constitutional revision, at least as a speculative enterprise. The widespread latent hostility toward American institutions takes the form, among other things, of a flood of proposals to write drastic changes into the body of our fundamental law. Last summer, in a characteristically astute piece, Richard Rovere pointed out that Constitution-amending had become almost a major diversion in the Eighty-third Congress.⁴ About a hundred amendments were introduced and referred to committee. Several of these called for the repeal of the income tax. Several embodied formulas of various kinds to limit non-military expenditures to some fixed portion of the national income. One proposed to bar all federal expenditures on "the general welfare"; another, to prohibit American troops from serving in any foreign country except on the soil of the potential enemy; another, to redefine treason to embrace not only persons trying to overthrow the government but also those trying to "weaken" it, even by peaceful means. The last proposal might bring the pseudo-conservative rebels themselves under the ban of treason: for the sum total of these amendments might easily serve to bring the whole structure of American society crashing to the ground.

As Mr. Rovere points out, it is not unusual for a large number of Constitutional amendments to be lying about somewhere in the Congressional hoppers. What is unusual is the readiness the Senate has shown to give them respectful consideration, and the peculiar populist arguments some of its leading members have used

⁴ Richard Rovere, "Letter from Washington," *New Yorker*, June 19, 1954, pp. 67-72.

to justify referring them to the state legislatures. While the ordinary Congress hardly ever has occasion to consider more than one amendment, the Eighty-third Congress saw six Constitutional amendments brought to the floor of the Senate, all summoning simple majorities, and four winning the two-thirds majority necessary before they can be sent to the House and ultimately to the state legislatures. It must be added that, with the possible exception of the Bricker Amendment itself, none of the six amendments so honored can be classed with the most extreme proposals. But the pliability of the senators, the eagerness of some of them to pass the buck and defer to "the people of the country," suggests how strong they feel the pressure to be for some kind of change that will give expression to that vague desire to repudiate the past that underlies the pseudo-conservative revolt.

One of the most urgent questions we can ask about the United States in our time is the question of where all this sentiment arose. The readiest answer is that the new pseudo-conservatism is simply the old ultra-conservatism and the old isolationism heightened by the extraordinary pressures of the contemporary world. This answer, true though it may be, gives a deceptive sense of familiarity without much deepening our understanding, for the particular patterns of American isolationism and extreme right-wing thinking have themselves not been very satisfactorily explored. It will not do, to take but one example, to say that some people want the income tax amendment repealed because taxes have become very heavy in the past twenty years: for this will not explain why, of three people in the same tax bracket, one will grin and bear it and continue to support social welfare legislation as well as an adequate defense, while another responds by supporting in a matter-of-fact way the practical conservative leadership of the moment, and the third finds his feelings satisfied only by the angry conspiratorial accusations and extreme demands of the pseudo-conservative.

No doubt the circumstances determining the political style of any individual are complex. Although I am concerned here to discuss some of the neglected social-psychological elements in pseudo-conservatism, I do not wish to appear to deny the presence of im-

portant economic and political causes. I am aware, for instance, that wealthy reactionaries try to use pseudo-conservative organizers, spokesmen and groups to propagate their notions of public policy, and that some organizers of pseudo-conservative and "patriotic" groups often find in this work a means of making a living—thus turning a tendency toward paranoia into a vocational asset, probably one of the most perverse forms of occupational therapy known to man. A number of other circumstances—the drastic inflation and heavy taxes of our time, the dissolution of American urban life, considerations of partisan political expediency—also play a part. But none of these things seem to explain the broad appeal of pseudo-conservatism, its emotional intensity, its dense and massive irrationality, or some of the peculiar ideas it generates. Nor will they explain why those who profit by the organized movements find such a ready following among a large number of people, and why the rank-and-file janizaries of pseudo-conservatism are so eager to hurl accusations, write letters to congressmen and editors, and expend so much emotional energy and crusading idealism upon causes that plainly bring them no material reward.

Elmer Davis, seeking to account for such sentiment in his recent book, *But We Were Born Free*, ventures a psychological hypothesis. He concludes, if I understand him correctly, that the genuine difficulties of our situation in the face of the power of international communism have inspired a widespread feeling of fear and frustration, and that those who cannot face these problems in a more rational way "take it out on their less influential neighbors, in the mood of a man who, being afraid to stand up to his wife in a domestic argument, relieves his feelings by kicking the cat."⁵ This suggestion has the merit of both simplicity and plausibility, and it may begin to account for a portion of the pseudo-conservative public. But while we may dismiss our curiosity about the man who kicks the cat by remarking that some idiosyncrasy in his personal development has brought him to this pass, we can hardly help but wonder whether there are not, in the backgrounds of the hundreds of thousands of persons who are moved by the

⁵ Elmer Davis, *But We Were Born Free* (New York, 1954), pp. 35-36; cf. pp. 21-22 and *passim*.

pseudo-conservative impulse, some commonly shared circumstances that will help to account for their all kicking the cat in unison.

All of us have reason to fear the power of international communism, and all our lives are profoundly affected by it. Why do some Americans try to face this threat for what it is, a problem that exists in a world-wide theater of action, while others try to reduce it largely to a matter of domestic conformity? Why do some of us prefer to look for allies in the democratic world, while others seem to prefer authoritarian allies or none at all? Why do the pseudo-conservatives express such a persistent fear and suspicion of *their own government*, whether its leadership rests in the hands of Roosevelt, Truman or Eisenhower? Why is the pseudo-conservative impelled to go beyond the more or less routine partisan argument that we have been the victims of considerable misgovernment during the past twenty years to the disquieting accusation that we have actually been the victims of persistent conspiracy and betrayal—"twenty years of treason"? Is it not true, moreover, that political types very similar to the pseudo-conservative have had a long history in the United States, and that this history goes back to a time when the Soviet power did not loom nearly so large on our mental horizons? Was the Ku Klux Klan, for instance, which was responsibly estimated to have had a membership of from 4,000,000 to 4,500,000 persons at its peak in the 1920's, a phenomenon totally dissimilar to the pseudo-conservative revolt?

What I wish to suggest—and I do so in the spirit of one setting forth nothing more than a speculative hypothesis—is that pseudo-conservatism is in good part a product of the rootlessness and heterogeneity of American life, and above all, of its peculiar scramble for status and its peculiar search for secure identity. Normally there is a world of difference between one's sense of national identity or cultural belonging and one's social status. However, in American historical development, these two things, so easily distinguishable in analysis, have been jumbled together in reality, and it is precisely this that has given such a special poignancy and urgency to our status-strivings. In this country a person's status—that is, his relative place in the prestige hierarchy of his community—and his rudimentary sense of belonging to the community—that is,

what we call his "Americanism"—have been intimately joined. Because, as a people extremely democratic in our social institutions, we have had no clear, consistent and recognizable system of status, our personal status problems have an unusual intensity. Because we no longer have the relative ethnic homogeneity we had up to about eighty years ago, our sense of belonging has long had about it a high degree of uncertainty. We boast of "the melting pot," but we are not quite sure what it is that will remain when we have been melted down.

We have always been proud of the high degree of occupational mobility in our country—of the greater readiness, as compared with other countries, with which a person starting in a very humble place in our social structure could rise to a position of moderate wealth and status, and with which a person starting with a middling position could rise to great eminence. We have looked upon this as laudable in principle, for it is democratic, and as pragmatically desirable, for it has served many a man as a stimulus to effort and has, no doubt, a great deal to do with the energetic and effectual tone of our economic life. The American pattern of occupational mobility, while often much exaggerated, as in the Horatio Alger stories and a great deal of the rest of our mythology, may properly be credited with many of the virtues and beneficial effects that are usually attributed to it. But this occupational and social mobility, compounded by our extraordinary mobility from place to place, has also had its less frequently recognized drawbacks. Not the least of them is that this has become a country in which so many people do not know who they are or what they are or what they belong to or what belongs to them. It is a country of people whose status expectations are random and uncertain, and yet whose status aspirations have been whipped up to a high pitch by our democratic ethos and our rags-to-riches mythology.⁶

In a country where physical needs have been, by the scale of

⁶ Cf. in this respect the observation of Tocqueville: "It cannot be denied that democratic institutions strongly tend to promote the feeling of envy in the human heart; not so much because they afford to everyone the means of rising to the same level with others as because these means perpetually disappoint the persons who employ them. Democratic institutions awaken and foster a passion for equality which they can never entirely satisfy." Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, ed. by Phillips Bradley (New York, 1945), Vol. I, p. 201.

the world's living standards, on the whole well met, the luxury of questing after status has assumed an unusually prominent place in our civic consciousness. Political life is not simply an arena in which the conflicting interests of various social groups in concrete material gains are fought out; it is also an arena into which status aspirations and frustrations are, as the psychologists would say, projected. It is at this point that the issues of politics, or the pretended issues of politics, become interwoven with and dependent upon the personal problems of individuals. We have, at all times, two kinds of processes going on in inextricable connection with each other: *interest politics*, the clash of material aims and needs among various groups and blocs; and *status politics*, the clash of various projective rationalizations arising from status aspirations and other personal motives. In times of depression and economic discontent—and by and large in times of acute national emergency—politics is more clearly a matter of interests, although of course status considerations are still present. In times of prosperity and general well-being on the material plane, status considerations among the masses can become much more influential in our politics. The two periods in our recent history in which status politics has been particularly prominent, the present era and the 1920's, have both been periods of prosperity.

During depressions, the dominant motif in dissent takes expression in proposals for reform or in panaceas. Dissent then tends to be highly programmatic—that is, it gets itself embodied in many kinds of concrete legislative proposals. It is also future-oriented and forward-looking, in the sense that it looks to a time when the adoption of this or that program will materially alleviate or eliminate certain discontents. In prosperity, however, when status politics becomes relatively more important, there is a tendency to embody discontent not so much in legislative proposals as in grousing. For the basic aspirations that underlie status discontent are only partially conscious; and, even so far as they are conscious, it is difficult to give them a programmatic expression. It is more difficult for the old lady who belongs to the D.A.R. and who sees her ancestral home swamped by new working-class dwellings to express her animus in concrete proposals of any degree of reality than it is, say, for

the jobless worker during a slump to rally to a relief program. Therefore, it is the tendency of status politics to be expressed more in vindictiveness, in sour memories, in the search for scapegoats, than in realistic proposals for positive action.⁷

Paradoxically the intense status concerns of present-day politics are shared by two types of persons who arrive at them, in a sense, from opposite directions. The first are found among some types of old-family, Anglo-Saxon Protestants, and the second are found among many types of immigrant families, most notably among the Germans and Irish, who are very frequently Catholic. The Anglo-Saxons are most disposed toward pseudo-conservatism when they are losing caste, the immigrants when they are gaining.⁸

Consider first the old-family Americans. These people, whose stocks were once far more unequivocally dominant in America than they are today, feel that their ancestors made and settled and fought for this country. They have a certain inherited sense of proprietorship in it. Since America has always accorded a certain special deference to old families—so many of our families are *new*

⁷ Cf. Samuel Lubell's characterization of isolationism as a vengeful memory. *The Future of American Politics* (New York, 1952), Chapter VII. See also the comments of Leo Lowenthal and Norbert Guterman on the right-wing agitator: "The agitator seems to steer clear of the area of material needs on which liberal and democratic movements concentrate; his main concern is a sphere of frustration that is usually ignored in traditional politics. The programs that concentrate on material needs seem to overlook that area of moral uncertainties and emotional frustrations that are the immediate manifestations of malaise. It may therefore be conjectured that his followers find the agitator's statements attractive not because he occasionally promises to 'maintain the American standards of living' or to provide a job for everyone, but because he intimates that he will give them the emotional satisfactions that are denied them in the contemporary social and economic set-up. He offers attitudes, not bread." *Prophets of Deceit* (New York, 1949), pp. 91-92.

⁸ Every ethnic group has its own peculiar status history, and I am well aware that my remarks in the text slur over many important differences. The status history of the older immigrant groups like the Germans and the Irish is quite different from that of ethnic elements like the Italians, Poles and Czechs, who have more recently arrived at the point at which they are bidding for wide acceptance in the professional and white-collar classes, or at least for the middle-class standards of housing and consumption enjoyed by these classes. The case of the Irish is of special interest, because the Irish, with their long-standing prominence in municipal politics, qualified as it has been by their relative non-acceptance in many other spheres, have an unusually ambiguous status. In many ways they have gained, while in others, particularly insofar as their municipal power has recently been challenged by other groups, especially the Italians, they have lost some status and power. The election of 1928, with its religious bigotry and social snobbery, inflicted upon them a status trauma from which they have never fully recovered, for it was a symbol of the Protestant majority's rejection of their ablest leadership on grounds quite irrelevant to merit. This feeling was kept alive by the breach between Al Smith and FDR, followed by the rejection of Jim Farley from the New Deal succession. A study of the Germans would perhaps emphasize the effects of uneasiness over national loyalties arising from the Hitler era and World War II, but extending back even to World War I.

—these people have considerable claims to status by descent, which they celebrate by membership in such organizations as the D.A.R. and the S.A.R. But large numbers of them are actually losing their other claims to status. For there are among them a considerable number of the shabby genteel, of those who for one reason or another have lost their old objective positions in the life of business and politics and the professions, and who therefore cling with exceptional desperation to such remnants of their prestige as they can muster from their ancestors. These people, although very often quite well-to-do, feel that they have been pushed out of their rightful place in American life, even out of their neighborhoods. Most of them have been traditional Republicans by family inheritance, and they have felt themselves edged aside by the immigrants, the trade unions, and the urban machines in the past thirty years. When the immigrants were weak, these native elements used to indulge themselves in ethnic and religious snobberies at their expense.⁹ Now the immigrant groups have developed ample means, political and economic, of self-defense, and the second and third generations have become considerably more capable of looking out for themselves. Some of the old-family Americans have turned to find new objects for their resentment among liberals, left-wingers, intellectuals and the like—for in true pseudo-conservative fashion they relish weak victims and shrink from asserting themselves against the strong.

New-family Americans have had their own peculiar status problem. From 1881 to 1900 over 8,800,000 immigrants came here, during the next twenty years another 14,500,000. These immigrants, together with their descendants, constitute such a large portion of the population that Margaret Mead, in a stimulating analysis of our national character, has persuasively urged that the characteristic American outlook is now a third-generation point of view.¹⁰ In their search for new lives and new nationality, these immigrants have suffered much, and they have been rebuffed and made to feel inferior by the "native stock," commonly being ex-

⁹ One of the noteworthy features of the current situation is that fundamentalist Protestants and fundamentalist Catholics have so commonly subordinated their old feuds (and for the first time in our history) to unite in opposition to what they usually describe as "godless" elements.

¹⁰ Margaret Mead, *And Keep Your Powder Dry* (New York, 1942), Chapter III.

cluded from the better occupations and even from what has bitterly been called "first-class citizenship." Insecurity over social status has thus been mixed with insecurity over one's very identity and sense of belonging. Achieving a better type of job or a better social status and becoming "more American" have become practically synonymous, and the passions that ordinarily attach to social position have been vastly heightened by being associated with the need to belong.

The problems raised by the tasks of keeping the family together, disciplining children for the American race for success, trying to conform to unfamiliar standards, protecting economic and social status won at the cost of much sacrifice, holding the respect of children who grow American more rapidly than their parents, have thrown heavy burdens on the internal relationships of many new American families. Both new and old American families have been troubled by the changes of the past thirty years—the new because of their striving for middle-class respectability and American identity, the old because of their efforts to maintain an inherited social position and to realize under increasingly unfavorable social conditions imperatives of character and personal conduct deriving from nineteenth-century, Yankee-Protestant-rural backgrounds. The relations between generations, being cast in no stable mold, have been disordered, and the status anxieties of parents have been inflicted upon children.¹¹ Often parents entertain status aspirations that they are unable to gratify, or that they can gratify only at exceptional psychic cost. Their children are expected to relieve their frustrations and redeem their lives. They become objects to be manipulated to that end. An extraordinarily high level of achievement is expected of them, and along with it a tremendous effort to conform and be respectable. From the standpoint of the children these expectations often appear in the form of an exorbitantly demanding authority that one dare not question or defy. Resistance

¹¹ See Else Frenkel-Brunswick's "Parents and Childhood as seen through the Interviews," *The Authoritarian Personality*, Chapter X. The author remarks (pp. 387-88) concerning subjects who were relatively free from ethnic prejudice that in their families "less obedience is expected of the children. Parents are less status-ridden and thus show less anxiety with respect to conformity and are less intolerant toward manifestations of socially unaccepted behavior. . . . Comparatively less pronounced status-concern often goes hand in hand with greater richness and liberation of emotional life. There is, on the whole, more affection, or more unconditional affection, in the families of unprejudiced subjects. There is less surrender to conventional rules. . . ."

P 15181

and hostility, finding no moderate outlet in give-and-take, have to be suppressed, and reappear in the form of an internal destructive rage. An enormous hostility to authority, which cannot be admitted to consciousness, calls forth a massive overcompensation which is manifest in the form of extravagant submissiveness to strong power. Among those found by Adorno and his colleagues to have strong ethnic prejudices and pseudo-conservative tendencies, there is a high proportion of persons who have been unable to develop the capacity to criticize justly and in moderation the failings of parents and who are profoundly intolerant of the ambiguities of thought and feeling that one is so likely to find in real-life situations. For pseudo-conservatism is among other things a disorder in relation to authority, characterized by an inability to find other modes for human relationship than those of more or less complete domination or submission. The pseudo-conservative always imagines himself to be dominated and imposed upon because he feels that he is not dominant, and knows of no other way of interpreting his position. He imagines that his own government and his own leadership are engaged in a more or less continuous conspiracy against him because he has come to think of authority only as something that aims to manipulate and deprive him. It is for this reason, among others, that he enjoys seeing outstanding generals, distinguished secretaries of state, and prominent scholars browbeaten and humiliated.

Status problems take on a special importance in American life because a very large part of the population suffers from one of the most troublesome of all status questions: unable to enjoy the simple luxury of assuming their own nationality as a natural event, they are tormented by a nagging doubt as to whether they are really and truly and fully American. Since their forebears voluntarily left one country and embraced another, they cannot, as people do elsewhere, think of nationality as something that comes with birth; for them it is a matter of *choice*, and an object of striving. This is one reason why problems of "loyalty" arouse such an emotional response in many Americans and why it is so hard in the American climate of opinion to make any clear distinction between the problem of national security and the question of personal loyalty. Of

course there is no real reason to doubt the loyalty to America of the immigrants and their descendants, or their willingness to serve the country as fully as if their ancestors had lived here for three centuries. None the less, they have been thrown on the defensive by those who have in the past cast doubts upon the fullness of their Americanism. Possibly they are also, consciously or unconsciously, troubled by the thought that since their forebears have already abandoned one country, one allegiance, their own national allegiance might be considered fickle. For this I believe there is some evidence in our national practices. What other country finds it so necessary to create institutional rituals for the sole purpose of guaranteeing to its people the genuineness of their nationality? Does the Frenchman or the Englishman or the Italian find it necessary to speak of himself as "one hundred per cent" English, French or Italian? Do they find it necessary to have their equivalents of "I Am an American Day"? When they disagree with one another over national policies, do they find it necessary to call one another un-English, un-French or un-Italian? No doubt they too are troubled by subversive activities and espionage, but are their countermeasures taken under the name of committees on un-English, un-French or un-Italian activities?

The primary value of patriotic societies and anti-subversive ideologies to their exponents can be found here. They provide additional and continued reassurance both to those who are of old American ancestry and have other status grievances and to those who are of recent American ancestry and therefore feel in need of reassurance about their nationality. Veterans' organizations offer the same satisfaction—what better evidence can there be of the genuineness of nationality and of *earned* citizenship than military service under the flag of one's country? Of course such organizations, once they exist, are liable to exploitation by vested interests that can use them as pressure groups on behalf of particular measures and interests. (Veterans' groups, since they lobby for the concrete interests of veterans, have a double role in this respect.) But the cement that holds them together is the status motivation and the desire for an identity.

Sociological studies have shown that there is a close relation be-

tween social mobility and ethnic prejudice. Persons moving downward, and even upward under many circumstances, in the social scale tend to show greater prejudice against such ethnic minorities as the Jews and Negroes than commonly prevails in the social strata they have left or are entering.¹² While the existing studies in this field have been focused upon prejudice rather than the kind of hyper-patriotism and hyper-conformism that I am most concerned with, I believe that the typical prejudiced person and the typical pseudo-conservative dissenter are usually the same person, that the mechanisms at work in both complexes are quite the same,¹³ and that it is merely the expediencies and the strategy of the situation today that cause groups that once stressed racial discrimination to find other scapegoats. Both the displaced old-American type and the new ethnic elements that are so desperately eager for reassurance of their fundamental Americanism can conveniently converge upon liberals, critics, and nonconformists of various sorts, as well as Communists and suspected Communists. To proclaim themselves vigilant in the pursuit of those who are even so much as accused of "disloyalty" to the United States is a way not only of reasserting but of advertising their own loyalty—and one of the chief characteristics of American super-patriotism is its constant inner urge toward self-advertisement. One notable quality in this new wave of conformism is that its advocates are much happier to have as their objects of hatred the Anglo-Saxon, Eastern, Ivy League intellectual gentlemen than they are with such bedraggled souls as, say, the Rosenbergs. The reason, I believe, is that in the minds of the status-driven it is no special virtue to be more American than the Rosenbergs, but it is really something to be more American than Dean Acheson or John Foster Dulles—or Franklin Delano Roosevelt.¹⁴ The status aspirations of some of the

¹² Cf. Joseph Greenblum and Leonard I. Pearlin, "Vertical Mobility and Prejudice" in Reinhard Bendix and Seymour M. Lipset, eds., *Class, Status and Power* (Glencoe, Illinois, 1953), pp. 480-91; Bruno Bettelheim and Morris Janowitz, "Ethnic Tolerance: A Function of Personal and Social Control," *American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. IV (1949), pp. 137-45.

¹³ The similarity is also posited by Adorno, *op. cit.*, pp. 152 ff., and by others (see the studies cited by him, p. 152).

¹⁴ I refer to such men to make the point that this animosity extends to those who are guilty of no wrongdoing. Of course a person like Alger Hiss, who has been guilty, suits much better. Hiss is the hostage the pseudo-conservatives hold from the New Deal generation. He is a heaven-sent gift. If he did not exist, the pseudo-conservatives would not have been able to invent him.

ethnic groups are actually higher than they were twenty years ago—which suggests one reason (there are others) why, in the ideology of the authoritarian right-wing, anti-Semitism and such blatant forms of prejudice have recently been soft-pedaled. Anti-Semitism, it has been said, is the poor man's snobbery. We Americans are always trying to raise the standard of living, and the same principle now seems to apply to standards of hating. So during the past fifteen years or so, the authoritarians have moved on from anti-Negroism and anti-Semitism to anti-Achesonianism, anti-intellectualism, anti-nonconformism, and other variants of the same idea, much in the same way as the average American, if he can manage it, will move on from a Ford to a Buick.

Such status-strivings may help us to understand some of the otherwise unintelligible figments of the pseudo-conservative ideology—the incredibly bitter feeling against the United Nations, for instance. Is it not understandable that such a feeling might be, paradoxically, shared at one and the same time by an old Yankee-Protestant American, who feels that his social position is not what it ought to be and that these foreigners are crowding in on his country and diluting its sovereignty just as “foreigners” have crowded into his neighborhood, and by a second- or third-generation immigrant who has been trying so hard to de-Europeanize himself, to get Europe out of his personal heritage, and who finds his own government mocking him by its complicity in these Old-World schemes?

Similarly, is it not status aspiration that in good parts spurs the pseudo-conservative on toward his demand for conformity in a wide variety of spheres of life? Conformity is a way of guaranteeing and manifesting respectability among those who are not sure that they are respectable enough. The nonconformity of others appears to such persons as a frivolous challenge to the whole order of things they are trying so hard to become part of. Naturally it is resented, and the demand for conformity in public becomes at once an expression of such resentment and a means of displaying one's own soundness. This habit has a tendency to spread from politics into intellectual and social spheres, where it can be made to challenge almost anyone whose pattern of life is different and who is imag-

ined to enjoy a superior social position—notably, as one agitator put it, to the “parlors of the sophisticated, the intellectuals, the so-called academic minds.”

Why has this tide of pseudo-conservative dissent risen to such heights in our time? To a considerable degree, we must remember, it is a response, however unrealistic, to realities. We do live in a disordered world, threatened by a great power and a powerful ideology. It is a world of enormous potential violence, that has already shown us the ugliest capacities of the human spirit. In our own country there has indeed been espionage, and laxity over security has in fact allowed some spies to reach high places. There is just enough reality at most points along the line to give a touch of credibility to the melodramatics of the pseudo-conservative imagination.

However, a number of developments in our recent history make this pseudo-conservative uprising more intelligible. For two hundred years and more, various conditions of American development—the process of continental settlement, the continuous establishment in new areas of new status patterns, the arrival of continuous waves of new immigrants, each pushing the preceding waves upward in the ethnic hierarchy—made it possible to satisfy a remarkably large part of the extravagant status aspirations that were aroused. There was a sort of automatic built-in status-elevator in the American social edifice. Today that elevator no longer operates automatically, or at least no longer operates in the same way.

Secondly, the growth of the mass media of communication and their use in politics have brought politics closer to the people than ever before and have made politics a form of entertainment in which the spectators feel themselves involved. Thus it has become, more than ever before, an arena into which private emotions and personal problems can be readily projected. Mass communications have aroused the mass man.

Thirdly, the long tenure in power of the liberal elements to which the pseudo-conservatives are most opposed and the wide variety of changes that have been introduced into our social, economic and administrative life have intensified the sense of powerlessness and victimization among the opponents of these changes and have widened the area of social issues over which they feel discontent. There has been, among other things, the emergence of a

wholly new struggle: the conflict between businessmen of certain types and the New Deal bureaucracy, which has spilled over into a resentment of intellectuals and experts.

Finally, unlike our previous postwar periods, ours has been a period of continued crisis, from which the future promises no relief. In no foreign war of our history did we fight so long or make such sacrifices as in World War II. When it was over, instead of being able to resume our peacetime preoccupations, we were very promptly confronted with another war. It is hard for a certain type of American, who does not think much about the world outside and does not want to have to do so, to understand why we must become involved in such an unrelenting struggle. It will be the fate of those in power for a long time to come to have to conduct the delicate diplomacy of the cold peace without the sympathy or understanding of a large part of their own people. From bitter experience, Eisenhower and Dulles are learning today what Truman and Acheson learned yesterday.

These considerations suggest that the pseudo-conservative political style, while it may already have passed the peak of its influence, is one of the long waves of twentieth-century American history and not a momentary mood. I do not share the widespread foreboding among liberals that this form of dissent will grow until it overwhelms our liberties altogether and plunges us into a totalitarian nightmare. Indeed, the idea that it is purely and simply fascist or totalitarian, as we have known these things in recent European history, is to my mind a false conception, based upon the failure to read American developments in terms of our peculiar American constellation of political realities. (It reminds me of the people who, because they found several close parallels between the NRA and Mussolini's corporate state, were once deeply troubled at the thought that the NRA was the beginning of American fascism.) However, in a populist culture like ours, which seems to lack a responsible elite with political and moral autonomy, and in which it is possible to exploit the wildest currents of public sentiment for private purposes, it is at least conceivable that a highly organized, vocal, active and well-financed minority could create a political climate in which the rational pursuit of our well-being and safety would become impossible.

The True Face of Our Country

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

WE IN THE UNITED STATES are always glad to inform other peoples of our progress and accomplishments, even if we are at times a little puzzled as to just what items we should send over the Voice of America or relay through the more intimate channels of exchange visitors and students. At the present moment we wish to communicate to the entire world the news of our recent great liberating achievement: the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on May 17, outlawing the principle of racial segregation in the nation's public schools. We distributed the news at once by short-wave broadcast in thirty-four languages, and we want to continue telling of this event, because we believe it removes a painful blemish from the true face of our country. This decisive step refutes the gross caricatures which have been spread so widely by Communist propaganda; it corrects unduly pessimistic ideas as to the racial situation in the United States which are currently accepted even in friendly nations abroad. It is quite characteristic that the Soviet press has abstained from mentioning it at all.

We want to do more than merely notify the globe of the event. There is a story in this business, the story of how a right principle does finally win out in a democracy, even though it may take a half-century to gain its point. For our friends we would like to trace the way in which each great political principle contains, as it were, the seeds of its successor and ultimate development. The framers of the Constitution compromised on slavery. But although it was rooted in our institutions, slavery could not resist the grad-

❖ JOHN LAFARGE, S.J., author of *The Race Question and the Negro*, *No Postponement* and *The Manner Is Ordinary*, has devoted a major part of his life as a Jesuit priest and religious journalist to the study of problems in human relations. This article is drawn from his Phi Beta Kappa Oration, delivered at Harvard University on June 14, 1954.

ual, inevitable impact of our primary postulate that "all men are created equal." Similarly, when we adopted the Fourteenth Amendment in 1868, we embraced a right principle, "the equal protection of the laws," which in time would wipe out the last vestiges of slavery in the form of racial discrimination.

Such a development illustrates what Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge recently referred to as the "irresistible onward march of the human race in the direction of increase of human rights and increased belief in the dignity of the individual." But the human race does not march forward by some blind impulse; it moves ahead because people will it, choose for it to move ahead.

It is not enough for us to inform our bilingual friends about the fact of this forward march; we want also to give them some idea of how it came about. The Emancipation Proclamation that in 1865 destroyed slavery as a legalized institution, though technically the act of one great man, was in point of fact the collective deed of the American people. So too, when on May 17 of this year the Court erased all legal respectability from the last vestiges of slavery, it was the people of the United States speaking. A fair account of the events that led up to that decision would have to recite the bitter lessons we learned as to the price required for the continuation of racial disunity: the toll it has taken in social and political division, retarding the progress of our nation. We would speak of all that our people have learned through new contacts, new opportunities, as well as new threats to civic peace resulting from our enormous internal migrations from country to city, from South to North. And we would need to take ample reckoning of what war experiences have meant for our young people as well as for our armed forces as such; for the recent decision was made against the background of complete racial integration in all three branches of the armed forces, completed only a couple of weeks before May 17.

But the story I should like most to stress for our foreign friends and visitors is that of the great army of the forgotten or even the unknown, those dedicated people who worked in obscurity for the education and the inner development of the racial minorities, par-

ticularly in the South: Negro educators who overcame extreme personal handicaps of poverty and timidity, who braved the pessimism of their own kith and kin and struggled to build something out of nothing; white men and women who faced violent disapproval, social ostracism, or even personal danger. We should have to include among them people who contributed their time, means and talents to the express task of securing equal opportunity, who were not afraid to demand explicitly full equality for all in our American society regardless of race, color and creed; and, finally, the expert legal staff that actually prepared the decisive material, and the humble contributors who made their work possible.

My aim here is not to pronounce an Independence Day panegyric for all these good men and true, these heroes living and dead; others can do that job more effectively than myself. I do want to emphasize their motives, the fact that these people, with no exceptions worth bothering about, acted from deep, intense conviction. They believed that certain things were right and certain things were wrong, with no if's or but's. They were liberals, yes—liberals in the most weighty sense of the word. As liberals, they believed that human rights inhered in the individual person and could not be entrusted to the whims of politicians or legislators. As liberals, they believed that it was a noble and a necessary thing for men to labor to secure these rights for their neighbors. Some of this action was highly reasoned, some of it instinctive, but in any case it was carried on by those who placed conviction before doubt. They were not the type of people who put their faith in "steadfast" skepticism. They questioned popular errors and misconceptions, but were entirely positive when it came to those basic notions upon which we have built the structure of our nation. Such people are not the most interesting type of liberal; they do not breed aphorisms or soothe wounded feelings, but they get things done.

Moreover, a sizable proportion of this army of workers were religious people, persons who looked upon their striving for justice as the logical corollary of their own religious beliefs. They believed that religion itself speaks with the voice of freedom: not some elaborately rationalized interpretation of religion, but a

THE TRUE FACE OF OUR COUNTRY

simple faith in the teachings of the Bible as they knew it, in the Law of Moses or the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Their personal liberalism derived no nourishment from an attitude of religious skepticism, however refined.

I have spoken of the plainer people, but these remarks apply to the scholars as well. Popular enthusiasm would have failed of its goal without the patient research of our own American scholarship. Learned people of every section and race contributed. Honest scholarship has paid great dividends to the general welfare in the past forty or fifty years by demolishing ethnic racism, analyzing historical and psychological causes of our current tensions, studying the effect of separatism upon the character, especially of the young, assaying methods of intergroup personality, and, in more recent times, examining the working of racial integration in our schools and communities.

Here again the burden and the heat of the day were carried largely by scientists, historians and sociologists who were not satisfied with endless processes of dissolution and criticism. Their work is distinguished by its positive note. Such a note characterizes one of the most monumental pieces of research, *An American Dilemma* by Gunnar Myrdal, as well as more modest but painstaking jobs, like that of Dr. Kenneth B. Clark and his wife, cited in the recent decision.

The Supreme Court has closed serious debate on the Constitutional issue on which it passed verdict. The elimination of a false solution clears the way now for a nation-wide debate on a vastly larger issue: the manifold question of how we shall learn to live together in peace in all our institutions and communities throughout the nation, and by the same token with all the peoples of the world. With a moot point of law cleared up, the moot point of human co-existence itself remains to be examined. By postponing to later months the consideration of any practical implementation of its decision, the Court indicated that now was the time to begin this discussion. Those of the minority group who were most successful in bringing out the verdict have wisely proposed that the discussion be conducted everywhere upon the local level. Back of that

recommendation is the belief that the people themselves can find answers to the most vexing questions of group relationships, provided the people who are immediately concerned can converse among themselves in their own neighborhood, without throwing the burden of decision upon experts and agencies from afar. Implicit in that recommendation is the belief that free discussion is precisely the best plan. Let us solve these questions, Negro leaders declared at Atlanta, in the "atmosphere of give and take." It was through half a century of free discussion that we created a climate of opinion which made possible the decision of May 17. In that same atmosphere we shall perfect a climate of opinion which will make possible newer and more positively constructive decisions in the future. Such decisions are particularly urgent, since in a cold war we are obliged to sleep on our arms, in the face of "the narrowing circle of freedom."

What, then, is the role of the scholar in this future period of general debate? Evidently he will need to collect and assess the lessons of the past and evaluate various techniques for developing mutual understanding. Immediate difficulties can be solved at the local level, and locally the different groups can learn to work together for the common good. But the question still remains as to the nature of that common good. People will not stay content merely to put up with one another's peculiarities, or to labor conjointly for the more immediate needs of daily life. They will seek a wider and deeper basis of co-operation; they will seek to know what is the destiny of the nation itself. They will ask what we, all of us, are here on earth for anyhow. They will inquire whether we are anything but an inexplicable accident, whether we are beings who can make free decisions based on a concept of life's ultimate goals—if life, they ask, has an ultimate goal. They will want to know if it is reasonable to talk of ultimates at all; and, if so, how far language is a significant medium for such discussion. They will inquire about the meaning of men's dialogue with one another, and whether all human dialogue may not resolve itself in the last analysis into a dialogue with the God who put us here. Sooner or later they will inquire whether there may not be two participants

to that dialogue, whether it is all Job speaking to God, or whether God may not be saying something to Job.

This might sound as if I were expecting that the scholars' role in the coming discussion should be that of pronouncing upon matters of religious doctrine. I believe the theologians will have much to say in the future, as they have in the past, but my proposal is more elementary—one that I make, as I see it, in the interests of true liberalism. Scholarship of the future, as concerned with the debates of the future, should be free to study and reappraise the connection between religion—including organized, dogmatic religion—and a liberal policy of universal human rights. Is this proposal unreasonable? Are we obliged to pose the problem of liberalism as a choice between two extremes (I believe artificially assigned extremes): either an uneasy suspicion that some *muching mallecho* is brewing whenever the theologian enters the universe of discourse, or else a paternal and pious evasion of the pressing questions of the social community?

That we are facing a certain wave of anti-intellectualism and pure utilitarianism is evident enough. But I do not see why this trend should necessarily develop into a tidal wave that will engulf all free thought and free inquiry. I see grounds for such extreme anxiety only in the case of those who have allowed themselves to become fascinated by the intoxication of total doubt and a dogmatically negative attitude toward all normal human moral and religious values. Their hypercriticism earned for them, it now appears, some strange ideological bedfellows. The American people, from my own experience as a worker over the years for certain very urgent questions of human rights, will listen and do listen to the voice of reason when the arguments are presented intelligently and dispassionately. Prejudices may be inborn, a young African said to me the other day, as he was preparing to return to his native country, but in these matters, he insisted, people may be and frequently are born again. There may be giants in the path, but giants, too, are vulnerable, and sometimes flop helplessly in the face of a well-aimed slingshot.

Says the Biblical Wise Man in the Latin Vulgate version: *os*

bilingue detestor, which may be rendered as: "I have no use for a face that talks with a double tongue." The *os bilingue*, the double-talking mouth or face, has nothing in common with *le monde bilingue*, a world where men can talk straight to each other despite language barriers. It has also nothing in common with the traditional traits of the American people. Despite the clamor of many bitter and angry voices, our country, when it speaks for itself, does speak today, as it has in the past, with a tone of reverence for things holy and with humble respect for the needs of the least human being. I believe that American scholarship will take increasing cognizance of this truth, and so play a powerful part in presenting to the world the true face of our country.

He Was There Before Coronado

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ACCORDING TO AN ANCIENT and anonymous jocosity, the bravest man who ever lived was the first who ever ate an oyster—alive.

A more sober judgment might want to make a case for that equally forgotten hero of paleolithic times who first domesticated fire. It must have been one of the first of his achievements in home-making, but no wolf destined to turn into a dog and no buffalo destined to become a cow can possibly have seemed one-tenth so dangerous as devouring flame. Early man, like every other animal, must have long been accustomed to flee from it in abject terror. We shall never know what Prometheus first dared snatch a bit from some forest fire or some erupting volcano. But when he put it down in the middle of the domestic circle he must have said, "This I can tame and use."

Long before even his day, courage of some sort had been a characteristic of living things, and even the tamer of fire was not the first hero. Perhaps the first and greatest of all was whatever little blob of jelly—not yet either plant or animal but a little of both—first consented to take on the responsibility of being alive at all. And surely the second greatest was that plant or animal which first dared leave the water in which, ever since the very dawn of creation, every other organism had been born and died. Men are talking now about journeys to the moon or to Mars, but neither is more unsuited to human life than the bare earth was to the first creatures who risked it.

For millions of years, only the submerged areas of the earth had been habitable. It was in water that the first hypothetical one-celled creatures, too insubstantial to leave fossil remains, must have been generated. None ventured out of it during millions of years

* JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH now lives in Tucson, Arizona, where he devotes himself entirely to writing. Another of his essays appeared in the Summer, 1954, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

while stony skeletons were evolved and became the earliest sure evidence of life in some of the oldest rocks. In water stayed also all the worm-like, squid-like, shrimp-like creatures who represented, in their day, the highest development of life.

Meanwhile, during the major part of the earth's history—during considerably more than half the time since life began—all dry land was desert to a degree almost inconceivable, without soil of any kind, as bare as the moon, and subject to no changes except those produced by geological forces. Volcanoes flowed and mountains heaved. Rain falling on an earth without any protecting plant cover washed cruel gullies as remorselessly as they are cut in the most unqualified badlands of today. Had any creature of that time been capable of thought, life in any medium other than water would have seemed as fantastic to it as life without an atmosphere seems to us.

Then at some time—geologists say it was probably something like three hundred million years ago—the first living thing dared to expose itself temporarily to the deadly air. If it was an animal, as some think most probable, then it must have rushed back (or perhaps ducked back) before the gills through which it breathed could dry out. It could hardly have done much more during many thousands of years after the first bold venture, because it could not actually live beyond easy reach of water until its whole anatomy and physiology had undergone fundamental changes. But patience is a quality which the universe seems never to have lacked until man came along, and it was the animal which broke most rashly with all previous tradition that presently became the most highly developed and the most competent, as well as the least patient.

So far as I am concerned, I see no reason to apologize for calling that animal a "hero" or for referring to his "courage." Such terms can have no real meaning except in connection with something which is alive, and when we talk about "the suffering earth" or the "nobility" of a mountain range, we are merely using a figure of speech. But it is hard to say just where meaning begins or to decide just which animal, or even which plant, is still too simple to be capable of something analogous to daring and courage. If these virtues are real in man, then they are real in him because they began

to be so as soon as there was anything in the universe which could defy law and habit by risking something which had never been done before.

Few of us are so committed to a merely mechanical behaviorism that we would refuse to call "brave" and "adventurous" the first human pioneers who came to live in the American West. So, in their own way, were the plants and animals who had preceded them there. And so, *a fortiori*, were those far back in time who first dared learn how to adapt themselves to that desert which all dry land then was. If daring to do what our intelligence recognizes as dangerous constitutes "courage," then the animal who similarly rejects the imperatives of its instinct is exhibiting a virtue at least analogous; and so, in some still dimmer fashion, was the simplest creature, animal or even vegetable, which refused to obey its long-established reflexes. The whole course of evolution is directed by just such courageous acts. It must have its countless, unremembered heroes who created diversity by daring to do what no member of their species had ever done before.

Most scientists, I am well aware, would object strenuously to any such line of reasoning. But then many scientists are firmly convinced that in man himself there is also no such thing as either daring or courage as distinguished from a reflex, congenital or conditioned. And perhaps that conclusion is inevitable if one begins by denying their reality to all creatures "lower" than man. If every other animal is a machine, then why shouldn't human beings be machines also? Hence, if to speak of the "courage" of some very lowly creature is to indulge in exaggeration, it is at least an exaggeration opposite and corrective to a more usual one.

Is it possible, one may ask, to guess at the identity of the first great pioneer and radical who came to dry land? Or is it, like the song the sirens sang, "beyond all conjecture"? Does he have a name? By saying, "But for you and your enterprise I might still be a fish—at least your ancestors provided the food for my ancestors when they came to land," can we give him honor?

Well, if the paleontologists are right—and their evidence seems pretty good—we can answer these questions. As a matter of fact,

I met only the day before yesterday one of the almost unchanged relatives of our first air-breathing ancestors, and he did not seem especially proud. He crawled on eight legs out from under a board in my storeroom, and I confess that, though I do not do such things lightly, I put my foot upon him. Before he was crushed into nothing, he was about two inches long and pale straw in color. He carried two pincers before him, and over his back he carried a long tail with a sting at its end. He was, in short, one of the least popular of desert dwellers, a scorpion.

Finding out about one's ancestors, especially correlative ones, is often a risky business, and perhaps most people would rather not know how much all of us are indebted to this rather unattractive creature. But so far as geologists can tell from the fossils they study and date, the first animal actually capable of breathing air was not only a member of the scorpion kind but amazingly like the one we step on when we find him.

To even the most uninstructed eye, a scorpion fossilized during the Silurian or Devonian epoch—say, something like three hundred million years ago—is unmistakably a scorpion. If one of them were to come to life again and crawl out of his stone sarcophagus into your desert patio, you would not be particularly surprised by his appearance, unless you happened to be a biologist specially devoted to the study of that group of animals called arachnids to which the scorpion belongs. There are several species now common hereabouts—some, like the victim of my brutality, only two inches long and some several times that length. A three-hundred-million-year-old specimen would look, to the casual eye, like merely a sort one had not happened to see before and not much more different from the familiar kinds than they are from one another.

In the highly improbable event that a living dinosaur should be found in some African or South American hiding place, it would create quite a stir in even the popular press, and any big game hunter would count it a high distinction to shoot one. Yet anyone who happens to live in one of the many parts of the earth where scorpions abound can have the privilege of stepping upon a creature who has been going about his business (such as it is) far longer than any dinosaur went about dinosaur business. As a matter of fact,

scorpions put in their appearance more years before the first dinosaur than have slipped away since the last known dinosaur decided that he and his kind had had their day.

The horseshoe crab and the ginkgo tree are sometimes called "living fossils," and the epithet has more recently been applied to that strange fish known as *Latimeria*, which was taken not many years ago off the coast of Australia, despite the fact that it, as well as all its immediate relatives, was supposed to have become extinct a very long time ago. Yet no sort of fish is much older than the scorpion, and the horseshoe crab is not as nearly like any very ancient form as the scorpion in my storeroom is like his Silurian ancestor. He may not be much to look at, but the least we can do is to regard him in the spirit of the naturalist Sutherland when he contemplated the living members of a tribe somewhat less ancient than the scorpions: "If the test of nobility is antiquity of family, then the cockroach that hides behind the kitchen sink is the true aristocrat. He does not date back merely to the three brothers who came over in 1640 or to William the Conqueror. Wherever there have been great epoch-making movements of people he has been with them heart and soul. . . . Since ever a ship turned a foamy furrow in the sea he has been a passenger, not a paying one certainly but still a passenger. But man himself is but a creature of the last twenty minutes or so compared with the cockroach, for, from its crevice by the kitchen sink, it can point its antennae to the coal in the hod and say: 'When that was being made my family was already well established.'" Scorpions have never been as closely associated with man as the cockroach, but they may not consider that anything to be ashamed of, and on the score of antiquity they have a right to snub the cockroaches as upstarts, at least relatively speaking.

It may seem odd that they have hung on so long while changing so little. It may seem even odder that they should be found in deserts despite the fact that they are so similar to the scorpions which had recently left the water. But they do not insist upon dryness, and some species will even tolerate a certain amount of cold. Though there are none in New England or in the Great Lakes region, they do occur in the Alps and, on our continent, as far

north as southern Canada. On the whole, however, they prefer warm climates, and they have been in the Southwest for a long, long time. Tracks almost precisely like those made by a living species have been found in the Coconino sandstone, which was laid down in Permian times, or not more than a million or a million and a half years after scorpions took the first drastic step out of the water.

Most people today underestimate the intelligence and awareness of most creatures other than man because recent official science has often encouraged them to do so. But the scorpion is probably even dumber than he looks. At first sight you would have no reason to suppose that his senses were much less keen or his awareness much less dim than those of any common insect, but they are. By comparison, even a beetle, to say nothing of a bee, an ant or a fly, is a miracle of alertness and competence. The life which I extinguished when I stepped on my specimen was about as dim as we can imagine life to be. The scorpion's brain stopped growing about the time he left the water, and braininess had not got very far by then.

Neither his habits nor his character are very engaging even as such things go. The young—miniature replicas of their parents—are born alive, and, like the young of the wolf spider, they clamber about on their mother's back until they are old enough to take care of themselves. But maternal solicitude is probably a rather large term to use in connection with this mother's tolerance, and at least until mating time comes around, scorpions do not seem to do anything very interesting. They skulk under bits of wood or stone, and they sometimes choose to hide in shoes incautiously left in their neighborhood. I have never seen a scorpion outside captivity do anything more interesting than nibble rather languidly at the body of a moth which had come to my light.

In fact, watching them closely, even in captivity, does not provide much excitement most of the time. If two or three are kept together, one sometimes absent-mindedly eats a companion, but this cannibalism—which is usual—is probably nothing very deliberate. The poor things not only have a very rudimentary brain but also eye-

sight probably not keen enough to do more than distinguish the dark corners where they hide from the bright light they avoid, and it is too dim even to make them aware of movement. Probably they do not actually perceive anything they do not touch.

As one observer has put it, if you see two together, then either they are making love or one of them is being eaten. Even anatomically the most interesting thing about scorpions is their curious way of breathing. Insects have, of course, no lungs. They have merely ramifying tubes open to the outside which permit the penetration of air into the body cavity. But scorpions, being even older than the insect tribe, have what are called book lungs—curious purse-like organs which no insect possesses, though spiders, more nearly related to scorpions than to insects, often have both the insect's tubes or tracheae and the scorpion's book lungs. No doubt book lungs—which are a sort of air-breathing gills—were invented close to the water's edge.

So far as I know, no detailed account of the mating habits of the Arizona species has ever been published, but in a creature which varies so little, they are probably the same as those described in Henri Fabre's classic account of those which live in Provence and also, more recently, as the result of some observations made in the Philippines. Male and female stand face to face with their tails raised and their stings touching. The male takes his partner by the claw and then backs away, leading her with him. This holding of hands in a sort of dance may last for more than an hour, after which the couple disappears under a stone or into some other recess, the male walking backward as he conducts his partner. This sounds almost romantic, and it probably does involve a sort of courtship. But the holding of hands is probably necessary, because creatures which are deaf and almost blind can't afford to lose one another once happy accident has brought them together. And though human lovers have been known on occasion to call one another "good enough to eat," we are likely to be shocked when the female scorpion takes this extravagant metaphor literally—as she frequently does.

Even the scorpion's venom is said to be of some very ancient kind quite different from that of the serpent. And for once, a

creature commonly regarded as dangerous really is, to some slight extent. The largest kind are relatively innocuous and capable of giving, as I have been informed by a friend who knows from direct experience, nothing worse than a wasp sting. But two Arizona species, neither more than about two inches long, can be deadly to small children and may give even an adult several painful days in bed. Records kept at the Arizona State College over a period of nineteen years ending in 1948 charge them with causing sixty-four fatalities during that time—or more than four times as many as rattlesnakes can be blamed for. Naturalists get rather tired of insisting that few animals are dangerous at all and very few indeed anything like so dangerous as we like to imagine them, and it is almost a relief for them to be able to say: Scorpions really do sting, some species really are deadly to small children, and even adults really should beware of them.

Even so, we tend to exaggerate the danger, both because we always do and perhaps also, in the case of the scorpion, because there is something which we recognize as terrifyingly strange in many of the very primitive creatures. Even the so-called deadly sort are deadly only to the very young or the very feeble, and I myself have seen an adult who had been stung by one go back to his work after keeping his finger in ice water for an hour. By comparison with the automobile, for example, they have very little effect upon the life expectancy of any inhabitant of the desert country, even though a human being is more likely to be killed by a scorpion than by a rattlesnake. No doubt men have been killing them on sight at least since the earliest Stone Age. But they must also have been impressed by them, for Scorpio was put among the zodiacal constellations a very long time ago. And it is appropriate that this constellation, rather inconspicuous in the north, becomes very prominent in the summer sky above the desert.

So much, then, for this creature which, only a few pages back, I insisted upon endowing with "daring" and with "courage" when it first ventured upon the land some three hundred millions of years ago. Judged even by the acuteness of its senses, much less by its intelligence, it belongs very low indeed in the hierarchy of life.

What a long, long way it was from, say, the scorpion's eye—almost too primitive to deserve the name—to the eye of even so primitive an insect as the praying mantis. Yet the fact remains that between the scorpion and man himself the distance is not nearly so great as it is between the scorpion and anything which does not live at all. The difference between seeing, no matter how dimly, and not seeing at all is greater than the difference between the scorpion's vision and ours. It is easier to imagine how, given time enough, a scorpion could become a man than it is to imagine how sea water and mineral substances could have become a scorpion. Primitive as his eye is, it is indubitably an eye. Its owner can see with it, however dimly. And sight in itself is a process beyond comprehension. It involves awareness of some sort. Perhaps the difference between the scorpion's courage and what is possible for us is no greater than that between his eyesight and ours. And who would refuse to use the word "seeing" to describe what even a scorpion can do. Why should we not assume that his courage and ours are no less essentially, though remotely, the same.

Even granting all this, it is, however, still possible to wonder why this once so adventurous creature became so soon a very paragon of conservatism. As the first air-breather he may very well have been the remote ancestor of all the insects who were to proceed from originality to originality until they became capable of achievements which even man cannot wholly grasp. But this prototype of the insect himself continues to crawl upon the desert and to poison human beings with his ancient venom, millions of years after almost all the other creatures which were even his near contemporaries gave up their effort to survive in their original forms. Like the horseshoe crab and the ginkgo tree, he should have become extinct eons ago. But he has changed even less than they have and has become one of the most striking examples not of evolution, but of a refusal to evolve. Some of the irrational distaste and fear which the sight of him inspires in most people may be the result of their dim half-realization that he comes down from a past too remote not to suggest unimaginable horrors. He is a living reminder of "the dark backward and abysm of time," and like the earliest myths of the human race he suggests the monstrous beginnings of instinct

and mind and emotion. He is altogether too much like some bad dream, and we do not like to be reminded of it.

As to the mystery of why he is still here, we shall have to be content to put him down as a left-over without knowing precisely how he managed to achieve that humble status. A long time ago he wandered into the desert pretty much what he is now and found that he could survive there, no doubt partly because his demands are modest and he can satisfy them without exposing himself very much. He eats insects, which are plentiful, and he can do without water as well as without food for long periods. Like the members of certain very old human families, he has little to be proud of except the achievements of his remote ancestors; and if he were capable of pride, he might, like them, grow prouder just in proportion as he comes to be more and more remote from them in time. Like such people, he also makes us wonder what became of the virtue that once was in his race. Did the scorpion use up all the daring of his tribe in his one great exploit all those millions of years ago? Perhaps he squandered it all at once like the wits at the Mermaid Tavern, each of whom

Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool, the rest
Of his dull life. . . .

It is a pleasant fancy. But one had better not put it into words when there are any paleontologists about. And though we honor the scorpion for his early achievement, we have to admit that he doesn't seem to have done much to be proud of in recent years.

THREE POEMS

CONSTANCE CARRIER

Terra Nova

Go forward now, explorer: here are lands
whose limits while you love you will not reach—
mountains diminishing against the sky,
a still-retreating sea upon the beach.

This further miracle—exploring so,
uninterrupted, wandering at your will,
look back and see, where your own country lies,
unrealized realms and realms more distant still.

Illumined now by inner and outward light,
they shine, they are made new, they wake and rouse
into a mystery made of a brook
coiled like a rope around a quiet house,

mystery made of a great gaunt oak, a barn—
on these and out of them the brilliance glows.
Only the pigeons, tremulous at their cote,
break on this lucid absolute repose.

Turn from them now, as once from east to west,
and find the calendar, the compass, gone—
the winter scene merged with the summer landscape,
and finches golden on a snowy lawn.

Notes for a Poem

Green island under the waves,
Atlantis, St. Brendan's Isle,
when your flooded shores were sinking
I fled to safer ground
out of a town that vanished
as the waters curled at my heel.

And now I lean on the sea-wall,
alive here, and alone,
staring into the water,
straining to see the trees
whose branches waver like seaweed
in their new element.

And sunlight, warm on the sea-wall,
goes down in a living shaft,
fainter fathom by fathom,
to that lost land—
drowned too deep for distortion,
lying empty and calm,
lying remote and remembered
under the pillar of light.

The bell in the sunken tower
rocks gently, rouses to sound,
but the sound is locked under the surface,
not for me now to hear.

O scene and season, *beyond*
the shadows of generations
and death, I stand here, coward,
alien, exile, staring
into the marbled waters
over the sea-wall's arm.

Transformation Scene

“But there is the danger,” he said, “of trying to keep the past alive at the expense of one’s own reality . . .”

Returned, a wraith from her defrauded tomb,
she haunts an empty house,
stares thro the window at a scrawl of boughs,
wanders from room to legendary room.

Weightless she roams: with printless fingertips
touches the polished table tops, and looks
at the long rows of books:
turns then and slips

thro an unopened door and past the stair.
Nothing must be neglected: she will check
lest there be change, lest there be flaw or fleck
to dim the house whose keeping is her care . . .

till, in a sunlight grown lackluster, she
who cast no shadow even in full sun,
comes on a mirror where there should be none,
sees her reflection who had none to see—

watches it sharpen, grow opaque and clear,
while silence gathers and like summer thunder
splits the high cupola, swells downward under
a gray light, and explodes upon her ear

here in a house that will not fall but fade
as her own body takes on life once more.
Not she is unsubstantial, but the door
she passes thro, its locks again betrayed.

She walks on ground grown firm: the house, receding,
dissolves behind her: from a bough she breaks
a branch of blossom, and the branch-end rakes
her arm, her flesh, warm in the sun, and bleeding.

❖ These selections from *The Middle Voice*, to be published on December 28 by Alan Swallow of Denver, are presented here by permission of the author and the publisher.

The Middle Voice is the first book of poetry by CONSTANCE CARRIER, a Latin teacher in the public schools of New Britain, Connecticut. It was chosen as the 1954 Lamont Poetry Selection, a competition for the best manuscript of original poetry, sponsored by the Academy of American Poets for "the discovery and encouragement of new poetic genius." Judges were Louise Bogan, Rolfe Humphries, Randall Jarrell, May Sarton and Mark Van Doren.

The Birth of the Free University

CARL ANTHON

THE LATE ERNST REUTER, mayor of West Berlin, used to say, "The creation of the Free University is perhaps the most noble achievement of free Berlin." Certainly no one could speak with greater authority on the subject, for without his initiative and courage, his statesmanship and warm, personal interest, there would be no full-fledged university in West Berlin today. Like the Berlin blockade and the air-lift, the Free University has become the symbol of resistance against Communist tyranny. It was born of that same spirit of liberty that under Ernst Reuter's leadership made West Berlin the bastion of the free world.

In the summer of 1948, when plans for a new university free from Communist domination were being worked out, conditions in Berlin were decidedly inauspicious for so bold and expensive an undertaking. By June 24, shortly after the introduction of a new hard currency in West Germany and West Berlin, the Soviet interferences with the transports to West Berlin that had begun three months earlier had developed into a total blockade. During the course of the year, the struggle between the Communists and the free forces in the city assembly and *Magistrat* (city council) was intensified to such a degree that orderly conduct of municipal government became an impossibility. The final split of the city came November 30 when the Communists, with a fine sense for comedy, staged a *coup d'état* at the State Opera House and elected a puppet *Magistrat* of their own. Henceforth Berlin had two governments, two currencies, two educational systems and, logically enough, two universities—for by this time the Free University had already begun to operate.

The famous University of Berlin on Unter den Linden was

✪ CARL ANTHON, recently returned from a three-year assignment as Higher Education Adviser to the United States High Commissioner in Berlin, has taught at Colby College, served as field director of the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, and is now a visiting associate professor of history at the State University of Iowa.

founded in 1810, during the reign of Frederick William III. The man who was directly responsible for its establishment and who infused it with his spirit was Wilhelm von Humboldt, at that time the equivalent of a minister of culture for Prussia. In building this university, after Prussia had lost all but two of her universities by territorial cessions to Napoleon and his allies, von Humboldt was determined to create something new, not just another institution of higher learning. Following a national catastrophe, this new university was to contribute to the moral rehabilitation of Prussia. Education, von Humboldt was convinced, must form man and the citizen, not just the craftsman or the specialist. The good citizen is the free man, the man of character and independent judgment. Therefore, the pursuit of knowledge (*Wissenschaft*) at the universities, in both teaching and research, must be free from state control to a maximum degree. Von Humboldt's noble attempt to build an academic community of free men was not easy to realize—professors being what they are—and his aim to impart a genuine, humanistic education was perhaps already anachronistic; but for more than a century the University of Berlin enjoyed a distinguished reputation for scholarly attainment and academic freedom. The tradition of academic freedom must not be lost sight of in the light of what followed after 1933 and 1945. During the nineteenth century, more than one German professor had boldly resisted attempts by political authorities to encroach on the self-government prerogatives of the universities.

At the end of hostilities in 1945, the University of Berlin, situated in what was now the Soviet sector, was severely crippled from physical destruction and the dispersal of its teaching faculty. Its main building was badly damaged, some of its institutes and libraries were destroyed. The bulk of the Prussian State Library's collections—now deposited in Marburg, where, fortunately, they are accessible to scholars—had been evacuated. The teaching body had been decimated by purges during the Nazi regime (already by 1939, forty-five per cent of the German professors and instructors had been replaced by more "reliable" persons), by the flight of professors before the advancing Red Army, and by postwar denazification. Nevertheless, there remained several outstanding scholars who could have guided the institution through the difficult post-

war years. Among them were the philosophers Nicolai Hartmann and Eduard Spranger (they were the first to leave when they encountered Soviet methods), the historians Friedrich Meinecke and Fritz Hartung, the philologists Max Vasmer and Fritz Neubert, the sociologist Alfred Vierkandt, and the pharmacologist Wolfgang Heubner. These scholars would have provided the core for a university to be reconstructed and reformed in accordance with the needs of the day.

University reform! After twelve years of dictatorship, war and catastrophe, most of the students, returning disillusioned from the battlefields, were eager for a reform of their universities and stood ready to co-operate wholeheartedly with others, including Communists, toward the common purpose. Some of the professors, especially those who had suffered persecution or exile during the Nazi period, could also be counted upon to support the reform movement. Thus there was no a priori rejection of "progressive" changes or of a "democratization of the German universities," as the Communists called it. The long isolation of the universities from the community, the gap existing between students and professors, the overspecialized curriculum, and perhaps also the social exclusiveness of the students—these were things that cried for a radical change if a genuine reorientation of the German people was to be achieved. And much that was written and spoken at this time on cultural problems by the Communist leaders sounded reassuring and invited participation, even though one could not go along with the party line.

The University of Berlin was reopened in February, 1946, by unilateral Soviet decree. For months several professors, as well as the education officers of the Western occupying powers, had tried without success to have it placed under the authority of the *Magistrat* and thus under four-power control. This is where it technically belonged as a former Prussian institution. Even more serious was the fact that the Russians put the university under the authority of the newly created German Administration for Public Education, of which the leading officials were fanatical Communists who had returned from exile in Russia. Its head, Paul Wandel (whose name lent itself to countless political jokes), actually had Soviet citizenship and was well trained to import Soviet educational methods. The

authorities made it clear from the outset that the university was a subordinate department of the Administration and therefore could make no claim to the traditional autonomy of German universities.

Any plans which the Soviet Military Administration may have had at this time for "sovietizing" the universities were cleverly disguised. The new rector, the classical philologist Professor Johannes Stroux, served as a respectable façade but lacked power and influence. During this initial phase the Russians tolerated "bourgeois" and non-political figures in many leading positions, making sure, however, that the second in command, who would actually wield power, were Communists. They were also relatively generous with funds and facilities in order to revive cultural life as quickly as possible.

Certain innovations in this early period, however, were harbingers of sinister things to come. Compulsory lectures in so-called "social sciences" which were introduced were out-and-out Marxist indoctrination courses. Although the postwar student generation was certainly not averse to having at last the opportunity, long forbidden by the Nazis, to learn about Marxism, these compulsory political courses, taught by Communist party members, were a totally different matter; and during the first three years the lectures were boycotted as far as possible. Since 1951, these "basic social science courses" (*Gesellschaftswissenschaftliches Grundstudium*) have become an integral part of every student's curriculum in East Germany.

Admission to university study was openly based on political discrimination. Excluded were all former army officers; members of the National Socialist party, the S.A. and S.S.; leaders in Nazi youth organizations; and even children of active Nazis. However, exceptions could always be made wherever an applicant was able to prove his active "anti-Fascist" attitude, past or present. This could be most easily done by taking out a membership card in the Communist party. The admissions policy ignored circumstances and age in individual cases and put a premium on enlisting, at least outwardly, with the political party in power. In future years the social composition of the student body was to be affected even more decisively by the obligatory admission of all graduates of the newly created *Vorstudienanstalten*, or university preparatory schools, in

which were primarily enrolled the children of workers and peasants. Under the circumstances, it is actually remarkable that the student body remained overwhelmingly anti-Communist during the first three or four postwar years.

But the greatest danger lay in repeated Soviet interference with the work of the student organizations. The Central Council of Berlin Students was forcibly dissolved at the end of the first year because of its opposition to the Communist authorities. In its place the Russians licensed the Students' Working Group, consisting of some two to three hundred members, largely led by young Communists. As its chairman, the Russians—who hoped to use this group as a political instrument—appointed a politically active and irreproachable medical student, Georg Wradzilo. He had just been released from a Nazi concentration camp and was now active in the Christian Democratic party. Wradzilo and many of his colleagues had learned and suffered much from one totalitarian regime, and they were resolutely opposed to any tendencies which might lead to a recrudescence of tyranny under a different color. It seems rather naive that Soviet officials expected a man of Wradzilo's background and character to be a pliable tool merely because he had been anti-Fascist in the truest sense of the word. Within a few months this organization, too, had become unmistakably anti-Communist. On May Day of 1946, its representatives protested vigorously against the decoration of university halls and rooms with Communist flags and slogans. "The university is not a political institution," they declared, and requested that no political symbols be displayed on university grounds in the future. The Russians responded by dismissing Wradzilo and appointing a Communist successor. They threatened severe punishment in the event of further "undemocratic, Fascist" resistance. This direct interference appeared too crude, however, and the Soviet authorities were soon persuaded to permit the election of a new chairman. This resulted in an overwhelming victory for the non-Communist candidate, Otto Hess, also a medical student and active anti-Nazi. As editor of the student paper, *Colloquium*, he was soon to play a major role in the movement to secede to West Berlin.

In succeeding months, the struggle between the students and the authorities became more intense, in view of the increasing discrimi-

nation against students of "bourgeois" origin. There were incidents almost daily, generally resulting in a setback for the students and for academic freedom. Hess and his colleagues in the Working Group, which represented, after all, only a small minority of the student body, now concentrated on bringing about as early as possible a general, democratic election resulting in a representative student government. The time was not yet ripe for forcing the issue by revolting. Despite the Communist defeat in the Berlin elections in October, 1946, the Western occupying powers were not ready to risk a split with the Russians on a minor issue.

Reluctantly the Communist authorities agreed to student elections in January, 1947, hoping, perhaps, that a large unorganized mass could be manipulated more easily than a small minority of politically versed and determined students. In spite of interferences with the campaign and occasional disciplinary measures against non-Communist candidates, the election turned out to be a smashing defeat for communism. Of twenty-eight elected candidates, only three belonged to the Socialist Unity party (SED), the new German Communist party created by the forced merger of Socialists and Communists. It was this group of student representatives that was to play a decisive role in the coming months and, by its fearless resistance and intelligent leadership, to bring about the establishment of a new university.

There can be no question that it was the students who carried the brunt of the struggle with dictatorship. Most professors suffered the inroads into academic matters without visible protest. Some appeared not to see the iniquities or the dangers ahead. They were apparently convinced that the Communists would never dare to touch them or interfere with their scientific work. One of the very few exceptions was a woman, Professor Else Knake, associate dean of the medical faculty, who openly sided with the students in the battle for academic freedom. She was quickly dismissed, and Professor Solotuchin, the university officer of the Soviet Military Administration, in a speech before the professors sharply criticized the conduct of Frau Knake and warned that any further disobedience would be met with stern measures.

The student council began its work in February of 1947 by officially thanking the Soviet authorities for approving its statutes, and

THE BIRTH OF THE FREE UNIVERSITY

promised to work "toward the creation of a true people's university and thus contribute to the construction of a democratic Germany." The task of its members was extremely varied and involved great responsibility. They participated in the admission committees, advised the younger students, and worked toward closer relations between students and professors. But their chief job was to help their *Kommilitonen*—now literally brothers-in-arms—with their pecuniary and social difficulties, procuring food and shelter, reduced fares, part-time employment, and so forth.

At the other universities in the Soviet zone, student councils had also been elected. There, too, non-Communists predominated, though not nearly in such great proportion as in Berlin. The Berlin situation, with its four-power government, permitted greater latitude in political activity and thus undoubtedly spurred the students' initiative and courage.

A month after the new student council had begun its work, it received a harsh jolt from the sudden arrest by the NKVD of four students, including one of its own members, as well as Georg Wradzilo. The student councilors, with unbelievable courage, interceded with Professor Solotuchin. They were told to keep out of such matters and to conduct themselves in such a manner that arrests would not be necessary! The Soviet-licensed German press later announced that the students had been arrested "because of secret Fascist activities." All four students were sentenced in secret trials to twenty-five years of hard labor.

The student paper, *Colloquium*, had by this time become the center of opposition. With biting satire and unrestrained disrespect for authority, this paper, licensed in the American sector, exposed Communist methods in the East German universities and aroused the West to the danger of compromising any further with the totalitarian forces. It warned that the process of sovietizing the universities would continue relentlessly, and that any professor who continued to teach without resisting was willy-nilly helping the Communist cause.

The issue was dramatized when in April, 1948, the editors of *Colloquium*, Otto Hess and Joachim Schwarz, together with Otto Stolz, leader of the Socialist student group, were summarily expelled from the university. The student council again denounced

an illegal action. In language bordering on death-defying audacity—considering the situation—education minister Wandel was told that his action was “contrary to all legal concepts” and was given ten days either to retract his decision or to initiate hearings regarding the matter. In view of mounting public pressure, this time including most of the professors, Wandel actually ordered a trial by a university disciplinary committee. However, the rector, university senate and disciplinary committee proved utterly impotent in bringing about an orderly procedure or a reversal of the decision.

This was the incident in a long series of clashes that finally precipitated a rupture. A week after the dismissal, a mass meeting of students took place in the macabre ruins of the Hotel Esplanade just within the British sector. The Communist authorities had warned that any students who attended this protest meeting would be expelled from the university. Despite this, the hall was jammed. Amidst tumultuous applause, Otto Stolz, one of the dismissed students, demanded the establishment of a free university in West Berlin.

This was of course not the first time the idea had come up. But the dramatic situation of the moment, plus the mounting tension in the Allied *Kommandatura* and in the Allied Control Authority, from which the Russians had abruptly walked out in March of that year, gave tremendous impetus to earlier sporadic efforts in this direction. West Berlin newspapers had propounded the idea for months. A group of Socialists had elaborated plans for enlarging the Technical University in the British sector into a full university. The creation of a new institution, involving tremendous resources and at a time when Allied-Soviet differences were reaching an all-time crescendo, was not a light matter. But when the Berlin assembly (without the Communist vote) passed a resolution ordering the *Magistrat* to take steps toward the erection of such a university, the movement definitely got under way.

This fine resolution did not, of course, provide the means for carrying out the project. First of all, the approval and the support of the Western occupying powers were necessary. The British were at first opposed. They were reluctant to intensify the cold war, and they also perhaps feared future competition for “their” Technical University in Charlottenburg. It is illuminating, for example, to

recall that the late Lord Lindsay, former master of Balliol College and advisory member of a German commission for German university reform, insisted that "there is no real evidence that the Russians have up to now interfered with the freedom of teaching at the Humboldt University, except possibly in the teacher training department." This view was expressed by quite a few professors at the time, and the writer of these lines has heard several professors of the old University speak in this vein long after the Free University had been created. It was an attitude characteristic of certain scholars who indeed may have been spared direct interference with their teaching and research (especially in technical subjects) and who enjoyed considerable advantages and privileges as a result of being classified among the "toiling intelligentsia." Many of these professors were unable or unwilling to see that their own students had been selected for university study on political grounds and were being increasingly subjected to indoctrination in other departments, and that the University had been deprived of its self-government. Naturally, professors could not express themselves as openly as students, and they could not lightly give up their positions at a well-established university. A further determining factor was whether a professor had his home and his "institute" and library (often the work of a lifetime) in the Soviet or in the Western sectors of Berlin.

The American occupation officials had watched these developments with keen interest but had refrained from overt participation. When it became clear—after a preparatory committee under the chairmanship of Ernst Reuter had been organized—that the Germans were determined to go ahead with the project, General Lucius D. Clay, the United States Military Governor, and his subordinates lent a firm helping hand. Clay appointed an American correspondent, Kendall Foss, to explore the possibilities and "to study appropriate Military Government support for such an undertaking." The latter proposed that a fund of about \$6,000,000, accumulated profits from United States Military Government publications in Germany, be placed at the disposal of the *Magistrat* for the project. This was approved,¹ but before the money had become available it had shrunk to one-tenth the amount through the currency reform imposed by the Western occupation govern-

ments. Even so, this sum—a mere \$600,000—proved to be the financial foundation for the entire first year.

Meanwhile the German preparatory committee had begun its work. Besides Ernst Reuter, the committee included representatives of the democratic political parties, three professors, and two students. It was typical that students were equal participants in these deliberations, and from now on, at every phase of the negotiations and at every academic level, student representatives were to take a vital share in planning and managing the University. On June 24, the very day Berlin's communications with the West were cut off, the committee published an "appeal for the founding of a free university." It called on German and Allied authorities for help and asked for the co-operation of private organizations, universities and scholars all over the world. On the same day, a secretariat was set up at a little house on Boltzmannstrasse in Dahlem, only two blocks from the headquarters of the United States Military Government and on grounds formerly belonging to the research institutes of the Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft.

To provide shelter for the University, several buildings of the Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft, held by the Military Government, were "de-requisitioned." A four-story biological laboratory building became the home of the philosophy faculty, and thus the core of the new institution. For the sake of economy, the law and social sciences faculties were merged, and the faculty of natural sciences was incorporated within the philosophy group. The medical faculty was distributed all over the city and was assigned certain hospitals for advanced courses.

During the summer of 1948, the secretariat was the scene of feverish activity. Students and professors vied with each other in the roundup of chairs, books and tables for the empty classrooms. It was literally a start from scratch. Additional lecture-hall space was provided by furnishing a nearby subway car barn with hard seats that resembled a certain medieval instrument of torture (with a similar effect on the incumbent). More comfortable, but much farther away, was the Onkel Tom Theater, offered by the United States Army when not in use for GI entertainment. A lean-to greenhouse was converted into a students' supply store, and a wooden barracks served as the dining hall.

THE BIRTH OF THE FREE UNIVERSITY

Books were a more serious problem. There were no large libraries in West Berlin, and those in East Berlin were largely inaccessible to students and teachers of the Free University. The 100,000-volume reference library of the Office of the American Military Government was placed at their disposal, and, together with other collections dispersed throughout the city, there was a library potential of about 300,000 volumes. During the next five years, books poured in from all parts of the world. World Brotherhood, Inc., organized a "Books for Freedom" campaign, yielding some 30,000 books. New books were donated by private foundations and voluntary agencies; surplus textbooks came from bulging college stacks; and Bibles, children's books and travel guides were yielded up by private attics. Somewhere there was good use for everything, and many an unpretentious volume found a grateful owner behind the Iron Curtain.

But all this would have been merely an empty shell without a competent teaching faculty. Only about eight professors and fifteen instructors had signified their intention to transfer from the old university in the initial phase. Where were the rest to come from? Would well-established professors leave their homes and positions in West Germany to fly into a blockaded city and to lecture in an unheated barn? (Some coal was made available by the United States Military Government, but it was not nearly enough.) Could other professors be attracted from East German universities?

In this precarious situation it was fortunate that the eighty-six-year-old Friedrich Meinecke, the dean of German historians and professor emeritus of the University of Berlin, put the weight of his authority and influence solidly behind the Free University. This gave the struggling institution a prestige it would have taken years to cultivate. With remarkable enterprise the executive rector, art historian Edwin Redslob (acting in place of Meinecke, the honorary rector) recruited a teaching faculty seemingly out of nowhere, filling the gaps with part-time lecturers and guest professors. Thus the first semester started off with 26 full professors, 5 associate professors, 2 docents, and 83 lecturers—116 in all. Within a year many outstanding scholars from East German universities and from the West had joined the faculty of the Free University.

By November, things were ready to begin. Over 5,000 students had applied for admission, but only 2,140 could be placed. Twenty-five per cent of these came from the Soviet zone or East Berlin; in subsequent years this proportion increased considerably. Applicants were screened by admissions committees consisting of one professor, one student representative and one member of the respective profession from the community. Extreme care was taken to avoid injustice; and, on the whole, the work of the student representatives in this first difficult assignment commanded general respect.

The opening ceremony took place on December 4, 1948. Professor Meinecke was unable to attend, but in his recorded speech he blessed the efforts of the students with "grandfatherly" affection. Mayor Reuter added a note of warning: "See to it that our efforts were not for naught, that the founding spirit will not evaporate but continue to inspire coming generations." Thornton Wilder, whose play *The Skin of Our Teeth* was the rage of the hard-trying Berliners, transmitted the greetings of Princeton and Yale Universities, with which he was affiliated.

Just what this "founding spirit" was which Reuter emphasized is easy to understand for anyone who visited Berlin during and after the days of the blockade and the air-lift. The spirit of that gallant struggle transfused every aspect of life and seemed to lift the citizens beyond the plane of ordinary existence. For years after, this spirit carried Berliners through crisis after crisis and steeled their resistance and their will to live in their island city.

It was the spirit of youth of which the Free University was born. The students who had taken the initiative to break away from the University of Berlin were determined to see to it that this, "their" university, would be different from all existing German universities. It was not enough to have a university free from communism; it was to be free from totalitarian tendencies of whatever hue. It was to have a greater degree of autonomy from government influence than any West German university through the creation of a *Kuratorium*, or board of trustees, which would have control over financial affairs. It was to have a more progressive curriculum and a more wholesome atmosphere in teacher-student relations. The traditional monopoly position of the German full professor

THE BIRTH OF THE FREE UNIVERSITY

(*Ordinarius*) was to be replaced by a democratic participation of all teachers and students in the affairs of the university. There was to be greater emphasis on good teaching, to be achieved in part through seminars and discussion groups. The university itself was to break through its traditional isolation and become an integral part of the community. In short, the Free University was to be a reformed university, a guiding star in a movement of university reform for all of Germany.

But the most striking characteristic of the Free University, as many American visiting professors have testified, is its political climate. To some academic minds it may seem a paradox that a university should have a political character at all when its students and professors had allegedly left the universities in the Soviet zone to be free from political domination. Politics and science, they may say, should be kept strictly apart. The majority of German professors are *unpolitisch*, and this is perhaps one reason why the German universities succumbed so easily to both the Nazi and Communist dictatorships. But the students and professors who founded the Free University, who had actively resisted tyranny, have one compelling conviction: that, to be maintained, freedom must be won again every day. There is no room for neutrality. This means an active identification with the forces of freedom and alertness toward any recrudescence of reactionism. This attitude takes the form of an active student government and of democratic student organizations. The old *Korporationen*, or fraternities, with their antiquated codes, their social and political exclusiveness, and often their practice of dueling, which have reappeared everywhere in West Germany, have not been permitted to organize at the Free University to this date. That this is so is very largely due to the relentless efforts of its ASTA (*Allgemeiner Studentenausschuss*), or student government.

It was natural, of course, considering the origin of the Free University, that the students would be given a considerable voice in running the University. This was definitely desired by Mayor Reuter, who now became the chairman of the *Kuratorium*, as well as by rector Redslob. To secure the students' rights perpetually, the bylaws of ASTA were made an integral part of the university statutes. These bylaws, implemented by vigorous initiative, made

the Free University's ASTA the strongest student government in Germany and—as far as is known to the writer—the strongest student government of any university in the world. Student representatives have a seat and vote in every faculty meeting except in professorial disciplinary cases. Two student representatives sit and vote in the University senate, the highest academic body; and one student is a member of the twelve-member board of trustees. And, as already mentioned, students are represented on the admissions committee of every University department.

All this will strike Americans as rather extraordinary and perhaps even dangerous. To understand this unique situation one must bear in mind the European type of student, usually more serious-minded than his American counterpart, and the fact that most German students of this period have gone through a tough school of life, one of war and political disillusionment, that has prepared them for unusual responsibilities. The power and influence wielded by the students is being earned by a considerable personal sacrifice of time and effort and the shouldering of heavy responsibilities. During the five years of the University's existence, this arrangement has worked out amazingly well.

The organs of student government are the *Konvent*, or parliament, composed of one representative for every fifty students, elected annually by the whole student body; the ASTA, or executive branch, elected by the *Konvent*; and the council of elders. This latter body, consisting of ex-student officers, has the specific function of preserving the spirit of the founding period. It acts as a kind of supreme court by guarding the bylaws and by opposing resolutions that are "contrary to the spirit from which sprang the Free University."

The work of ASTA is apportioned among its officers with different "portfolios"—for example, social welfare, finances, foreign relations (with other universities), cultural affairs, publicity, sports, all-German student affairs, and student activities. In Berlin, a city of many economic and social problems arising out of the split and the isolation from West Germany, the work of a student council is necessarily more ramified and complicated than elsewhere. Over half of the 6,000 students now enrolled receive sustenance stipends or other relief. Others need employment, some even working full

time. The students who hail from the Soviet zone have no home, no income and little of anything else. All the relief work falls on the shoulders of the student councilor for social welfare. It is his job to interview and screen the thousands of applicants for the stipends given by the city and for relief; his recommendations are generally accepted by the city authorities. Once a month, the city treasurer turns over to him the cash payments for the recipients—a sum of over \$50,000. Payments to the students are handled by a half-dozen tellers under the supervision of the student councilor. It is easy to see that this big financial operation not only involves a tremendous responsibility, but also represents a full-time job, for which the councilor gets a nominal salary.

Of special significance is the work of the councilor for all-German student affairs. His job is to help refugee students and maintain contacts with democratic elements in the Soviet zone. Most of this work has since been absorbed by the Department for All-German Student Affairs of the Association of German Students. Located in a former private villa near the University and staffed by about twenty enthusiastic student workers, this department carries out the exceedingly important task of keeping open the academic channels to East Germany and aiding hundreds of refugee students and professors. It has accumulated a comprehensive file on the East German universities and colleges, so that it is possible to know not only what courses are being taught today behind the Iron Curtain, but also who teaches them. The department helps some 350 students in Soviet zone concentration camps with food packages, and gives material aid and spiritual comfort to the thousands of students and teachers who come to West Berlin for a brief visit to gain strength for another “term” behind the Iron Curtain.

The question that has frequently puzzled outsiders, as well as some Berliners, is whether the Free University is to remain a temporary institution, a *modus vivendi* during the cold war, or a permanent fixture. If the latter, what will happen to the old University of Berlin? There may have been some doubts regarding the permanence of the Free University during the first year or two. Its finances, in fact, were seriously in doubt. Since then, the *Magistrat* has regularly supported it with an annual subsidy of around \$2,000,000, which is today nearly \$3,000,000, while the United States

occupation authorities have regularly helped it along with a subsidy of \$500,000 a year. Today there is no question whatever that the Free University is here to stay. The present plan is to develop a complete physical plant so that eventually, when the city is reunited, the old university buildings on Unter den Linden can be given up. This would actually amount to a realization of a pre-World War I project to transfer the university to less crowded quarters in a western suburb. The first step in this direction was the establishment of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institut in Dahlem at the turn of the century.

The question of permanence was uppermost in the minds of Henry Ford II and Paul Hoffman when they visited the Free University in 1951 in order to examine the possibilities for a Ford Foundation grant. They were deeply moved at the sight of the improvised buildings and the manifestation of so much ingenuity and enthusiasm. They quizzed students and professors about conditions at the University and about their experiences behind the Iron Curtain. They obtained the assurance (as far as that is possible) from the city fathers that the Free University would enjoy the permanent support of the city as *the* future university of Berlin. Convinced that a grant to this institution would constitute an excellent "investment in democracy," the Ford Foundation voted \$1,309,000 for a library and lecture-hall building as well as for a student dining hall. A small sum was earmarked for certain academic programs such as general education courses, extension courses and tutorial groups. Last June, the library and lecture hall, a gleaming white, modern structure, was officially dedicated in the presence of many distinguished visitors from all parts of the world.

In less than six years, the Free University has become a full-fledged university with six faculties. It occupies about forty odd-sized buildings all over the city, but it has the beginnings of a beautiful permanent campus. Its teaching body is equal to that of any university in West Germany, and its graduates are recognized anywhere, except, of course, in the Soviet zone. Although there are some signs of incipient incrustation from traditions (adopted from outside) as the founder-generation disappears, the Free University is still a fighting university. It will doubtless remain that as long as Berlin is the outpost of the free world.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Volume 24

SPRING, 1955

Number 2

CONTENTS

Communist China's Foreign Policy	<i>I-Kua Chou</i>	137
Psychoanalysis and Morality	<i>Norman Kelman</i>	158
Testament	<i>Giuseppe Prezzolini</i> <i>Translated by Emery Neff</i>	171
POEMS:		
The Dark Wood	<i>John Hall Wheelock</i>	180
Dylan Thomas, 1914-1953	<i>Rosemary Thomas</i>	180
Eclogue for Rachel	<i>Carol Johnson</i>	181
The Lilac Bush	<i>Marion Lineaweaver</i>	182
For T.S.E. Only	<i>Hyam Plutzik</i>	183
One Word for Four Seasons	<i>James Whelden</i>	185
The Genius of Kleist	<i>Thomas Mann</i> <i>Translated by Francis Golfing</i>	187
Scotland and the Scots	<i>William Croft Dickinson</i>	195
IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO	<i>Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	212
THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND		
Reviews by <i>Saul K. Padover</i> and <i>Gordon Cuyler</i>		216
Brief comments on eighteen outstanding books of the previous quarter		226
THE SCHOLAR'S SCRATCH PAD	<i>Saunders Redding</i>	243
THE READER REPLIES		247

HAWTHORNE

A CRITICAL STUDY

By **HYATT H. WAGGONER**, editor of *Nathaniel Hawthorne: Selected Tales and Sketches*. A close and perceptive analysis of Hawthorne's life and work, giving a new understanding of the man and his special problems and attitudes as a writer. After examining the nonfiction sketches, Mr. Waggoner makes an unusually detailed study of the short stories and of the light they shed on Hawthorne's novels. The four major novels are analyzed in terms of their imagery, symbolism, structure, and their special meaning and relevance for today. The late, unfinished romances are related to the artistic problems of the writer's whole career. Previously published critical judgments are integrated with the author's own conclusions. *A Belknap Press Book.* \$4.75

HAWTHORNE'S DOCTOR GRIMSHAW'S SECRET

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by EDWARD H. DAVIDSON. Here is the first complete publication of an extraordinary novel. "To anyone with any interest in Hawthorne, or the creative processes of any great writer, Mr. Davidson's study is altogether absorbing. He has included the full text of Hawthorne's plots and outlines and comments on his own progress as the novel developed . . . With chapters and notes combined, the whole book becomes an imaginative soliloquy as haunting as anything Hawthorne ever wrote."—ROBERT CANTWELL, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* \$5.00

MORE LETTERS AND POEMS OF THE KEATS CIRCLE

By **HYDER ROLLINS**, editor of *The Keats Circle* and *Keats' Reputation in America to 1848*. Forty new letters, mainly by George Keats, Fanny Keats, and her Spanish husband, Valentin Llanos, and Joseph Severn; including the earliest letter by any member of the Keats family yet discovered. They throw a great deal of light on Keats himself, the Keats Circle in general, and change considerably the biographies of the people concerned. An Appendix contains three letters with instructions for the care of the dying Keats. \$3.00



Through your bookseller, or from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
44 Francis Avenue, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 24

Spring, 1955

NUMBER 2

Communist China's Foreign Policy

I-KUA CHOU

WHEN MAO TSE-TUNG MADE his now-famous statement in 1949 that China "must lean to one side," namely, the Soviet side, and that "to sit on the fence is impossible, a third road does not exist," he did not enunciate a new policy for Communist China. He merely reiterated a well-established party line, which had been unconditionally accepted and faithfully practiced by every loyal Communist in China long before Mao became the undisputed leader of the Chinese Communist party. But that he chose to make the policy announcement at the time the Communists had just seized power in China is significant in two respects: First, he wished to remind the jubilant but uncertain party members, as well as the newly converted but wavering supporters, that neutrality was an "illusion" and, therefore, to be eschewed; and, second, he wished to warn the confused but hopeful Western powers that friendly gestures and material aid from the "capitalist camp" would not be welcomed with enthusiasm equal to that for aid from the Soviets.

No task in the postwar world has been more perplexing to the Western capitals than their attempt to analyze and understand the nature of Communist China and the orientation of its foreign policy. Both the United States and Great Britain refused to accept the statement of Mao as final. But while Britain has anxiously pursued

* I-KUA CHOU is associate professor of government at the College of William and Mary. Dr. Chou attended Fuh-Tan University in China, coming to the United States to continue study at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. He has published other material on the Far East in the *Christian Science Monitor*.

a realistic course toward the new China, hoping that by accepting the *fait accompli* normal trade relations might be restored and international tension eased, the United States has been so bitterly beset by domestic political rivalries that for many years officials in high places could not even agree among themselves on exactly what had happened in China, much less on methods of dealing with the Peking regime. All diplomatic efforts aimed at bringing about a strong, democratic and friendly China have failed, made as they were with perfectly good intentions but inexcusably bad judgment.

An evaluation of the Chinese Communist concept of international relations requires an understanding of the broad background of the Chinese Communist movement, which first became observable at the end of World War I, as well as of the historical circumstances which have influenced the Chinese attitude, Communist or otherwise, toward the conduct of foreign affairs.¹ However, although the consideration of national security, the struggle for power and prestige, and the determination to abolish, once and for all, the residues of the old treaty settlements which governed Chinese foreign relations for over a century are all contributing factors in the foreign policy of Communist China, the basic motivating force of the Chinese Communists' thought and action in foreign affairs is the Marxist ideology.

The Marxist-Leninist Tradition

The Marxist approach to world affairs—indeed, to every phenomenon of mankind—is the key to the concept of foreign relations held by the Chinese Communists. In dealing with both domestic and foreign problems, every effort is made to adhere strictly to the orthodoxy of Marxism, Leninism, Stalinism and, now, Maoism. Aside from the fact that the inseparability of internal and external affairs is constantly stressed, much emphasis is given to the importance of the theoretical basis of policy-making. Here lies perhaps one of the most important differences between a Western democracy and a Communist dictatorship. While the former often

¹ Practically every Chinese government since 1911 has believed in the theory that if proper revisions of the treaties which tend to compromise Chinese sovereignty cannot be secured through mutual consent, then unilateral denunciation of such treaties is justified under the rule of *rebus sic stantibus*.

pragmatically creates new premises for political theory in order to justify existing realities, the latter constantly seeks to use doctrinal writings as the basis for actual behavior. Thus the attitude of the Chinese Communists in dealing with specific problems, as well as in creating new ones, has been remarkably consistent with their doctrinal beliefs, and Mao Tse-tung could write in 1951 that "Theory is important from the viewpoint of Marxism because it can guide our action." Marxism-Leninism, he contended, is the only theory that contains truth "because it was not only scientifically formulated by Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, but also subsequently verified in the revolutionary practice of class struggle and national struggle."²

In order to explain the relationship between Marxism-Leninism and Chinese communism, Mao wrote elsewhere:

It was through the introduction of the Russians that the Chinese found Marxism. . . . The October Revolution helped the progressive elements of the world and of China to use the world outlook of the proletariat as the instrument for perceiving the destiny of the country. Travel the road of the Russians!³

It is clear that the Communist ideology advanced by Marx and Engels might never have taken hold in China had it not been for the success of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917; and the Chinese Communists might never have become a militant force with any reasonable hope of triumph had Lenin not developed the theory of "socialism in one country" and had Stalin not put that theory into practice with enormous success in the Soviet Union. Chinese communism gained ascendancy only as the socialist experiments in the U.S.S.R. became solid achievements. The Chinese Communists deify Marx and Engels for their unique and all-embracing theory; they revere Lenin and Stalin for their flexible interpretation and practical application of Marxism.

While Marx and Engels believed that advanced capitalism was prerequisite to a general proletarian revolution, Lenin and Stalin

² Mao Tse-tung, *On Practice*, Peking, 1951; also Mao Tse-tung, "Correcting Unorthodox Tendencies in Learning, the Party, and Literature and Art," *Cheng Feng Wen Hsien [Literature on Reform]*, Hongkong, 1949, pp. 5-17. For excerpts in translation, see Brandt, Schwartz, Fairbank, *A Documentary History of Chinese Communism*, Harvard Press, 1952.

³ Mao Tse-tung, "On the People's Democratic Dictatorship," *A Documentary History*, p. 451.

proved that such a revolution could succeed in an essentially agricultural economy. The wisdom of Stalin in pursuing a "middle of the road" policy in the Soviet Union at the expense of the extreme leftists and the extreme rightists provided further proof to the Chinese Communists that the principles of Marxism-Leninism contained such a high degree of elasticity that they could be stretched to a proper length to suit the special conditions of any country. And to the confirmed Marxian practitioners in China now, Marxism is a religion that monopolizes truth and delivers the last judgment, with Leninism-Stalinism the needed link between utopia and reality, the outline for applying a panacea to solve all of China's problems.

The "Natural Tie" with the Soviet Union

The development of Chinese communism has, thus, always been intimately related to the "remote control" of Moscow. Before 1945, it was more a matter of the meeting of minds between the Russian Communists and the Chinese Communists than direct military aid or economic assistance from one group of Communists to another. Since the early 1920's, however, the Soviet methods of party discipline and mass organization have been gradually but steadily introduced to China. With Marxist teachings preached as the only "correct" interpretation of history and Lenin and Stalin's writings and utterances diligently studied as the guide to Chinese revolution, directives from the Communist International always were scrupulously carried out to make sure that China would play her role in the proletarian world revolution. The great purges in Russia in the late 1920's and the early 1930's were followed by similar intra-party struggles within the Chinese Communist party, resulting in the disappearance of the Chinese Trotskyites, Mensheviks, opportunists and "adventurists."⁴ When the Kremlin adopted the policy of "united front" in 1935, calling on Communists all over the world to co-operate with liberal and bourgeois elements against the Axis Powers, the Chinese Communists modified their struggle

⁴ The struggle for the orthodoxy of interpretation of Marxism-Leninism as applied to China resulted in the victory of Mao's theory basing Chinese communism on peasant revolution over Li Li-san's theory of relying on the city proletariat.

COMMUNIST CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

with the Nationalists. Indeed, Stalin was credited with having saved Chiang Kai-shek's life during the Sian Revolt of 1936 because he considered Chiang the only person then available to lead China's defense against Japanese aggression; and during World War II Moscow continued to support Chiang in order to maintain the united front and to protect Soviet Asia, while Chinese Communists sang the theme of "coalition government." But when victory was in sight, Russia wasted no time in assisting the Chinese Communists in their seizure of power.

Flowing from the same source, the ideology of the Soviet Union and of Communist China is nurtured in the same spirit, developed in the same pattern, preached with the same religious fervor, and implemented with the same determination and ruthlessness. It would be a great mistake to assume that the Chinese Communists are the "stooges" of Moscow or that Communist China is a satellite to the Soviet Union. Even if they had acted independently, they would have arrived at the same conclusions on the major issues in world affairs. Actually, they consult, complement, assist, and even "correct" each other. But they never betray each other because theirs is a partnership, "a voluntary association of equals" in a common objective. While Moscow's chief task is to Sovietize Europe, Peking is to see to it that all of Asia eventually is brought under Communist rule. Together they form a formidable axis which threatens to change the political, social and economic appearance of the whole world.

The Global Character of Chinese Communism

That the Chinese revolution is a part of the world revolution has been one of the major themes of the party program since the founding of the Chinese Communist party.⁵ In the earliest public statements of the party, such as the First Manifesto on the Current Situation and the Manifesto of the Second Congress of 1922, it was

⁵ This party line has consistently appeared in the important resolutions of the Chinese Communist party since 1922, as well as in the writings of such party leaders as Mao Tse-tung and Liu Shao-chi. See *A Documentary History*, pp. 104, 119, 127-130, 141, 169, 171, 184-186, 193-195, 164-166; also *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, in Chinese, Peking, 1951, Vol. I, pp. 52, 53, 82, 149, 158; Vol. II, pp. 482, 503, 517-627; Vol. III, pp. 911, 1047; Liu Shao-chi, *Internationalism and Nationalism*, Peking, 1951.

proclaimed that one of its "concrete aims" was "the removal of oppression by international imperialism and the complete independence of the Chinese nation." In the Manifesto of the Third Congress of the party of 1923, it was further declared, "Our mission is to liberate the oppressed Chinese nation by a national revolution, and to advance to the world revolution, liberating the oppressed peoples and oppressed classes of the whole world."⁶

The characteristics of the Chinese revolution have been, of course, "objectively" determined by Marxian dialectics and "correctly" interpreted by party theoreticians, according to the special historical conditions of China. The beginning of the Chinese revolution, stated Mao, "can be traced back to the Opium War [1839-1842] when the Chinese society began to change from a feudal society to a semi-colonial, semi-feudal society." The revolutionary movement for a time even took the character of a "bourgeois-democratic revolution" aimed mainly at achieving national independence and political reforms. But a fundamental change took place in the Chinese revolution following the Russian Revolution of 1917, Mao continued, making it "a part of the world proletarian socialist revolution."

The development of the Chinese revolution has been divided into two stages: "first, the change of our colonial, semi-colonial and semi-feudal society into an independent democratic society; second, the establishment of a socialist society." While the second stage must remain as a distant goal, the first stage encompasses a period from the beginning of the Communist movement to the present time, and, in all probability, to some time in the future. The tasks of this stage have been twofold: class struggle at home and anti-

⁶ Paraphrasing Lenin, Mao Tse-tung has stated that "when capitalism of the era of free competition developed into imperialism, there was no change in the character of the two classes in fundamental opposition, the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, or in the capitalist nature of the society." Governments were obligated to adopt "a colonial policy of monopolistic possession of the territories of the world." Therefore, monopolistic capitalism and imperialism were identical, with colonialism a necessary by-product of capitalism. The oppressed peoples were the native population of the colonial and semi-colonial countries; the oppressed classes were the masses of the capitalistic countries. See Lenin, "Imperialism," *A Handbook of Marxism*, ed. by Emile Burns, New York, 1935, pp. 688-721; Mao Tse-tung, *On Contradiction*, New York, 1953; Liu Shao-chi, *op. cit.*; Shen Chi-yuan, *Essays on the Basic Problems of Political Economy*, in Chinese, Shanghai, 1953, pp. 113-172.

COMMUNIST CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

imperialism (national struggle) abroad.⁷ Special emphasis again has been given to the "inseparable" character of these two tasks for the simple reason that the internal class struggle had to be accompanied by the international proletarian movement in order to maintain the revolutionary nature of communism. Class struggle has been directed mainly against any group that happened to be in power or in a different political alignment. Under the broad term of "anti-feudalism," all opposition at any given time has been conveniently labeled the class that should be ousted, according to whatever Marxian twist was in vogue. Thus in the early 1920's "anti-feudalism" meant the attacks on the "warlord" government in Peking. Following the split between the Communists and the Nationalists in 1927, its target became the "landlord-warlord bourgeoisie" which supported Chiang Kai-shek. Now that the Communists are in power, "anti-feudalism" requires the extermination of "counter-revolutionaries" and the "running dogs of the imperialists."

Anti-imperialism is, however, a constant policy which undergoes very little change in substance, for it is chiefly directed against all the existing capitalistic countries in the world, although the intensity of struggle varies according to circumstances. Because this phase of the Communist program determines the final attitude of the Chinese Communists toward the outside world, it carries far-reaching consequences in international affairs. The foundation of this policy was laid by early party decisions, and it has been reinforced by the recent pronouncements of party leaders. The party Resolution of 1927 declared that the "feudal class and the imperialist powers depend upon each other" to exploit the Chinese masses.⁸ The Resolutions of 1929 and 1930⁹ went further to state that "international imperialism is the real ruler of China's total political and economic life":

China is the largest colony of the world, which means she is the largest market, investment outlet, and supplier of raw materials for the imperial-

⁷ Mao Tse-tung, "The Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Vol. II, pp. 591-625; also see the General Programme of the Constitution of the Chinese Communist Party, drafted by Liu Shao-chi, adopted in 1945, Liu Shao-chi, *On the Party*, Peking, 1950, pp. 157-161.

⁸ *A Documentary History*, pp. 118-123.

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 166-186.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

ists of the world. China thus forms an integral part of the imperialists' economic system. The loss of China by the imperialist rulers would mean the inevitable end of the imperialists, especially that of . . . England, Japan, and America. Therefore, all the imperialists are bound to use every possible means for the cruel suppression of the Chinese revolution; and the Chinese revolution is bound to fight it out very cruelly with the imperialists. . . .

It was predicted that:

China is the spot where the conflict among the major imperialists—England, Japan and the U.S.A.—is the most intense; it is one of the areas where the capitalist world and the socialist Soviet Union have direct contact; it is an area where the anti-imperialist colonial revolution has penetrated the deepest. . . . Thus China is the weakest link in the ruling chain of world imperialism, it is the place where the volcano of the world revolution is most likely to erupt.

But due to the objective fact that the outbreak of the Chinese revolution may set off a world revolution, we shall be able, when the cruel war comes, to mobilize not only tens of hundreds of millions of the masses in our [own] country to engage in an intense struggle, but also to call on the world proletariat and on the toiling masses of the colonies to fight the last battle with the imperialists. In this final decisive battle [we] shall undoubtedly be able to achieve complete victory.

With these beliefs, the Chinese Communists decided a quarter of a century ago that their "international mission" called for the following actions: (1) to tighten liaison with the Communist parties of England, France, Japan and the United States for the intensification of propaganda for support of the Chinese revolution; (2) to coordinate with the Communist movement in Indo-China, the Dutch East Indies, Malaya and Outer Mongolia; and (3) to protect, with armed forces if necessary, the citadel of world communism, the Soviet Union. The line of action proposed by Mao Tse-tung in 1948 shows no deviations from these early decisions of the party, but goes further to call on all the Communists in Asia to transfer their passive "opposition to imperialist oppression" into active "liberation of the oppressed nations, colonies and semi-colonies from the yoke of imperialism." This policy was further substantiated by Liu Shao-chi, chief dialectician of the Chinese Communist party:

The ultimate goal of the struggle of mankind for liberation will be socialism and communism. . . . In order to win its liberation, every oppressed nation has no alternative but to oppose American imperialism and its accomplices within its country, to oppose the reactionaries of all countries, to unite with the Soviet Union and the New Democracies of

COMMUNIST CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

Eastern Europe, to unite with the national liberation movements and the people's democratic forces of other countries, to unite with the proletariat and the Communist parties of all countries. . . . No nation can win real liberation any other way.¹⁰

To be sure, during the past thirty years, there have been disagreements, even conflicts, within the ranks of the Chinese Communists over the "correct interpretation" of class struggle (internal policy) in China,¹¹ resulting in personal vicissitudes in the party hierarchy, such as the fall of Li Li-san and the rise of Mao in 1931; but there is yet to be a single case in which the Chinese Communist leaders have been purged for their divergent opinions on what the scope of anti-imperialism (foreign policy) should be or who the imperialists are. The remarkable unity of purpose of this aspect of the Communist movement results largely from the rise of nationalism in China.

Proletarian Internationalism vs. Bourgeois Nationalism

Nationalism, a by-product of the modern nation-state system and an idea which is closely associated with the concept of popular sovereignty, is not indigenous to Chinese civilization. It spread to China at the turn of the century and was, at once, the driving force behind the national revolutionary movement. Today it has become a convenient weapon for the Communists to harness China's millions for their Soviet experiments on the one hand and to whip up enthusiasm for their continuous vituperation against the United States and other Western powers on the other. When nationalism is defined to include respect for and the nurturing of a nation's traditional institutions, it is, of course, deliberately ignored for having run counter to the interdictions of the Marxist-Leninist doctrines. But when it is defined as meaning preservation of the cultural identity of a nation, it has received a temporary reprieve, for it suits the purpose of the Communist program: the New Democracy, a transition to communism. Also, insofar as nationalism embraces the sentiments of superiority, hostility, distrust and hatred, the Commu-

¹⁰ Liu Shao-chi, *Internationalism and Nationalism*, pp. 33, 41.

¹¹ While intra-party struggle within certain limits, such as self-criticism, is regarded as a healthy phenomenon, deviation from the broad anti-imperialist foreign policy is considered a betrayal of the revolutionary cause. See Liu Shao-chi, *On Inner-Party Struggle*, Peking, 1950.

nists have lost no time in utilizing its effect to their best advantage. And if nationalism may ever properly be defined to mean the right of a nation to impose its own political beliefs and economic system upon other nations, it is now rendering an invaluable service to the Chinese Communists by bringing into their orbit the "colonial" areas of all Asia under the disguise of the "national liberation movement."

To the Communists in China, then, nationalism serves a useful function in the "anti-feudal and anti-imperialist" stage of their revolution. It creates unity; it provides strength; it helps to break with the past. The identity of a nation is used as a rallying point for international support and as a springboard for continuous revolution and indirect aggression through *coups d'état* and civil wars.

In order to capitalize on the maximum effect of the nation as a steppingstone to the Marxist utopia, the Communists have taken extreme care to differentiate between nationalism for the nation's sake and "nationalism" for the sake of world communism. According to Liu Shao-chi, the distinction between the "bourgeois-nationalist concept of the nation" and the "proletarian-internationalist concept of the nation" marks them as "irreconcilable and diametrically opposed to each other," standing for "two different classes and two antagonistic world outlooks." While the latter represents "the common interests of the masses of the people of every nation" in the struggle for emancipation from capitalist domination, the former, having "a bourgeois class basis," is acceptable only "in a certain historical period and to a certain degree," as when "a nation is struggling for the creation of a national state" and "against oppression by other nations." Examples are:

the American bourgeoisie in the War for Independence and in the American civil war; the French bourgeoisie at the time of the French Revolution; the Italian bourgeoisie during the movement for the unification of Italy, [and now] the bourgeoisie in the colonial and semi-colonial countries. . . .¹²

But as soon as the bourgeoisie of any nation obtains power, it "subordinates the interests of the nation as a whole to its own class interests" and becomes "reactionary and imperialistic"—which Liu

¹² Liu Shao-chi, *Internationalism and Nationalism*, p. 5.

COMMUNIST CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

asserts is the case with the nationalist movement in the United States and other Western countries today.

Carrying out this theory, Communists properly "form temporary understandings, even alliances" with the bourgeois elements in their struggle for national independence. But once independence is achieved, they must immediately try to overthrow the bourgeoisie that is in power. And when they succeed in seizing control of a nation, their activities must be promptly expanded beyond the national boundaries. "Aid and sympathy" must be extended to all neighboring states through continuous instigation, propaganda, underground activities and armed insurrections.

This incessant process of expansion depends upon divided loyalty. The loyalty of the Communist to his own country is contingent upon the role his country plays in the larger enterprise, world communism, to which he owes his ultimate loyalty. Thus Tito was denounced by the Chinese Communists for having "betrayed the cause of proletarian-internationalism" and "degenerated into a bourgeois nationalist," a "pawn of American imperialism." And the Socialist parties in Europe, including the British Labor Party, have been condemned as "proletarian renegades" for having regarded "internationalism as window-dressing" and helped "the imperialists of their own countries to suppress the national liberation movements of the colonies and semi-colonies."

The crime of "bourgeois nationalism" in Asia seems to lie precisely in the fact that it is too narrow in scope. From the Communist viewpoint, the realization of independence by a country automatically terminates the usefulness of a nationalism which aspires to no revolutionary changes. It is inaccurate to say that the Chinese Communists believe in "Asia for the Asians." What they believe is, "Asia for the Communists now, the whole world for the Communists later, but not too much later." This is one reason that it is wishful thinking to assume that Mao might become a Tito.

The Concept of Two Camps

Nothing is more clear-cut and uncompromising than the Chinese Communist concept of the division of the world, which leaves no ground for neutralism. Echoing Mao's statement on "leaning to

one side" and emphasizing the militant character of Chinese communism, Liu Shao-chi again provides the most authoritative argument:

The world today has been divided into two mutually antagonistic camps. On the one hand, the world imperialist camp, composed of the American imperialists and their accomplices—the reactionaries of all countries of the world; on the other hand, the world anti-imperialist camp, composed of the Soviet Union and the New Democracies of Eastern Europe, and the national liberation movements in China, Southeast Asia . . . plus the people's democratic forces of all countries of the world. American imperialism has become the bastion of all the reactionary forces of the world; while the Soviet Union has become the bastion of all progressive forces.¹³

There are additional reasons to those we have considered for believing that a breach between Peking and Moscow is not likely to occur in the immediate future: (1) By virtue of the thirty-year Treaty of Alliance of 1950, the economic agreements of 1952, and the mutual assistance agreement of 1954 between Moscow and Peking, China regained complete sovereignty over Manchuria, an area where conflicts of power between Russia and China are liable to arise. The Soviet Union pledged to return Port Arthur to China so that Peking might be in a better position to demand the withdrawal of the American fleet from Formosa. (2) The traditional Chinese attitude toward minorities coincides with the Marxist-Leninist principle of cultural autonomy. Peking, thus, recognized the independence of Outer Mongolia with equanimity, and the Soviets, who still apply the principle in Asia, if not always in Europe, in turn recognized both Sinkiang and Inner Mongolia as integral parts of China. (3) China and Russia share a common frontier of over three thousand miles. Any government of China, purely for security reasons, must be friendly toward Russia, and vice versa. (4) Continuous friction between the United States and Communist China tends to drive Peking closer to the Soviet orbit. (5) The Chinese Five-Year Plan has been closely geared to the amount of capital goods to be obtained from the Communist bloc, including East Germany, and from such neutral countries as Sweden. While trade with the West is still desirable, it is no longer

¹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 32-33.

COMMUNIST CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

indispensable.¹⁴ (6) If Peking depends on Moscow for political and economic support because of the latter's seniority, experience and degree of industrialization, Moscow must count on Peking to attract Communist followers in all Asia, to act as a faithful partner in world politics and to increase the prestige of the Soviet Union. (7) The Communist victory in China tipped the balance of power in favor of the Soviet Union, at least in terms of population. No one appreciates this more than the men in the Kremlin, who have, so far, made every attempt to play up China's status as a great power, treating China as an equal rather than a subordinate; to return to Mao what they had taken from Chiang in Manchuria; and, above all, to respect Mao's leadership in Asian affairs. Moscow might make further concessions to Peking if the solidarity of their axis were at stake.

It is also significant to note that the Chinese Communists adhered to the concept of two camps, not as a result of the division of power between the United States and the Soviet Union following World War II, but in the middle twenties when Soviet fortunes were at a low ebb and Chinese communism was still in its embryonic stage. The consistence with which the Chinese Communists have expounded their beliefs would seem to indicate close co-operation between Moscow and Peking for a long time to come. Mao Tse-tung wrote twenty-eight years ago:

the present world situation is one in which the two big forces, revolution and counter-revolution, are engaged in the final struggle. Two huge banners have been raised by these two huge forces: One is the red banner of revolution which the Third International holds aloft, rallying all the oppressed classes of the world, and the other is the white banner of counter-revolution which the League of Nations holds aloft, rallying all the counter-revolutionary elements of the world. The intermediate class will beyond doubt rapidly fall apart, some sections turning left and joining the ranks of the revolution and others turning right and joining the ranks of the counter-revolution; there is no room for any to remain "independent." Therefore the idea cherished by the Chinese middle class of an "independent" revolution in which it would play the leading role is a mere illusion.¹⁵

¹⁴ For an analysis of the Chinese Five-Year Plan and other industrial developments, see Fan Ching-Ping, *The Essentials of the Chinese Communist Industrial Economy*, in Chinese, Hongkong, 1954.

¹⁵ Mao Tse-tung, "Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, London, 1954, Vol. I, pp. 13-20.

The "Just War" and International Assistance

The joint operation of the world Communist movement by the Moscow-Peking axis is supported by a unique theory which justifies all armed conflicts initiated by the Communists. Although the Charter of the United Nations (as well as the Covenant of the League of Nations) implies that only a war of self-defense or a war waged by the world organization to stop aggression can be a "just war," the Chinese Communist leaders absolutely refuse to abide by this principle. They need no international authority, aside from the Communist International, to sanction the validity of a war. True to the best tradition of Marxism-Leninism, Mao concluded in 1935 that "only the oppressed nations and the oppressed classes can wage just wars," because the wars they wage are either against "imperialist domination" or against "bourgeois exploitation," and that all other wars are "counter-revolutionary and unjust." It follows that there are only two types of "just wars." The first is the national war, or the "horizontal" war, between two or more countries in "colonial" and "semi-colonial" areas, i.e., the oppressed nations against the imperialist countries to achieve national independence. Justified by "self-determination" and "equality of all nations," this type of war embraces all of the uprisings and rebellions in Asia, the Middle East and Africa at the present or in the foreseeable future. The second type of "just war" recognized by Communists is the class war, or the "vertical" war, which includes *coups d'état* and civil wars staged by Communists as the self-appointed representatives of the "oppressed classes." Justification for such wars, which may be said to include the Communist movements in all non-Communist countries, is found in "the right of a people to choose its own form of political and economic systems."

There are two conditions under which "just wars" are to operate: (1) A national war must be followed by a class war, or both may take place at once, but never one without the other. (2) "All just wars must support one another," from which it follows that "In the era when imperialism exists, it is impossible for the true people's revolution of any country to win its own victory without assistance in various forms from the international revolutionary forces, and

COMMUNIST CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

it is also impossible to consolidate the victory even when it is won." Thus, in October, 1951, Mao declared that the Chinese Communist intervention in Korea was "absolutely necessary and perfectly just" because China was aiding Korea in a national war against America and in a class war against South Korea. Peking's role in the Indo-China war, its warning to Burma and Indonesia on "further liberation," and its recent call on the people of Thailand to revolt are all logical deductions from this "just war" theory.

It is important to point out that the Chinese Communists accept foreign assistance only from "the international revolutionary forces," namely, the Soviet Union, "the People's Democracies" in Eastern Europe, and the Communist parties all over the world, including that of the United States, because they are "the most reliable friends of all oppressed nations."¹⁶ Would they accept aid from the American or the British government? The answer given by Mao is "not at the moment." "At the present," he wrote in 1949,

the rulers in Britain and the United States are still imperialists. Would they extend aid to a people's state? If we do business with these countries or suppose these countries would be willing in the future to lend us money on terms of mutual benefit, what would be the reason for it? It would be because the capitalists of these countries want to make money and the bankers want to earn interest to relieve their crisis; that would be no aid to the Chinese people. . . . Internationally we belong to the anti-imperialist front headed by the U.S.S.R., and we can look for genuine friendly aid only from that front, and not from the imperialist front.¹⁷

The Struggle for Universal Acceptance

The reluctance of the Chinese Communists to receive Western material aid has not, however, stopped them from seeking representation in various international organizations. The obstinacy with which the Soviet Union has supported their claim in the past few years indicates that, in the Communist pattern of thought, nothing short of complete acceptance by the Western powers of the Peking regime as the government of China will help to readjust the total relationship between the Communist bloc and the free

¹⁶ Mao Tse-tung, "The Soviet Interests Are Identical with the Interests of Mankind," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, in Chinese, Vol. II, pp. 559-567; cf. Liu Chao-chi, *Internationalism and Nationalism*, p. 19.

¹⁷ Mao Tse-tung, "On the People's Democratic Dictatorship," *A Documentary History*, p. 455.

world. In fact, Molotov has stated unequivocally that the solution to all of today's world problems is contingent upon Peking's entry into the United Nations.

There are two distinctly separate problems involved in regard to the status of Communist China in the family of nations: (1) whether Communist China should be admitted into the United Nations, and (2) whether the United States should recognize the Peking government. Although these two problems can be linked, they are by no means inherently interrelated. That is to say, a decision on one problem does not have to be followed by, nor does it automatically result in, a similar decision on the other.¹⁸

The first problem does not involve the membership of China in the United Nations, for China as a state remains unchanged and her status as a member of the world organization has never been challenged. The question is whether the People's Government of China, having achieved power through unconstitutional means, is qualified to replace the Nationalist delegation as the representative of China. While the present system of international law does not prohibit the seizure of power within a country by forcible means, the practice of the United Nations requires the fulfillment of certain conditions by a new government before its application for admission can be favorably entertained. Among these conditions are: (1) effective internal control, (2) the obedience of the people, (3) reasonable expectancy of permanence, and (4) the willingness and ability of a new government to carry out its international obligations. Yet at no time in the history of the United Nations has any government of a member state coming into power by revolutionary means been barred from entry for having failed to meet these legal tests.

¹⁸ The former Secretary-General of the United Nations, Trygve Lie, in a memorandum distributed to members of the Security Council in March, 1950, asserted that "the United Nations does not possess any authority to recognize either a new state or a new government of an existing state. To establish the rule of collective recognition by the United Nations would require either an amendment of the Charter or a treaty to which all members would adhere." After citing the unbroken practice of the League of Nations and the United Nations, Lie concluded that: "(1) A member could properly vote to accept a representative of a government which it did not recognize, or with which it had no diplomatic relations, and (2) such a vote did not imply recognition or a readiness to assume diplomatic relations." An advisory opinion given by the International Court of Justice was invoked to support his conclusions. *UN Document, S/1466*.

The Chinese question, at any rate, has been beclouded by so many political implications that the importance of fulfilling these legal standards has virtually become secondary. It is generally agreed that Communist China has satisfied the first three conditions, but that the fourth one provides the real test. The performance of Communist China in international affairs—including her maltreatment of foreign nationals, confiscation of foreign property, abuse of foreign diplomatic officials, outright renunciation of all the treaties signed between China and other countries without consultation, and intervention in Korea and Indo-China—hardly suggests that the Peking government is willing to carry out its obligations under the Charter of the United Nations.

However, the most persuasive arguments either for or against admitting Communist China into the United Nations are based on political and moral grounds. Those in favor of admission argue that the status of China as a great power cannot be denied, that the interests of world peace can be better served through a realistic approach to the whole problem, and that Peking's admission might very well lead to an era of "peaceful co-existence." On the other hand, those against the admission of Communist China firmly believe that the Nationalist resistance on Formosa should not be completely disregarded, especially in view of the fact that Chiang still commands the allegiance of the majority of some twelve million overseas Chinese, most of whom reside in Southeastern Asia; that Peking, being a condemned aggressor in Korea and still technically at war with the United Nations, should not be allowed "to shoot its way" into that organization; and that the prestige of the United Nations must not be sacrificed for political expediency. They further maintain that the ultimate admission of Communist China must await proof by deeds that Peking is a peace-loving regime and that any consideration of its admission at the present is nothing less than outright appeasement.

Whatever the disagreements among the Western powers over this issue for legal, moral and political reasons, Communist China will insist on her right to representation in the United Nations. Obtaining representation constitutes one of the most important objectives of her foreign policy, for, from Peking's standpoint, the

struggle is for universal acceptance of the legitimacy of its regime. What's more, Peking is as interested in getting the Nationalists out of the United Nations as it is in getting its own representatives into it. Once Peking should be admitted, the Nationalist government on Formosa would immediately lose its international standing as the sovereign of China, with the American position on Formosa untenable under international law. Unless Formosa should then be neutralized or declared independent (which is vehemently opposed by Chiang as well as by Mao), the way would be cleared for the Red Army to conquer the island by force. The liquidation of the Nationalists and the conquest of Formosa would mark the successful end of the first stage of the Communist revolution, a goal every Communist in China is eager to achieve.

Recognition of Communist China by the United States is, however, an entirely different matter. It involves two questions: (1) whether the United States should recognize Communist China, and (2) whether Communist China would accept American recognition if and when it is granted. It is utterly futile to discuss the first question if the answer to the second is in the negative. Recognition, after all, is a manifestation of the mutual desire of two states or two governments to enter into friendly relations. The continuous hostility, denunciation and vilification of the United States by Communist China provide no indication that Peking is willing to establish friendly relations with the United States. To Communist China, only friendship from the "international united front" is welcomed. The mere thought of treating members of the "capitalist camp" as friends would be considered "counter-revolutionary." What is the valid explanation for Peking's refusal to accept British recognition?¹⁹ It is unprecedented in modern history that the recognition of an existing state is ignored by a new government for more than five years.²⁰ Is there any reason to believe that Peking would give

¹⁹ Chou En-lai indicated to Anthony Eden at the Geneva Conference of 1954 that the reasons that Peking had not reciprocated British recognition were the failure of Britain to support its claim to representation in the United Nations and British participation in the Korean war. While the validity of conditional recognition is a matter of debate, it would be entirely novel to modern usage if the conditions for recognition were set forth by a new government rather than by the government of an existing state.

²⁰ Although Peking sent a chargé d'affaires to London following the Geneva Conference

COMMUNIST CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

more courteous consideration to American recognition than it has to British recognition?

On the contrary, there are good reasons to conclude that Communist China does not wish to accept American recognition "at the present time": (1) The United States is considered "the enemy" of China because the Peking government, in addition to doctrinal restrictions, sincerely believes that the American policy in Asia threatens its very existence.²¹ (2) Peking expects to fight at least one more undeclared war with the United States when it is ready to invade Formosa, unless the United States is prepared to withdraw its fleet from the Formosa Strait. There is little likelihood that Peking would contemplate friendly relations with the United States before the Formosan question is settled to its satisfaction. (3) To the Chinese Communist way of thinking, the establishment of diplomatic relations with the United States is tantamount to "appeasing American imperialism" and would blunt the edges of the Communist drive throughout Asia. (4) Communist China may, in time, wish to enter into diplomatic relations with all other Western powers but the United States in order to "isolate" America. (5) The anti-American campaign provides the best justification for maintaining an oversized army and the incentive for large-scale purges at home. (6) If trade relations could be established "spontaneously" between the American "people" and Communist China without official intercourse with the "ruling circles" of the United States, it would be consistent with the revolutionary objectives of the Communist International.

* * *

In conclusion, it should be pointed out that the intransigence of the Chinese Communists in world affairs is partly the result of their rapid and continuous successes in both domestic and foreign spheres in the past few years, and partly the result of their unwavering and fanatic devotion to the Marxist ideology for over three decades.

and London has had a chargé d'affaires in Peking since 1950, formal diplomatic relations between London and Peking have not been established.

²¹ Examples of what they fear are the American policy toward Formosa, the alliance with Japan, American support to South Korea and to France in Indo-China, and the recent move for a SEATO.

Aside from the fact that they have succeeded in establishing the strongest government in China in six hundred years, their successful intervention in Korea and Indo-China raised their prestige and increased their confidence. In conducting foreign affairs, the elite of the Peking regime are even more flamboyant and uncompromising than the elite in Moscow. While the Soviet leaders, having stood alone in a hostile world for decades and faced the constant danger of external attack and internal disintegration, were compelled by harsh reality to acquire the art of diplomacy, to mellow the tenor of propaganda and to live, however unwillingly, with the West, the Chinese Communists, still intoxicated from the orgies of victory after having gained power with the assistance of a powerful ally, do not now feel obligated to accommodate the Western powers. Their complete domination of China's mainland, their pride in being a great power, and their desire to take revenge on the Western powers for what China had suffered under Western colonial influence in the past one hundred years, add much to their arrogance and irreconcilability.

Although the Chinese Communist leaders are realists in dealing with domestic problems, they are idealists in formulating foreign policies. Indeed, they often tread so narrow a path that their every move seems to be handicapped by Marxian doctrinal baggage. They could have seized power in 1949, gaining American friendship as well at that time, and thus the large-scale trade with the United States which undoubtedly would have benefited China in her program of industrialization. They could have responded to British recognition with a minimum amount of courtesy, which might very well have led to their admission into the United Nations before their intervention in Korea. They also could have dissociated themselves from the Korean war and saved their strength for internal development. But the dictates of doctrine, including deliberate efforts to create facts to suit the theory, prevented them from adopting a realistic foreign policy. They hate America not only for what she has done, but for the role she is assigned in their canon of political thought.

Altogether, the pattern of Chinese Communist behavior indicates that there will be no peace in Asia in the foreseeable future.

COMMUNIST CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

From the Communist viewpoint, chaos, strife and armed conflicts are "normal" conditions under which "national liberation movements" must thrive. Every stalemate is gain. Tension must be maintained at any cost. The suggestion of a permanent settlement of any issue would be considered an attempt to freeze the status quo, and, consequently, a betrayal of the revolutionary cause. The belligerent attitude of the Chinese Communists toward the Western powers is further enhanced by the fact that they have no fear of atomic war—not because they possess any means to meet such a contingency, but because Communist expansion can be achieved without their initiating a frontal war and they feel certain that the West will not start one. Their expansion can be accomplished by infiltration, gradual absorption and civil wars; and neither the present system of international law nor any regional arrangement designed by the West without the participation of important Asian countries, such as the Manila Treaty of 1954, is adequate to provide a defense. Even if the Western powers should, through the policy of strength, succeed in the future in imposing upon the Communist countries what is lately known as "competitive co-existence" by making it too costly for them to contemplate either direct or indirect aggression, the West would need always to take into account their continued belief in "the inevitability of the collapse of the capitalistic countries due to their internal contradictions."

It is true that the Chinese Communists have, whenever desirable, varied their tactics in dealing with the West. It is also true that the Kremlin deemed it wise to reconsider its attitude toward the West after having realized the utter futility of an all-out atomic war. The emphasis of Moscow may fluctuate between consumer goods and heavy industries, and the strategy of Peking may continue to follow the familiar pattern: "Fight while negotiating and negotiate while fighting." But there is not the slightest possibility of either the Russian or the Chinese Communists' departing from Stalin's famous motto: "To reach temporary agreements with the capitalistic countries may be necessary, but to contemplate permanent co-existence with them is unthinkable."

✓ Psychoanalysis and Morality

NORMAN KELMAN

ALL STATEMENTS REGARDING MORALITY rest on assumptions, explicit or implicit, concerning human nature. In the different schools of psychoanalysis, and among individual analysts, one finds the same variety of assumptions that one may find among other students of the problem. If one starts with the notion that man can be wholly understood mechanistically, then morality, if it is considered at all, becomes a question of social engineering. Or, paradoxically, a leap is made to include some higher realm of absolute values which somehow or other influence man the machine.

There are some who base their concepts on the thesis that man is essentially evil and, were it not for an imposed set of curbs or sanctions, derived from an armed truce, would be unable to live communally. This point of view emphasizes the instinctual animality of man and tends to consider his artistic, creative, spiritual aspects as "merely" sublimations of his baser drives.

Another approach assumes that human nature contains both good and evil, and the moral task for man, if he is to achieve harmony, is to arrange conditions and codes to assure the supremacy of the good.

And then there are those, biologically and humanistically rooted, who start with man as a growing, existential being. For these analysts, man is born, like Adam, without knowledge of either good or evil. But in the process of growth, of living in relationship with others and with that which transcends him, he creates his own moral values. When he is free and rooted in his own being, he is able to discover, even to create alternatives, and to choose, with

⊗ NORMAN KELMAN, training analyst and lecturer for the American Institute for Psychoanalysis and lecturer at the New School for Social Research, is the author of numerous articles in the field of psychoanalysis and child development.

experience, between them. It will be evident that this last point of view, generally stemming from the psychoanalytic work of Karen Horney, is the approach of this article.

It would be a convenient simplicity if at the onset we could state a definition of morality and then elaborate it in detail. Perhaps from this beginning one could speak of the source of the good, the meaning of evil, the ways by which the good can be achieved. This would make for a neat package, easy to codify into slogans and sanctions. But to do so would be to leave out the creator and the object of morality, and hence the essential flavor. Therefore, while failing to provide a precise definition, we may better obtain a feeling of the meaning and purpose of morality by noting the conditions under which questions of a moral nature arise.

Morality becomes a matter of increasing interest and study when people experience their lives to be in some measure unsatisfactory, vulnerable, without meaning. We may question and doubt, or proclaim and defend, our values when we are threatened. And our questions may go to the roots of our being, to the very meaning of life itself. New knowledge and new experiences in themselves are not responsible for the questioning of our moral values, although they provide some of the data for the questions. Perhaps, at first, distress over the new and strange may cause us to re-examine our data; we may then discover our first estimate of them to be incorrect, or we may come to recognize them as familiar, after all, under a new guise. However, it may require a threat to our values before we are able to mobilize ourselves and review more carefully the disturbing evidence. But in the face of stubborn facts and continuing disturbance, we must sooner or later question our point of view, our goals and our values.

We may ask, what do we mean by totalitarianism or democracy? What do we really mean by equality and love, by friendship and brotherhood? What do we mean by good or evil or God? We ask about the subject matter of values—is this or that good? And then we ask, what is goodness itself? These become an individual's concern when he experiences the impoverishment of his own life. They are of especial import to the community when people question institutional forms, governments, codified rules or the less tangible

customs and manners. As in the case of an individual's values, the questioning or doubting of an institutional form does not necessarily mean that it is wrong or inadequate. Viable people and viable communities are open to new knowledge and experiences, however strange. And in the process of digesting the new, we may be stirred beyond our taste buds to our guts.

Affirmatively, then, morality is a creation of man and an attribute of his nature. It arises from his relationship to himself and to others, persons as well as things—to his community, his history and his universe—in his growing, in his being and becoming himself. The stuff out of which morality is created is the joint and accumulated wisdom of our artists and scientists, our statesmen and our sages, our mystics and our philosophers, you and me. It is recorded on our farms and in our schools, on the walls of our galleries, in our laws and customs. It is distilled and set down in the Bible and in the legends which are part of the heritage of every community. It is a living, growing thing which aids man in the conduct of daily intercourse, offering guidance, purpose and meaning to life.

No matter what the particular standards of morality, the forms by which they are expressed or the conditions under which they are to be achieved, their purpose is the fulfillment of man's potentials now or in the hereafter. This is so when the values to be discovered or created are absolute, whether they are to be achieved under the authoritarian aegis of the church or the state, or by direct communion with deity. Our becoming more perfectly what we can be is also the goal when our values are relational and to be achieved by human experience and intercourse.

Psychoanalysis is concerned with people who feel themselves unfulfilled, or more accurately, who feel they are being emptied. This feeling becomes evident even though the introductory problem that the patient brings to therapy be marital discord, difficulty in work, an ungovernable temper, anxiety or the many physical symptoms of psychological import. And in the course of psychoanalytic therapy, there is always a reorientation of values. The patient comes to realize that the inner code of values under which he has been living is impossible of achievement because it is composed of conflicting parts and authoritarily demanding of abso-

lute perfection. He comes to know that he is draining himself of life; that he can do otherwise only if he ceases to demand of himself goals beyond human capacities. Psychoanalysis then affords an opportunity to study in intimate detail the creation of moral values in their ultimate habitation, the living, growing human being.

This is not to imply that patients undergoing psychoanalysis are immoral or amoral by the usual surface application of generally accepted moral codes. Some of course are. But the vast majority represent a good cross section of the population in the values they strive for and, in many instances, force themselves to achieve. An analogy may be the best way to illustrate this point. A man's garb may be eminently correct. In variety and style, in color and texture, in function and taste, it may be impeccable. Yet he seems stiff or awkward or in some other intangible way not quite "put together." He and his clothes seem to fit, yet, like a country boy in the big city for the first time, he is subtly or grossly a stranger. By contrast there is the person who fits—his clothes, his terrain, his own skin. He walks with grace, his arms and legs go with the rest of himself. He is, in a word, authentic. In terms of morality, about the first man one must write that he is "honest," "friendly," "loving." In describing the second person, one leaves off the quotation marks. His values are intimately a part of himself and they fit because they have a belongingness and a flexibility that comes, as with the comfort of an old shoe, from experience and wear.

If moral values are to serve for the enrichment of life and not merely as the watchdogs or guardians of behavioral harmony, they must really belong to a man. They must be owned, not borrowed or forcibly applied by fear. In the process of analytic therapy, the reorientation of values involves more than a change in content of morality. The return of vitality to the person results in a humanizing of his values. Honesty is no longer a mere slogan, and friendship and love cease to be masks. He is friendly and he does love, and he can honestly discriminate. He can say "yes" and he can say "no."

The distortion of values or the ill-fitting quality of so many "moral" people is related to a feature characteristic of all patients. Regardless of symptoms or other personality differences, the neu-

rotic person is in some degree alienated from himself and others. This is essentially the very situation referred to by Kierkegaard and other Existentialist philosophers as man's estrangement from himself and the ground of his being. It is the condition extensively explored by Ortega y Gasset in the *Revolt of the Masses*. It is the crux of the struggle against the evils of modern technical civilization and the totalitarian state. It accounts for the paradox that the Mass Man, the conformist, is the man most isolated from his fellows, despite his common uniform and clichés. The recollection of the Storm Troopers, a visit to Roseland and the glassy-eyed jivers, or to many mass cocktail parties will convince one of this.

A dream of one patient will illustrate some of the dynamic conditions of this alienation. He dreamed that he was cast up on an island, which, on awakening, he felt to be Majorca. Making his way toward the south end of the island, he found a community of people that seemed to have all the essentials of life. It was clean, and the people seemed to be active in some work, intellectual and physical. There was an adequate state of nutrition and no obvious disease. However, while there was no hostility among them, there was also no friendliness. The whole atmosphere was flat, gray, flavorless. He, a newcomer, was not noted with friendliness or hostility; he was neither feared nor welcomed. Then he became aware, with no particular indication how, that in the north of that island was an area and community of thriving, luxuriant growth. He knew that there was a place of joy and creativeness, of excitement and variety. Without clear evidence, but with a feeling of inner knowing, he became aware of an impenetrable barrier between the two parts of the island. He had no idea what the barrier consisted of, whether it was man-made or a natural feature of the terrain, whether it was guarded and desired by the north community or not. As he related the dream, he described his feelings as being neutral, neither eager for the richness of the one community nor despondent at finding the flavorless group; not grateful for his survival of the sea or frightened by the fate that almost overtook him. Yet his voice, as he spoke, indicated a yearning for the good life he knew existed, and at the same time betrayed a feeling of hopelessness that he could ever achieve it.

Some of the features of this dream and the manner of its being related will indicate a particular patient's difficulty and illustrate some generalizations for us all.

First, what stands out is the fact that so much of the dream was described in negative or neutral terms: no hostility, no friendliness, not feared, not welcomed, not grateful, not anxious, no eagerness. The South was flavorless, flat, i.e., without depth and richness. Here are reflected the relative barrenness and impoverishment of a personality, and, it will be noted, all in a smoothly functioning community. How like the desired and, unfortunately, too often achieved streamlinedness of family relations, where the nursery looks more like an aseptic operating room than a place for play. Three other significant factors are: he is an isolated being, noted and noting, an observer, almost a camera, but practically unrelated to others; he does nothing to establish communication; and, most important, he accepts the impenetrableness of the barrier without exploring, experimenting, endeavoring or reflecting. This detachment and paralysis are part of his feeling of hopelessness—a hopelessness of achievement. Whether or not the barrier in the dream in fact exists as impenetrable, the noninvolvement of this man makes it an operational fact. In a more humorous way, but just as true, was the condition of another patient, a young boy of thirteen, who said: "I'll cross that bridge when it comes to me."

John Dewey has emphasized the importance of reflection and experimentation in dealing with morality. This, as I understand it, includes the taking into one's self of one's feelings, thoughts and hopes. It includes being active, not only to achieve, but to change one's focus and point of view—to vision, touch and smell, to add pain and suffering. This patient only peripherally betrayed, by the quality of his voice, his yearning for the good life and his feeling of hopelessness, and so could not yet effectively question his values. Actually, he was still very much involved in attempting to see the source of his dissatisfaction as lying outside himself. He blamed his wife, the economic system, the hostility of others for his difficulties. He was striving to add to his bank account and the externals of his life to overcome his underlying insecurity. Instead of presenting himself to himself and others, he held out his academic

degrees, his job, his car and his status. Externally successful, he was alienated from the vital, responsible person he could be. Being aware neither of his yearning nor of his hopelessness, it is no wonder that, in the dream, he could not be active, challenge the barrier.

There are some further indications in the dream, brought out in the analytic work, which bear on the dynamics of the patient's condition and on the problem of morality. Ordinarily, this person associated the North with barrenness and the South with fertility. In the dream the reversal of this order was an indication of some inner distortion. The moral life, the good life, has characteristics which differ from those of the South, in the idiom of the dream. The Southern community was smoothly functioning, without conflict and hostility, while in the North it was likely that some friction obtained and sparks sometimes flew. But the essential difference could best be described in terms of flavor, depth, richness, joy, growing, creating. Somewhere, only dimly perceived, this man knew that life could be more fulfilling, that for some at least it could have meaning beyond mere functioning and sterile serenity.

As he mulled the dream over, he began to wonder if the land to the north might be Eden, a land of eternal plenty and harmony. Here was a further clue to this man's moral difficulty. He was considering the good life in absolute terms. The metaphors of the Bible and this person's dream suggest a problem. Adam, responding to his own flesh, disobeyed an absolute mandate of an absolute God and was banished. Cain, exploring his own resources, dared to try his creativeness by plowing the fields instead of dutifully tending the Lord's flocks like Abel, and had his offering rejected. So this man, alienated from himself yet dimly aware of human possibilities, feels himself rejected, an outsider, guilt-ridden, doomed to exist only in barrenness. He too was failing to meet standards set in absolute terms, standards set by himself.

At this moment we are not seeking historical, genetic causes for the patient's present condition, but rather are interested in the factors that perpetuate his impoverishment. His inner moral code, by which he attempts to live, is rigidly authoritarian. He *should* love his wife and his child—is it not the role of a husband and

a father to love? He *should* love his neighbors—are we not all brothers? He *should* be at least civil and accommodating at all times. He *should* also be firm and strong—is this not the role of a man? But what is he to do when his wife would like his attention, his child wants to be taken on his lap, and a neighbor knocks to ask a favor?

It is one of the facts of our being that we are temporal and spatial. We cannot be in two places at the same time. But we would have to be, were we to live up to the rigid, absolute code we so often adopt. Feeling obliged to satisfy everyone, this man variously rushed from one person to another in the effort to live up to his code. He had to streamline himself to keep to a minimum any friction and consequent loss of time. But efficiency to the degree demanded by his standards could never work. He had to blind himself to others' wants, deny within himself his impulse to be helpful, and gradually narrow and numb himself. Yet mutual helpfulness is an essential for the moral life. So a kind of formal helpfulness, with a pretense of interest, took the place of genuine, wholehearted mutuality. It even became impossible for him to accept the help of another, since then his own driven sense of obligation would rear up. Thus another facet of the good life was sacrificed.

Little by little, warmth, tenderness, discrimination vanished—to be replaced by a flavorless mass of pretense. A personal interest in creative writing which needed a measure of aloneness and concentration had to be thrust aside. When he did grant himself time alone, he was so often occupied with holding in check his feeling that someone was demanding his presence, or so burning with anger at feeling an obligation to be doing something for others, that little could ever reach the paper.

How immoral such a need to be attentive to all wishes can be is demonstrated in this pathetic family scene. Home from his office, he sits with his child on his knee, open book in his right hand, "reading" the bedtime story the child asked for, while in his left hand he holds his mail and silently scans through his letters. Could there be any greater lack of morality? He cannot really take in any more than the words of the letters, and he deprives himself of the joy of being with his child. He experiences only a pretext of

participation, and cheats himself and his youngster of the presence and enrichment of a human relationship. He is almost a machine, certainly a poor expression of a person. And yet he proudly boasts of his agility, "After all, the boy doesn't seem to mind, and I know the story by heart."

The importance of self-awareness and human relatedness to morality is illustrated in an episode that has particular significance for teaching and learning. This involved a father's taking his seven-year-old son out in a rowboat. The boy had for some time been able to pull an oar with the boat anchored in shallow water, but now he was eager for a try in the deep sea. As he pulled the oars, it was evident to his father that he was angling or feathering the oar so that only a small surface was exposed to the water. For the father, the forward speed was negligible, but evidently speed was not a value for the son. The former, offering his advice as to what would be good to do to achieve greater speed, suggested that he hold the oars more perpendicularly to the surface of the water. "If I do that, Daddy, my arms aren't strong enough and we don't get anywhere," the boy said, and demonstrated. To be sure, as he pulled, the boat remained still and he practically lifted himself out of the seat. Value for him came through experience—of his own strength or limits, his testing and experiment. The father, at first taking into account only his own values, had ignored or failed to value correctly the boy's strength. But through communication and a willingness and ability to share values and knowings, each could demonstrate his way and his values.

It is the current condition of any person who is estranged from himself, whether in a totalitarian state or a democracy, that he lives under an inner dictatorship that demands absolute fealty to absolute values. Genetically, this arises when one is in fact subjected to rigid authoritarian codes, whether harsh or benevolent in quality. As long as freedom and human relatedness are minimized, some measure of life is destroyed or perverted. A child is then in fact alone, isolated in a hostile world, and, if he develops any of his potentials at all, they tend to be those that make for expediency. He may develop his intellect to a marked degree when he discovers that this will help him in gaining security. He may limit his physical

explorations, because these bring only scolding criticism when the room is too messy for his meticulous parent. And so, hypertrophy of one resource goes along with atrophy of another. In the process of doing this, he deadens or distorts so much of himself that he becomes a partial being, an excluding, not including or embracing, person.

He seeks, for instance, human companionship, but he fails to be spontaneous and affectionate. He is able to entertain his friends with his erudition, but he is awkward and insensitive when it comes to the tender intimacies. And so he often finds himself more and more lonesome, baffled that others value so little what he values. He becomes a frightened person, and, out of fear, he seeks some answer to allay all his anxieties. He may seek in some external institution or in some philosophy the final answer and the ultimate cause to affirm his meaning. And within himself he creates an idealized image of absolute perfection. These efforts would in themselves be of no great harm were they merely goals, stars to give him direction. But, bred of fear, they are not standards assumed freely and used humanely as guides. They become instead a stern Moloch. They make of a person a mean thing who must clamor and blindly rebel to be heard, or who must submit meekly. As long as he lives, he cannot err without self-contempt; he cannot disagree without fear of reprisal. If he rebels blindly, he becomes a headless conglomerate of passion. If he fails to struggle, he submits and becomes bland and tasteless, like the community on the island. If he withdraws from life, not simply as a social recluse, but with a formal sociability, he withdraws from his own juice and sap, from the vital stuff of self.

The moral problem of today has been studied under many aspects, as indeed it must be if we are to guide ourselves intelligently. Students of the human community have seen the problem in terms of nationalism and the conflict of power. Others have correctly recognized the massive pressure toward conformity and the fear of differentness. Some have defined the difficulty in the Promethean terms of man's reaching beyond himself and being unable to control the product of his initiative, science. Man, some say, has become again a beast, aiming at the destruction of his brothers.

The essential problem, others say, is that we have become estranged from God, and hence have lost our meaning and our spiritual sanctions.

Psychoanalysis, dealing as it does with the individuals who compose the community, cannot offer any all-embracing formulation of these problems. However, men do make laws, change them, enforce them, rebel against them. Men do cast the votes which unleash destruction or direct their delegates to negotiate. Men are prejudiced or compassionate. Men hate or love, close themselves off or are open to learning and growth. Certainly, whatever we can know of the intimate elements of human nature can add to the understanding, and perhaps the resolution, of the problems studied under any other aspect.

Analytic experience demonstrates that as a person is able to free himself of an absolute morality he becomes more mutually related to others. His life becomes both richer and humbler. He is able to give more and he can receive more. Imagination, often hypertrophied to create a life that cannot be lived in actuality, can be freed for effective use as one tool among many. Now it can be free to take in the poetry and music that enrich life and to project action which can add to our knowledge and resources.

Briefly stated, the experience of this approach is that a living morality is identical with self-realization. But does self-realization not lead man to egocentricity or selfishness? Does this not make man arrogant and asocial? Does it not make him irreligious and more kin to the flesh than to the spirit? Analytic experience shows quite the contrary. Under the heel of authoritarian rule, either inner or outer, we tend to become objects, functions, unreflective and unrelated. When we are close to ourselves, we are able to relate to other people as people, not as things. And out of this human relationship, we are able to experience our relationship with that which transcends us.

A dream of one patient, beginning to free himself from the inner alienating dictatorship of neurosis, gives eloquent testimony to this. Functionally conforming to accepted good values, he egocentrically considered other people as commodities. Now, becoming aware of a cramping loneliness, he dreamed that he was confined

alone in a small room. He moved from wall to wall, from corner to corner. Then, with increasing panic, he rushed about in greater and greater disorganization. Then he began to feel and know that if he could cry, weep, he could find his way out. This was a person able to act, to explore, but too much concerned with the physical expression of unreflective action, with power. Now he was beginning to know that tears, suffering, honestly felt and expressed, had a freeing power. He was coming to realize what Sartre and the modern Existentialists, in their attempt to free man for humanism, seem not to know. There is an exit, not through a leap of faith into the abyss, but by man's tapping his own resources, his own vital juices. This is not to elevate tears and suffering to a moral plane to the exclusion of other elements. To do so would be no different from the overvaluing of action, force, intellection or love. Morality in its essence must be inclusive, not exclusive, of one's self, of all of which this self consists, of others and the mysteries which transcend us. This is a spirituality that is humble and, coming out of experience, is owned and assented to. It is not an ill-fitting adaptation, arising from fear.

But a morality based on self-realization, while inclusive in quality, is not without discrimination. If it were, the particular person, who is after all the focus of morality, would be lost. For example, it is said that man stands against nature, or that the artist is in conflict with nature. Logically, this ensues if we mistake a condition of differentness or contradiction as conflict. Psychologically, it obtains when we ourselves grant a sameness to ourselves and the non-human universe. For there is a difference between a condition and a self-conscious agent. If we say that we are better than dogs who swill their food from the ground while we eat from china, are we ennobling ourselves or do we not demean ourselves by this comparison? When we see a statue, made of stone which had no interest in being or not being a statue—or anything else, for that matter—do we ennoble the sculptor by saying that he conquered nature, he outwitted the stone? Is this not similar to the belief that speaks of God as beneficent or angry? When man can feel his own strength, he can be humble and rich, aware of the ground of his own being and his fellow's being. At the same time, he can be aware

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

of nature as uninterested in him, yet able to feed or crush him.

It is moral and enriching to distinguish human life from non-human life and the living from the non-living. Differences in kind do not predicate superiority or inferiority—whether in terms of status, prestige or vanity. And out of this grosser distinction, may we not be able to make the more immediate and finer ones? May we not be able to see that human life is not measured by geography, that values are not a matter of number—even of majorities of votes or guns? And, whether we like it or not, men in community must take some responsibility for judging their fellows. Will we not judge with greater humility and love when, in our discrimination, we can recognize the other in particular as well as in general?

Absolute standards of morality which promise ultimate fulfillment paradoxically result in just the opposite. Under such a standard man makes of himself a thing among things, all variety and differences erased. And this can take mathematical or religious form in which individuality and uniqueness are merged and blurred. Then, like the pilot in the stratosphere, we can guide ourselves only by instrument. It is out of the relations of people whose values are relational, grounded in differences, that we have the possibility for an including, creating and moral community. This is a morality that can include justice, law and love, that lives and grows with the human beings who create it.

Testament

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

Translated by Emery Neff

ON THE LAST DAY OF 1940 I LEFT, unaccompanied, the Casa Italiana of Columbia University, where I had been living for ten years. I have never set foot in it again except on business, never stopped to gaze up at the windows of my apartment. I had suffered too much there, had felt too keenly the futility of the work for cultural interchange I did there.

The occasion of my going was the Second World War—a war that was a disaster for Europe, where my intellectual roots were, and for America, to which my work attached me. I felt that Europe and America were about to destroy something—exactly what, I knew only later: the predominance of the white race; classical civilization, in which I, a rebellious disciple, had been reared.

I took refuge in a penthouse, so called by its owner to increase the rent. Actually, it was an attic on a roof, made over into a sort of apartment by dividing its tiny space with wooden partitions. All the necessities were there, but in miniature, the furnishings arranged so compactly that it was weeks before I learned to avoid striking them with my shins or head. Probably intended as a storage garret, the apartment is crossed by water and steam pipes whose valves and convolutions remind me of the inside of a steamboat.

It has two advantages: solitude and a panorama. I shouldn't call the view beautiful, but on clear days it is certainly striking. For me, since I suffer from lack of liberty, almost from claustrophobia, and would feel oppressed by a grimy wall opposite my windows, the place was a piece of luck. I couldn't have done better for the price, though I haven't said so to my landlord. In summer it is extremely hot, a veritable furnace, and in winter it would be an icebox with-

✻ This translation is an abridged version of the final chapter of *L'Italiano Inutile*, the autobiography of Giuseppe Prezzolini, published by Longanesi e C. of Milan in 1953.

out the heat of those pipes which stare down threateningly from above like the instruments of torture in the "Prisons" of Piranesi. When rain beats down or wind blows, the air vents and television antennae on the roof, held upright by wires, whistle and shudder, making my doll's house seem like the cabin on the bridge of a steamboat. Wind penetrates it, as do smoke, dust and the stench of burnt garbage. But from it I see continually the sky and the movement of clouds, and am among the few New Yorkers to see by night the moon and the motion certain stars make about her, as if enamored. The roof is my recreation day and night. I see three-quarters of the city: the two rivers that make Manhattan an island, the three great bridges joining it to the continent and to other islands, the ships, barges, ferry boats going up and down the waters, columns of auto headlights rising and falling in waves on sinuous bridges, skyscraper profiles like lace patterns against the horizon, and steep hills covered with ladder-rungs of houses.

I have abandoned social life completely. For the past thirteen years I have not left the penthouse, summer or winter, to consort with others. I hope to die there before its owners tear it down to build another more modern and profitable.

With more leisure for study, I went back to the philosophers of my youth, to classics in many literatures, prepared for my teaching more carefully, learned to read Russian after a fashion. There remained some old friends of my Italian days, whom I considered dead like myself, although they considered themselves alive. Our letters resemble a dialogue between shades, very dear to me and melancholy; they still go on. Also, always by mail, I have made new friends, whom I call "letter-friends" because I have never laid eyes on them. These nevertheless I appreciate and hold very dear, as the last delights of my penumbra. And there come to my attic men despairing, like me, both of themselves and of the world in which we happened to be born, with whom there is an exchange of affection and condolence which greatly resembles love, though we dare not say so, preferring to speak with aloofness and irony.

It was in this place and in this situation that the past presented itself finally before me as matter for reflection. I had first thought

of it as something to be improved upon. Seeming often to have made mistakes, I resolved to change my way of life. I have been a materialist and an idealist. I have tried to believe in Catholicism (minus Christianity). For many years, Croce's philosophy gave me an euphoric illusion of truth. I have been an extreme liberal (to the extent of freeing even ferocious beasts and putting poison at everyone's disposal); I have been a rebel, and then a conservative, but always an extremist; I have been a writer on many topics, a professor, a journalist, a publisher; I have been a bachelor, a father of a family, and am now a hermit. I have been a promoter and emissary of culture, and also its disparager; without contenting anyone, myself least of all, I have done the labor of the pioneer without gathering the fruit of the colonizer. Now I am worn out beyond all remedy. I have played all my cards. In the end, everything seems of equal importance: spaghetti, about which I have written a book, and Machiavelli's philosophy, about which I have written another. Nothing seems superior or inferior: glory and infamy, body and soul, saint and criminal, skin and pulp. I have no belief in anything, about anything, because of anything, for any purpose.

In my attic I live like a friar, doing the housework and cooking, washing dishes, polishing the floor, shining my shoes, dusting furniture exposed to the dirtiest city in the world, washing windows to keep my view clear, making war on the periodic invasion of insects that cannot be kept out of the decrepit houses of this metropolis; and I, who have never done gymnastics or gone in for any sport, find in these exercises an equilibrium of body and spirit which makes me appreciate monastic rules. At bottom, however, I don't like such labor, and would be glad to be rid of it if I could. Just so I have often traveled third class, knowing perfectly well that I should have been more comfortable in first. I am unhappy, I grant, but as little foolish as possible. There is nothing heroic in poverty, which is one of the worst diseases in the world and also something to be a bit ashamed of at a certain age. I consider myself at least stupid for not having profited from many opportunities to make money and to enjoy life.

What opened a breach in my idealistic convictions, through

which passed all the skepticism I am now soaked in, was my becoming aware that the whole world is history—history without relation to the moral aspirations we bring with us. The world of history is as indifferent to us and to all moral aspiration as the physical world, and wounds us more than the indifference of suns and planets which wounded Leopardi. In the observatory in which I am shut up, I received during the years of the last war, from every part of the world, this feeling, expressed in many tongues by the poets of our time, disconsolate, despairing, strident, sick of solitude but incapable of love—arid, ironic, impotent. Wars and revolutions, struggles of classes and of nations, collisions of races and cultures, conflicts in order to satiate hunger for food and enjoyment, competitions to satisfy people at the top, to gain leadership, hatred of the hindmost, revenge for old injuries and the craze to inflict new ones—all these disregard the need we feel for justice, order and love; and if they ever regard it, that is only a means to render their fires more incandescent. The maker of history is Cain, not Abel.

We are condemned always to act the part of Cain, for whosoever abstains from fighting him is his accomplice, and to overcome one evil there is no choice but to perpetrate another, which bears within itself germs of revenge and reprisal, reproducing itself on a large scale in the next generation. The world is growing, but through the power of hatred. Its leaven is human blood. It is not progressing, but expanding, a ferment of envy, fear and horror. Always it has been a bubble of gall, but now it is expanding.

I had made a desert about me, but the world was not for me a desert. I read meditatively instead of hearing and making desultory social conversation. I was unhappy, but there were many like me in the past and in the present.

Among the reflections which this situation has brought to me is one of feeling myself a stranger to the country in which I was born and through which I had tried to work. I became an American citizen after a great struggle with my conscience. I knew what a definitive break meant. I did not see myself returning to Italy as "an American tourist."

It was then that I became aware that throughout my life there

had been an incompatibility of character between me and my compatriots. Wholly my fault, evidently: fifty million Italians are always in the right if there happens to be born among them someone who does not continue their tradition, does not adapt himself to their way of life. I should have understood this earlier, from the fact that I was obliged to go abroad. During my fifty years of Italian literary life, no Italian journal has believed me capable of being its correspondent in any foreign country, or in any domestic region; no publisher ever thought I might discover authors for him or edit a review; no official position has ever been open, not to mention any in the universities. Yet presumably I might have done for my country what I have done for other lands. I have known several Italian correspondents, publishers, consuls, editors of reviews and newspapers, secret or official envoys of organizations, commercial representatives: I was not less intelligent, less honest, less cultivated, less capable of work and loyalty than they. But evidently I was antipathetic to Italians, at least to those who count for more and could have made use of me. Something in me doesn't "go" with Italians. Sometimes I wonder if I haven't been accused of the "evil eye." It has been just short of that.

When I found someone who knew more than I and treated me with respect, I felt no subservience in working for him. I have found such people in France and in America.

But from afar, I feel an admiration for Italy and its agreeable inhabitants which is much greater than it could have been had I been subjected to the irritations of continuing to live there. What talent in its writers, what imagination in its artists, what energy in its workers, what capacity to endure suffering, vitality to procreate and to recover from the blows of fortune! Italian books and reviews often offer me pages I read with avidity; the conversations I have with Italians who seek me out tell of striking vicissitudes. I am not an uncomprehended genius, but I may call myself "a rejected lover." We rejected lovers are always in the wrong.

When I look back, I see errors which might have been fatal, and foresights which might have led me God knows where. From those errors I was always saved by unexpected forces, happy accidents.

Once, on getting to the top of a mountain ridge, I pushed against a precariously balanced rock and saw it fall bounding, an unchained Fury, scattering flakes and fragments every time it struck but always increasing frightfully the arc of its leaps; and suddenly I was aware that the roofs down there in the valley covered people and that children were probably on the paths. I went through a moment of terror until the mass of rock, reaching a large depression in the earth, broke into a thousand fragments against its farther side. Then I could breathe again. Had I killed someone, I might not be here to tell the story.

I could go on mentioning incidents of this sort, not in external life only. Happy those who see in history Providence or a rationality which guides, predisposes, corrects. For my part, when I think of certain encounters with disease and death, with books picked at random from library shelves which impressed me greatly, I say that we are in the hands of Chance. Though that response be ancient, I know of none better.

Chance gave me a great longing for truth. Tastes for doubt, study, discussion, have never left me. Hours passed in libraries, discussion with friends, lessons from people who knew more than I, seem summits in my life. Some are memorable.

Each related to some outward object: the walls of Perugia with Pascal's vertigo, the bastion of the Monte alle Croci with Carlyle's spiritual tailoring, the discovery of Swift while walking along the Seine in Paris where the apse of the cathedral with its flying buttresses resembles a spider, Leibnitz with the Church of St. Sebastian, Samuel Butler (the third!) with Washington Square, and Taine (of the *Origins*) on the steps of Piazza Michelangelo.

I have lived my ideas, my authors, my friends. I have gone on being uplifted by new voices in poetry, thought, action. Now I know that these were all "personal relations," and that what matters most is the relation to a person, living or dead, always in his own words, and that there is no other value. There is no true or false, good or bad. Nothing exists for us human beings but antipathy and sympathy. No one can pronounce words more authoritative than "I like"; "I dislike"; "I love"; "I hate." Who can refute

them? There is the Absolute. It is possible to deny the existence of God or of the atom; but who can deny the pungent, present, potent "I like," "I dislike"?

All this means that what once seemed to me the rational process of the world, the dialectic of reality and the rational duty to follow it, now seems to me merely a grand fantasy, a universal caprice within which we dance our little round. But in that round it is better for us to do what we like, dance in our own way.

There are days in the past that seem wasted: they involved irrational fears, incredible shortsightedness, molehills I took for mountains, bolts of lightning I thought were sparks. Then, in the midst of these delusions, there occurred instants of lucidity, almost of prophecy, thrown at the questing spirit, as if to deceive it with a sample of truth. Coincidences, accidents, these also. But on the other hand I still hold dear the memory of my "affinities." Our personal relations are very like electrons, as the physicists describe them: they arrive in *quanta*, for no ascertainable reason. The personalities I have had the good fortune to meet have been a great gift. The unexpected acquaintance with Papini, my gradual intimacy with Soffici, a week with Croce in Naples, sessions with Bergson, talks with Mussolini, conversations with Cecchi, and with others, some unknown to the world, with whom I have felt "at home," for no earthly reason: these I like to recall. Yet I feel a shade of melancholy, of regret that I did not know how to benefit sufficiently from those lucky moments. What fine things I should have been able to tell my readers!

After recent events, the youth I have described in this autobiography will seem pale and bookish, my maturity unheroic, my old age positively cynical. Readers will sense the difficulty I have had in writing. Recollection is a dolorous undertaking for me. The entire past seems a huge mistake, and I try to think of it as little as possible. Now that I am advanced in years with no future ahead, I live in a time of vague expectation which, in no rigorous philosophical sense, may be called the present. In short, when a well-cooked beefsteak is on a platter before me, I believe I shall succeed in eating it. Much beyond that, in the way of certainty, I do not go.

Another steak that may be cooked already raises doubts: I have seen too many arrive at the table burnt or raw; others disappear in the kitchen, by way of cats or cooks.

But perhaps the picture of an era now seeming fortunate to many, that of the youth of those who faced Italian life about 1900, may offer food for reflection. To think that we disparaged it, tried to overthrow it—that it seemed impossible for us to live without a revolution, or at least a war! In youth I sighed that my grandfather had seen the French Revolution, my father the Risorgimento, and that therefore there was nothing left for me. When, in July, 1914, the great floodgate of ambitions and national hatreds opened and the era of fire from the sky began, years still had to pass before I realized what was happening, and what was being lost. Perhaps Machiavelli penetrated as deeply as usual into damned human nature when he said: "Men get discontented with the good."

New generations in their turn will hope to make another revolution and wage another war, this time definitive, of course, and fortunate—they taking care to be on the winning side. Or else they will hope to maintain peace, with just progress—Christian, of course. If they are not blind, they will be disillusioned at length; but that doesn't matter.

When I was young, I hoped to reform Italy, or at least a body of Italians. Today there are those who want to reform the world. All this is as impossible as it is to turn the world backward or to hold it where it is. The world moves; Italy also will change, but not as Italians hope.

What I had hoped for makes me laugh today, in the light of what has happened. What is about to happen will be food for laughter for those who are hoping today. It is as impossible to stand still as to attain our goals. The wise man will act cautiously, without faith in anything, knowing that everything, though changing, remains at bottom the same; or if different, no better or worse, except for the effort of a certain sort of people at a given moment. In the world there is, one must admit, rotative injustice instead of universal justice.

If I had become less heated and had sacrificed less, had paid more

TESTAMENT: GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

attention to my personal interests, with less regard for others and for what they did, it would have been better, both for me and for them. *That is the only thing I have learned.* I hope that others will not do to me what I should have wished done for them. To imagine that we are all alike and that we know the real desires of our neighbors, is a mistake in personal and in national relations which has produced and will go on producing a gross waste of natural energies, and will augment the sufferings of our human condition.

As for the rest, I await in New York the fall of the atomic bomb, H or X. Knowing what atrocious possibilities there are in life, I count myself fortunate in not having suffered too many disasters hitherto; and I hope to find myself at the center of the explosion, not on its periphery, whence I might emerge insane, maimed, blinded, half-roasted.

P O E M S

by JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

The Dark Wood

In the dark of the wood, silence. No leaf stirred,
No sound, whisper of water or trill of bird—
When a voice said, a voice I had never heard,
 “How is it with you?”

The evening light peered through the wood. I had come
A long way over, up the long hill I had come—
Now, half to myself, I answered, turning home,
 “It is well with me.”

Silence. Silence over valley and hill.
Silence in the dark wood. The world was still.
But a music that I have heard was with me still
 As I turned homeward.

by ROSEMARY THOMAS

Dylan Thomas

1914 - 1953

His torrent sweeps the hill's shoulder, nails
the sun's image, wrings the green cloth
of the cloud from his brow. The tooth
of a new wound is his plough.

Do not expect him to eat with us, drink
with us, who has clocked the medusas
on the hill, flushed the seed of the mandrake
root, X-rayed the gothic of the skull.

God's lung invaded his vein. Now
the loud seas deport him, envy of pity,
from the dolphin dark of a strange city[.]
Blue wing, green fin, convoy him still
who snatched the drowning stick of sleep.
sweat out the seasons of his will
conjuring under a druid hill.

by CAROL JOHNSON

Eclogue for Rachel

See now the height and breadth of the eternal worth, since it hath made itself so
many mirrors wherein it breaketh, remaining in itself one as before. *Paradiso XXIX*

Had we but rivers reticence to see
the glass in which our effigy is spent,
the bread we took with every food would be
conscience within our vision to lament
uncomforted as Rachel: *there are none*.
The doubled image will not tyrannize.
Her meanings meet all prefaces in one.
Out Love's three-personed process multiplies
resemblances for adoration apt
as light, the likeness Rachel wept to name
by indirection. Sorrow, if it wrapped
our crucifixion in retentive fame
would not conceal our conscience to return,
behold, to Cytherea's first concern.

O City, City to consider thee
is to remember Carthage burning down
and fame pursuing Vergil to the sea,
as rhetoric Augustine, till we drown
in rumors which perfect the antic fear
we wince to sing except Creusa weave
prophetic exile in my captain's ear.
See by how many seasons we believe
our husband's gentle country has become
the mother of imperishable daughters?
Where Lydia's river is undivided from
our thames by any circumstance of waters,
we who despaired the City's substantive
have so foreknown her witness that we live.

by MARION LINEAWEAVER

The Lilac Bush

I put my arms around the lilac bush
And hid my face in its green and glossy leaves,
And made our plans for such a night as this:

The village is on fire, and we must leave now[,] children.
Take nothing from the house but a blanket each;
What would you do with toys, and nowhere to keep them?

Come and walk out quietly through the garden,
Where the hedge walls us in from reddening sky,
And lilacs loom, cool and tall, taller than we.

Here you played yesterday while the baby slept
In dappled shade, and I walked slowly about,
Thinking of war, pruning the lilacs.

Children! Children! Your hair was full of sunlight
And your eyes of laughter. Your brown, bare feet
Were joyful in the pool your father made, long ago.

The fire will burn our garden and our house.
The air grows warm and smoky, and the stars dim;
Take my hands, children—remember what I say:

Even though not one flower shall be left,
Or leaf or beloved branch, we will come back
And dig for the living roots, and set them free.

by HYAM PLUTZIK

For T.S.E. Only

You called me a name on such and such a day—
Do you remember?—you were speaking of Bleistein our brother,
The barbarian with the black cigar, and the pockets
Ringing with cash, and the eyes seeking Jerusalem,
Knowing they have been tricked. Come, brother Thomas,
We three must weep together for our exile.

I see the hunted look, the protestation,
The desperate seeking, the reticence and the brashness
Of the giver of laws to the worshippers of calves.
At times you speak as if the words were walls,
But your walls fell with mine to the torch of a Titus.
Come, let us weep together for our exile.

We two, no doubt, could accommodate ourselves:
We've both read Dante and we both dislike Chicago,
And both, you see, can be brutal, but you must bow down

To our brother Bleistein here, with the unaesthetic
Cigar and the somber look. Come, do so quickly,
For we must weep together for our exile.

O you may enwomb yourself in words or the Word
(The Word is a good refuge for people too proud
To swallow the milk of the mild Jesus' teaching),
Or a garden in Hampshire with a magic bird, or an old
Quotation from Reverend Andrewes, yet someone or something
(Let us pause to weep together for our exile)

Will stick a needle in your balloon, Thomas.
Is it the shape that you saw upon the stair?
The four knights clanking toward the altar? the hidden
Card in the deck? the sinister man from Nippon?
The hordes on the eastern horizon? Come, brother Burbank,
And let us weep together for our exile.

In the time of sweet sighing you wept bitterly,
And now in the time of weeping you cannot weep.
Will you wait for the peace of the sailor with pearly bones?
Where is the refuge you thought you would find on the island
Where each man lives in his castle? O brother Thomas,
Come let us weep together for our exile.

You drew us first by your scorn, first by your wit;
Later for your own eloquent suffering.
We loved you first for the wicked things you wrote
Of those you acknowledged infinitely gentle.
Wit is the sin that you must expiate.
Bow down to them, and let us weep for our exile.

I see your words wrung out in pain, but never
The true compassion for creatures with you, that Dante
Knew in his nine hells. O eagle! master!
The eagle's ways of pride and scorn will not save

Though the voice cries loud in humility. Thomas, Thomas,
Come let us pray together for our exile.

You, hypocrite lecteur! mon semblable! mon frère!

by JAMES WHELDEN

One Word for Four Seasons

Open to love at springtide.
Its floods would burst
the heart too closely guarded,
leaving it cursed.

Lover, the sun in summer
can burn to dust
the shallow rooted. Lover,
love more than lust.

And in the harvest season
sit down to eat
with wife and sons; or barren
put back the meat.

He flits alone through winter
weak as a bird,
who did not make desiring
a loving word.

❶ JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, well-known American poet, published his *Collected Poems* in 1936. He is now compiling another volume for publication.

❷ Poetry by ROSEMARY THOMAS has appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Poetry* and the *Adelphi*. Her first book, *Immediate Sun*, was winner of the 1951 Twayne modern poetry contest.

✧ The poetry of CAROL JOHNSON has appeared in the *Hudson Review* and the *Sewanee Review*.

✧ MARION LINEAWEAVER is the author of several books for children. Her short stories, articles and poems have appeared in a wide variety of publications.

✧ HYAN PLUTZIK, assistant professor of English at the University of Rochester, is now doing research in the backgrounds of modern literature as the result of a Ford Foundation grant. His poems have appeared in a number of literary magazines, as well as in one collected volume, *Aspects of Proteus*.

✧ JAMES WHELDEN lives and works in Boston. His first published poem, "Spring Burial," appeared in the Spring, 1952, issue of *THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR*.

The Genius of Kleist

THOMAS MANN

Translated by Francis Golffing

HEINRICH VON KLEIST was descended from a family of squires and officers, residents of Mark Brandenburg. There was little about this baby-faced young man to predispose people in his favor. In society he appeared sullen, melancholy, tongue-tied—a disability stemming in part from a speech defect which made his sporadic contributions sound unpleasantly severe. He seemed unusually liable to fits of sudden embarrassment, stammered or blushed, and altogether impressed his associates by his neurotically forced and tense manner. To infer from such behavior the presence of surpassing genius, weighed down by a sense of mission and tormented by vast issues, would certainly be rash. Yet it is quite true that in Kleist's case such a conjecture would have been borne out by fact. He was one of the greatest, boldest and most ambitious poets Germany has produced; a playwright and storyteller of the very first order; a man unique in every respect, whose achievement and career seemed to violate all known codes and patterns. Kleist dedicated himself to his extravagant themes with a passion little short of frenzy, and the demands he made upon himself could not fail to destroy his system, never very strong and pitched to hysteria from the first. Trying to force what cannot be forced, and undermined by psychogenic ailments, this poet was clearly destined for an early death: at the age of thirty-five he killed himself and a woman who was incurably ill, whom he did not love, and with whom he had nothing in common but a powerful death-wish. "I am going," he said, "since there is nothing left for me either to learn or to gain in this life." Kleist died because he was weary of his incompleteness and eager to return his botched self to the universal flux—hoping, perhaps, that some day it would arise in a more perfect shape.

✪ This article by THOMAS MANN, one of the outstanding literary figures of this century, is an excerpt from his Introduction to *The Short Novels and Stories of Heinrich von Kleist*, to be published by Criterion Books, Inc., in June.

Within the short span of thirty-five years Kleist flung forth (the term will hardly do, considering how painfully this writer worked over his manuscripts, and yet it seems to fit very well once we attend to the extreme, frightening vehemence of his productions) a body of work imposing in its proportions: eight plays, one of which—*Robert Guiscard*—remained a mighty torso; an equal number of stories; a novel, scheduled to appear in two volumes, which has never been found; a series of essays, including that brilliant piece of philosophical discourse called "On the Puppet Theatre"; a group of marvelously wrought anecdotes; and, finally, several pieces of topical journalism which share the violence, amounting almost to fury, of his central works. All this was accomplished by a young writer whose brief career was further curtailed by his profound and protracted ignorance of himself, who could never make up his mind whether he was destined to be exclusively a poet, and who worked spasmodically, not calmly and steadily. The only genre little cultivated by Kleist is the lyric—and we may well ask why he chose to avoid it, why this extraordinary master of poetic rhetoric, whose plays abound in magnificent flights of poetry, could never get himself to speak directly and freely *in propria persona*. What was it, we ask, that pushed him constantly toward more objective modes of communication, toward the vehement yet at the same time quite impersonal manner of his stories? And then we are reminded of his inability to converse freely with other human beings, of the speech defect referred to earlier. True, Kleist reveled in Dionysiac oratory; yet the confessional mode of which Goethe was so prodigal (remember that Goethe would have labeled all his literary productions "parts of one great confession") remained forever closed to him. The final secret of Kleist's tormented life went into the grave with the dead man, who shortly before had written to his devoted sister: "The fact of the matter is that there was no help for me on this earth."

Kleist was born in Frankfurt on the Oder, the son of a retired major, Joachim Friedrich von Kleist. At the age of fifteen the delicate, sensitive boy was placed, according to custom, in a regiment of guards stationed in Potsdam, where (also according to custom) the common soldiers often were beaten and the officers were illiterate

wastrels. While still an ensign he was sent to the Army of the Rhine, took part in the siege of Mayence and two hot skirmishes. "May God give us peace to enable us to make up, by more humane deeds, for the time we kill here so unethically." This hardly sounds like enthusiasm for the soldier's profession. Kleist's distaste for the profession did not diminish but on the contrary grew steadily, even after his return to garrison life in Potsdam. The young lieutenant, just turned twenty-one, asked to be released. After seven years of service, every one of which he cursed, the release was granted him and he was free to matriculate as a student in the university of his native city. The next few years were to be dedicated to a study of the sciences, mathematics and philosophy and to a project entitled "The Encyclopaedia of Literature."

It is obvious that literature did not at first mean to the young Kleist what it came to mean later: intensive production, passion, tragedy, destiny. At that stage literature implied principally erudition, enlightenment, moral perfection, sound scholarship. The profession of a university teacher seemed the right one for him. Whatever he assimilated he put to immediate use by lecturing privately to young girls of his own class. It was moral pedagogy, not love, that prompted his engagement to a certain Wilhelmina Zenge, whom he had previously instructed in German grammar and whom he now forced to write essays on the subject of the true aims and satisfactions of married life.

But a moment arrived when Kleist dimly perceived that all this, his engagement first and foremost, was sheer nonsense; that science and mathematics, scholarship and philosophical speculation, even moral perfection, were really no concern of his; that this whole realm of abstraction with which he was mortifying himself (as in other ways he mortified himself in the role of a high-minded bridegroom) was a waste of his nervous energy and his vital powers. The crisis occurred in the summer of 1800 when Kleist suddenly undertook a journey—the first in a long series of restless peregrinations. This first trip, incidentally, was made for medical reasons, though exactly what those reasons were is not known. He went to a hospital in Würzburg for the "removal of an impediment to marriage." The phrase may have referred to a nervous ailment, or as one biog-

rapher states, to a minor physical malformation. There is also some mention of adolescent "confusions" into which Kleist was afraid of relapsing.

In his letters Kleist wrote about his stay at the clinic in terms at once enigmatic and emphatic, using phrases like "incredible sacrifices" and "tremendous stakes." But he returned triumphant, calling out to his bride, "You were born for motherhood!" and "Girl, how happy you will be!" Yet in a short time he was writing: "I have often wondered whether it is not my duty to leave you." And in fact he left her, with the strange words: "There is one term in the German language most women will never understand. That is the term *ambition*." And later in the same letter: "Don't write to me again. My only wish is to die."

This combination of ambition and desire for annihilation is difficult to comprehend. As Kleist himself put it: "Everything is tangled in my mind like the fibres on a distaff." His whole nature rebelled against the notion of accepting the nondescript position which would have been necessary if he had married Wilhelmina. His scientific ambition, his quest for truth, had suffered a shock, through the study of Kant's philosophy, which overthrew all his moral and intellectual notions. It had suddenly dawned upon him that truth and perfection are not within our reach, and that all our knowledge is conditioned by the peculiar nature of our ratiocination. This insight overwhelmed him. "My one supreme goal has vanished, and I am bereft."

For a while he simply drifted, idle, vacant, unmoored. And yet not entirely unmoored. For in the interim, without really deciding or wanting to do so, he had started to write. After brief stays at Göttingen, Berlin, Strassburg, Berne, Königsberg, Dresden, he came for a while to Paris, bringing with him two barely begun plays, *The Schrockenstein Family* and *Robert Guiscard, Duke of Normandy*. The first he was eventually to complete: it turned out to be a bombastic and picaresque play, full of absurdities yet not without flashes of genius. Kleist himself soon labeled it a "wretched piece of trash." The figure of Guiscard, on the other hand, became a figure of destiny for Kleist. Having set out to conquer Byzantium, that Norman duke persisted in his design against all odds, although

his army was decimated by the plague and he himself tainted with it. A figure of destiny its protagonist, the play itself was at the same time a poetic task that was never to be completed, which Kleist attacked again and again: a symbol of the ambition he had alluded to earlier. And yet there is a grotesque element to this ambition, which referred only indirectly to the world, fame, literary accomplishment, but directly to his Prussian ancestry and his family, before whom he wished to justify his existence in a desperate see-saw between pride and inferiority. *Guiscard* was to be the proof that he, although *déclassé*, was worthy to bear the name of Kleist. And, indeed, all who read the fragment of *Guiscard* were full of admiration. For a while the project was referred to as "the crown of immortality." But eventually the poet had to admit defeat. "I have spent half a thousand days, including many nights, trying to add another crown to those already won by our family. But now our patron saint calls out that I have done enough. She kisses the sweat on my brow and comforts me by telling me that if every one of her sons had worked as hard as I, our name would not be missing from the constellations. . . ."

Greater nonsense has never been uttered. If the name of Kleist has a place among the constellations, it is he and he alone who has put it there. (One of Kleist's forebears, Ewald von Kleist, 1715-1759, was a poet, but I am not familiar with his work, nor do I greatly regret my ignorance.) I do not know, and doubt whether anyone else knows, what honors have accrued to Brandenburg through the deeds of the majors and generals von Kleist. But I do know that there is only one Kleist in all the world, and that is the one who wrote *Penthesilea*, *Michael Kohlhaas*, and the one tremendous act of *Robert Guiscard*, which is so superb that it is impossible to imagine its continuation. Without our poet the name of Kleist would be nothing, yet he says that he has undertaken his inspired labors only for the glorification of his family, every sign of disapprobation on whose part he feels as a stab.

What confusion and childishness must have reigned in his mind! And yet there are elements in this crazy "ambition" which are more consonant with the serious cast of the term, though even they are tainted with the dismal and the soul-destroying. Kleist's ambition

was in its very essence damaged by *hubris*, jealousy and envy, always overreaching itself; his was the passion of one pretending to a crown that is not rightfully his and that must be torn from the head of its true owner, in this case the most great, most richly blest Goethe.

Kleist's ambivalent attitude to Goethe, forever oscillating between humility and hatred, admiration and fierce jealousy, and leading finally to a personal clash, contributed greatly to the bitterness of his life. And yet his extravagant dream of deposing that sovereign of letters from his throne was not altogether absurd. Kleist was shy and taciturn as a rule. But one day in Ossmannstädt he told Wieland, then an old man, who knew how to get him to talk, the plan of his *Guiscard* and recited some passages from memory. The aged arbiter of letters was fascinated. He exclaimed that here was a force capable of filling a gap in German dramatic literature which even Goethe and Schiller had been unable to fill. After Kleist had left, Wieland sent after him the following note: "Nothing is beyond the grasp of your genius. You must complete your *Guiscard*, though Caucasus and Atlas together should be on your shoulders." Small wonder that Kleist's opinion of himself rose extraordinarily. But not for long. Shortly afterward, he burned the manuscript, sparing, however, a few pages from which he was later to reconstruct the fragment.

Goethe once wrote: "A man who is unable to despair has no need to be alive." Kleist's tempestuous temperament was only too prone to despair. But even during his fits of anguish his gaze remained fixed on the crown of the Olympian Goethe. For Kleist knew deep down that there was something in him which might, eventually, enable him to outdistance Goethe and Schiller, those favorites of the gods—something pre-Olympian, titanic, barbaric; something elementally dramatic, having nothing to do with erudition, *humanitas*, the golden mean, Winckelmann's brand of Hellenism, or any moralizing poetry of ideas; something ecstatic and enthusiastic, generating excesses of expression down to the smallest details of a brutally frank style.

After the wild ferment of their early works, Goethe and Schiller had reached the harbor of a high-minded and noble classicism, of

On Writing the Family Novel

WORTH TUTTLE HEDDEN

A MORE PRECISE TITLE for this article would be "On My Writing a Family Novel." Having no idea how other authors have gone about the business of writing about their families, I can speak only for myself and take you, a captive audience, through the delays, interferences, interruptions—and stallings—to the execution and the reception of *Love Is a Wound*.

Soon after the book was published, on May 2, 1952, an acquaintance in New York whom I hadn't seen for fifteen years asked me in for lunch because she and her friends were "dying to know who my analyst was." I wrote her that I should have to postpone the lunch until fall but would satisfy her curiosity immediately: I had never been analyzed, but if my novel indicated to the initiate that lying on a couch had solved my personality problems and given me insight into the emotional conflicts of others, then I felt safe in continuing to work upright. I did not tell her that I had *not* felt safe until I had read such letters of approval as she had written me; that between the writing of the first and second drafts of this book, I had considered taking a year out to read authorities on abnormal psychology; that a fortuitous meeting with an eminent psychoanalyst at a dinner party had saved my time—I had described my aunt's symptoms and he had indexed them for me and named the mental illness my parents had looked upon as an individual peculiarity.

But why I wrote this novel about the triangular love affair in my family, why I write at all, would be obvious to any parlor psychiatrist who knew the facts of my life. My aunt's neurosis, my mother's patience, my father's professional frustration were as much a part of

© WORTH TUTTLE HEDDEN is an occasional contributor to magazines and the author of three novels: *Wives of High Pasture*, *The Other Room* and *Love Is a Wound*. This article was first presented in January of 1953 as a paper to the Friends of the Westport Library, Westport, Connecticut.

my childhood as were hominy grits for breakfast, and I was the shy bookworm obscured by four sisters, one an effective intellectual, three as pretty and gay as butterflies. I liked reading, but I did not like inching along in my sisters' shadows and ever sought a way of distinguishing myself. In the sixth grade I found it—my description of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville was considered the best in the class and was printed in the high-school paper. My sisters discovered me, and I decided to be a writer.

At twenty, when I set out for New York and the Pulitzer School of Journalism, my intellectual sister gave me a copy of Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*. Before I arrived at Penn Station I knew that my first novel would be the autobiographical story of a minister's daughter. I would write it in my lonely spinster vacations from world traveling and reporting.

During the 1920's, when most young writers were publishing novels based on their youth in Midwestern towns or farming communities, I chafed at the bit—and nursed whooping cough, measles, chicken pox and the common cold. Such writing as I did appeared in the casual essay departments of *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, in book review columns, in new, short-lived magazines or in old, expiring ones. When in the early thirties the youngest of my three children was in school for a few hours a few days a week, I did write an autobiography, but it was not about my past in a parsonage nor was it a novel. It appeared in two issues of the *Atlantic*, and it was called "The Autobiography of an Ex-Feminist."

Having published my new-found credo that a mother's emphasis should be on her family, her personal projects curtailed to her so-called free time, I began writing my novel at the beginning of the new school semester. I made no progress, and my failure was not due to the fact that I had to keep one eye on clock and calendar, but rather to the loss of interest in myself as the heroine. At that time, after fourteen years of being a wife-and-mother in a normal family environment, I had developed a new understanding of and sympathy for my mother in her abnormal milieu and realized that "my" story of the parsonage belonged to her, to my father, and to my aunt. My four sisters, two brothers and I had been mere walk-ons in the tragedy in which those three were enmeshed for thirty-

ON WRITING THE FAMILY NOVEL

four years. From this new angle I struggled through a first thin draft, entitled it *Prism*—because I, the author, looked in turn over each of three shoulders trying to catch the reflections of varicolored emotions—and laid it away for eventual completion when my father and my aunt had followed my mother to peaceful eternity.

But now I had to write a novel. In the superficial writing of *Prism* I had discovered that it is easier for an active mother to write a novel than it is to write an article or a short story. Writing a novel, like knitting a sweater, is an activity that can be put down and picked up with no loss to the finished product. This is more likely to be of help to the novel, because if one's emotions are immersed in it, one's subconscious punches no time clock. I have stared at a blank page on my typewriter while my free hour ticked away, then, while pushing the vacuum or driving the car, seen the incident I'd been searching for unfold before me on carpet or road. (Such absorption of the imagination can be hard on one's loved ones, however. I once drew up at our commuting station and waited for my husband to grab his brief case and dash for the train. He didn't. He wasn't there—and he isn't a little man either. Five minutes later I found him, pacing our driveway in a state of utter confusion. He missed his train and an important conference, and since then I've managed to keep my mind on the domestic job when that job involves others.)

The idea for a second novel had lain dormant for ten years, waiting until what I'd thought of as the autobiographical one was out of the way. In 1928, when I was on the staff of the fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, I was assigned a subject which had been overlooked in previous editions—an explanation of the Oneida Community which had flourished in upstate New York for thirty years, the longest-lived and most socially radical of any of our nineteenth-century communistic experiments. The more I read about it—in the New York Public Library—"the more my wonder grew" that no novelist had made use of these people who were consecrated to the sharing of all possessions, including their husbands and wives, and who leaped to life from their letters and from the contemporary reports of visiting journalists. I had spent two days gathering facts for the short encyclopedic piece; I spent

two years in research for the novel, and three in converting fact to fiction, writing in odd hours and odd places, wherever and whenever I could find time no one else claimed. In an abandoned pigsty behind a Massachusetts farmhouse we'd rented for the summer, while sitting on a bale of hay with my Corona on an upended grocery box, I typed *finis* to the third draft. *Wives of High Pasture* was published, reviewed and forgotten in the summer of 1944.

In the fall I blew the dust from that first draft of *Prism* and reread it. Then I tore each page in two and dropped the pieces in the wastebasket. I remembered that suddenly in the middle of the first draft of the *Wives*, the characters had begun to speak and act of their own volition in that imaginary branch of the Oneida Community. Moreover, their habitat could be found on a map. The characters in *Prism* were puppets I manipulated, and their stage could not be bounded by any known river or mountain range.

I also remembered something I'd learned long ago when I was writing short stories. The more unfamiliar the appearance of a person or a place in my mind, the more vivid it became on paper, for before I could describe it to the reader, I had had to describe it to myself. In doing that, I had had to include every salient detail. Depicted from memory, such details, being old stuff to me, were often omitted. I needed a more objective approach to the environment I knew so well. I must see my locale in North Carolina as a stranger would see it, then include in my description the minutiae only a native could know. I must learn more about Carolina flora and fauna, history and politics, than I had absorbed as a child with my nose buried in a book about other people, other places. The reason, I argued, that the parsonages of my first draft had floated in space, their denizens incorporeal, was because I had not moored those several white clapboard houses to unmistakable North Carolina soil. This had, therefore, doomed my phantom-characters to single dimensions which were unable to reveal more than one facet, and that one domestic.

At last, in the spring of 1945, I felt competent insofar as background was concerned, to write *Love Is a Wound*—a new and, to me, perfect title I'd chanced upon in an Edith Rickert translation of medieval French poetry.

ON WRITING THE FAMILY NOVEL

Taking a last fling before I incarcerated myself from ten to two every day, I went out to lunch. There the maternal conversation veered from choices of colleges for offspring to the deficiencies in Westchester public schools, one cause of which, it transpired, was the increasing number of Negro students. And on to the whole plethora of generalizations about Negroes—"They're so undependable." "They're so careless." "They're dirty." In the North now, as in the South of my childhood, the housewife's indictment of a race is based on her experience with a few untrained members of its working class.

I tried to put it all out of my mind. There were enough good Negro writers now who could speak for their race more effectively than I. But would Westchester matrons read their books? As prejudice increased in the North with the increase of the Negro population, did it not behoove anyone who had anything to say in behalf of the Negro to say it? And what Northern white writer knew the old-fashioned Negro as well as I did, what Southern liberal knew "the New Negro" as well? I knew too all the nuances of white prejudice, North and South, and I had delved deeply enough into modern anthropology to know the scientific facts about race. True, with the exception of a succession of beloved Negro maids, I had had no contact with Negroes since I'd left New York in 1923 for the suburbs. If I *did* write a controversial novel, its locale would have to be the Negro college in which I had taught two semesters in the early twenties, when I'd thought most of my writing would be about the Negro in America. I packed away the voluminous notes for *Love Is a Wound* and began to evolve a story to dramatize my thesis that it is the individual we have a moral right to condemn and not his nationality, his religion or his race.

A full year, after the publication of *The Other Room* in 1947, was taken up with resulting correspondence, reviewing books about the South and/or the Negro, and speaking. In May of 1948, I set out my typewriter in the study that proceeds from the Bantam edition of *The Other Room* had built—away from the house, with no telephone connection—to write, to write until I completed a third draft of a novel about my family.

I sat there for half an hour or more for three mornings in a row,

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

staring at the keyboard. Then I went to the garden to dig—and to think. Why couldn't I begin? What was blocking me? I thought I had overcome my inhibitions in 1939, when, after my father's and my aunt's deaths, I'd told my three sisters and one brother still living in the South about *Prism* and they had made no objections. There wasn't even a cousin left—or so I thought—in my mother's family line.

But there were other vulnerable relatives I had been refusing to think about when I considered this novel. Of my father's eight siblings, two sisters and two brothers were very much alive in western North Carolina, the eldest eighty-eight and the youngest seventy-two, all of them still forceful and effective in the county my Connecticut great-grandfather had helped settle after the Revolution. And to them my father was less my parent than their adored and revered elder brother, his character and his reputation as solid and inspiring on their horizon as Grandfather Mountain. Any reduction of the granite of my father's personality to the pliable clay an author must work with in private would be violently resented.

Then why not take David, the character I would fill in from the contours of their brother Herndon, out of "the cloth," and make him a lawyer or a businessman? I argued as I dug. The latter idea I discarded immediately, for no alchemy of which I was capable could convert such an idealist into a cotton broker. But law *had* been his first choice, and now, as when I used to listen to his sermons, I could see him at the bar as clearly as in the pulpit. But in a lawyer's home, even in the small Southern town, there is *some* privacy, and one of the poignant aspects of the tragedy in our family had been that tragedy's enactment to a crowded house. Then I could make him an Episcopal rector rather than a Methodist minister—a thin disguise, certainly, but one which might appease my aunts and uncles a little. Ah, but Episcopal rectors could stay for life in a town; it was the enforced "movings" and my mother's having to explain her sister's headaches and despondency to a new audience every two or three years that had made the bearing of that neurosis harder for her.

The simplest way to get around the whole difficulty would be to

give up the idea of a Southern novel entirely, throw out all my notes, and set my stage in the North! After all, I had written one book with a Northern setting, and I had lived in the North twenty-nine years. And there was that ex-patriot cousin in whose Massachusetts parsonage I had once visited. But he had held the same pastorate for fourteen years, and had I known I was in a parsonage that week? Had the front door been opening every few minutes, a voice calling, "Hello, you all! What're you doing?" And would not a Northern husband and wife lack, even in the Victorian era, that exaggerated sense of duty to kith and kin which to this day characterizes Southerners and which prevented my parents' "doing anything about Sistuh"? (Not long ago a redoubtable lady from Vermont, a fan of mine since the publication of *The Other Room*, came to see me. I wondered why she still talked about my second novel, didn't mention my third. I knew why, finally. "I'm proud to know somebody," she burst out as she was leaving, "who can think of as many things to say as you said in *Love Is a Wound*, but I may as well tell you, it was all I could do to finish it, I got so mad at those people! Why didn't David and Ellen *do* something, a crazy person like Ora in their home?"')

I could not change David's profession, denomination or habitat; and because of the contrast between eastern and western North Carolina in physical geography, speech, habits and social outlook, I wanted to stick to the facts in my mother's Brunswick County plantation and my father's farm-with-slaves backgrounds. The only surface changes I could make would be in the composition of the families into which they had been born and in the family which they created. Instead of two sisters, Ellen would have only Ora; instead of eight siblings, David would have only one sister and one brother on the scene; instead of their own seven children, who could overrun a novel as surely as they had overrun a parsonage, I would give them only three—two girls and a boy—and I would explain Ellen's unfruitfulness in those pre-contraceptive days as due to what used to be called "some female trouble." But without Ellen's frequent pregnancies, would Ora's hope of someday becoming David's wife have sustained her as long as it did? Might she not have accepted one of those early suitors—and so, happily, left me

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

with no story to tell? Besides, I needed youth throughout the book to relieve the gloom of the elders' unhappy situation. At least—and I remember saying this aloud to myself in exasperation—Ellen does not have to have seven! She can have five—four girls and one boy—and one pregnancy that ends in a stillbirth.

And so, after three days of working and thinking in the garden, my locale was where it had been in fact, my hero was what he had been in life, but the flowerbeds were neat and I had only five children to handle—and handling children on paper, I do assure you, is more trouble than actual baby-sitting. That phalanx of opposition in western North Carolina, I told myself, was made up of only four individuals: my Aunt Mell, though still erect and awesome when I had seen her three years before, had not terrified me as she had when I was a child; my Uncle John, like any kindly old man, had reminisced about my father as the only one of the children who could stand up to their father; my Uncle George, the only member of the family not given to reading, probably had not read a novel in his life and would hardly begin with mine. It was my Aunt Lelia, my father's adored baby sister, returned to Caldwell County in '38 after thirty years teaching in China, of whom I was really frightened. But I, too, adored her, corresponded with her. I would write her of my plans immediately, write her of their progress, quote to her what the late Mary Austin had once said to me: "If we don't write about our relatives and friends, whom in heaven's name can we write about?"

But why worry about all this now? Maybe this novel would never be published. I had refused a contract for it, wanting no editorial meddling until I had finished it in my own way. Now I felt that I held a crystal ball which at any moment might slip from my hands and break into a thousand pieces. And if it did not do that, it would, eventually, be merely typed words on reams of paper bearing no resemblance to the novel of my imagination, to perfection in execution. And if on reading those cold, typed pages with all the objectivity I could muster, I decided they were publishable, there was still a chance that my publishers would not agree with me. Now I could only write it, be relieved at last of its burden in my consciousness.

ON WRITING THE FAMILY NOVEL

On the day I thus cleared my psyche for action, my husband said he had to go to Wilmington, North Carolina, for a three-day conference. Why didn't I come along, spend my time in Southport? I might pick up a lot about my mother's and my aunt's youth that would be useful. I said that I knew enough, that there was nobody there who could tell me anything, that I'd be delighted to go. Here was a reprieve from the actual writing.

So, in May, 1948, I went to Southport on what I thought was just a sentimental journey. I left my bag at the Camellia Inn, and in the heat of early afternoon walked to the courthouse to look up family records. Except for the macadam pavement laid in deference to the machine age, all was as I had known it as a child. Spanish moss hung from live oaks that had not shrunk an inch, ferns and ivy grew as luxuriantly between branches and trunk, and sand as penetrating and adhesive as ever filled my sandals. The grass of the courthouse green was still thinned in spots by other children playing there; the outer doors were wide open as usual; all office doors locked as usual at this hour; county officers were at home taking naps as usual. I walked on along the deserted main street, inhaling the clean salt air from Brunswick Sound and the good shrimp smell from the new canning factories at the edge of town. I went in the post office. It might have been 1904 or 1884. Flies buzzed over the government notices, the marine insurance calendar, the tide schedule. A little old lady with bright red hair peered at me curiously from behind the grating of the stamp window, but said "Good evening" as though I came in every afternoon at this time. (Two months later she stepped, uninvited and unexpected, into Part I of my novel, introduced herself as Miss Taffy, a Mistuh Adrian's fiancée, and gave me the episode of the skeleton house—as much of a surprise to me as, in her story, the gift of the blooded mare was to David, that mare on which my narrative progressed for quite a distance.) I asked her, in the flesh that day, whether the library was still in the old Garrison. She said it certainly was and if somebody named Beth had finished her siesta, it would be open now.

I strolled across the walled enclosure which soldiers of George III had used for parade. Through the open windows in the white

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

brick of the one-time officers' quarters, I heard a babble. I stood on the threshold until the last child's book had been stamped. The crowd around the desk romped out and the smooth pink-cheeked, golden-haired, blue-eyed doll behind the desk looked up. "Good evening," she said. "What can I do for you?" I told her I was here looking up family history, that my mother had been Ella Swain Wescott.

She jumped to her feet, rushed at me, embraced me, kissed me. "Cousin Ella's daughter! Now which one are you?" I told her. "Cousin Worth! From New York! Why, Cousin Carrie Doshier told me about you once—married to a Yankee and living way off up there! But I don't believe you have the least i-dea in this world who I am!" I confessed that I hadn't, said I hadn't been in Southport since 1910, wondered that she could remember Cousin Carrie, who'd died in 1922. "Oh, I'm older than I look, I reckon. They say the Fountain of Youth's in Southport. I'm Beth Grimes, and the Grimeses and the Swains and the Wescotts and my mother's people, the Knoxes, are all mixed up. I reckon you and I're sixth cousins, but it may be even closer than that. We'll trace it on Cousin Gusta's family tree—that's Cousin Augusta Crepon Roberts, her father was French descent. You must remember *her*. She still talks about visiting Cousin Ella and Cousin Herndon in a whole string of parsonages." Before I was born, I said, but I did remember hearing my mother speak fondly of "that Gusta Crepon." "Well, you'd just waste your time messing around in those dusty courthouse records. Cousin Gusta's seventy-something and Cousin Mattie Sims is a hundred and twelve. Her memory's beginning to fade a little, but between them you can find out everything you want to know. Now soon's I can leave here, we'll get your bags and take them to our house. Mama's gone but Papa and I still live in that old place on the Sound. I'll bet you'll remember it when you see it. You must've been there a lot when you were little."

In the next hour three women came in the library. I would have thought them middle-aged until they began reminiscing about my parents sixty-odd years ago—my mother's charm and gaiety, my father's consecration and good looks. They mentioned my aunts too, the one who'd died young, the one who lived to be eighty-

ON WRITING THE FAMILY NOVEL

three; but if they knew of the misery of that long life, they didn't give a hint of their knowledge.

The next three days when I wasn't reading local history in the library, I was listening to it. Cousin Gusta walked me about the town, opening shuttered doors, introducing me as Cousin Ella's "child," opening vistas on the past until the youth of my parents and my aunt became as real to me as my own had been, until they became persons in their own right, were no longer middle-aged and elderly as I remembered them. Just before I left, I told Beth and Cousin Gusta that I was writing a novel about the triangular love affair in our family. I wasn't sure how much they knew until I saw embarrassment in Beth's doll-like face. Her only comment was that she wished I'd call Southport "Bayport," a name she'd always thought it should have had. But Cousin Gusta squeezed my hand. "Child," she said, "I'm so glad, so glad. Your mother should get her just reward some way."

Back in my study in early June, I began writing this novel which I thought would be only a little longer than my other two, less than three hundred pages. But now I knew that I could not release my new feeling of identity with my protagonists by looking over their shoulders. Each of them would have to tell his or her own story. The truth of the oft-repeated "to know all is to understand all" is exemplified whenever we lend an ear to one person involved in a quarrel, then to the other. Looked at and listened to with detachment, here are the same individuals, the same place, the same time, the same conflict, yet the story told in turn by the antagonists is a different story, and our aroused sympathy, perhaps given *in toto* to one, might switch to the other or become divided between the two.

A frank friend who didn't like this novel as a whole said generously, "But it was sheer genius to begin with Ora, otherwise there could've been no sympathy for her at all." The idea that the plain common sense of beginning the story from Ora's angle could be described as genius seemed nonsensical to me. If genius were, as Carlyle and others have defined it, merely an infinite capacity for taking pains, there would be plenty of that ineffable, undefinable stuff in this effort of mine—over and over and over again I wrote

passages of consciousness to eliminate author's stage directions and, in Parts II and III, to keep verbs present when the scene was in the present; passages of dialogue in order that the reader could get what he needed to know by eavesdropping. Throughout the writing I tried to follow Stephen Crane's achieved ideal: to put on paper life itself rather than a semblance of it.

Writing the second draft, I kept in mind the definition of fiction most recently, I think, reiterated by Bernard DeVoto in his *The World of Fiction*: ". . . fiction is of people, things happening to them, and their feelings about the things that happen," and threw out page after page based on all that collateral reading of politics and history. (Flaubert, a commentator said not long ago, read seven hundred books in order to write one paragraph in *Salammbô*. I think that commentator was not a fiction writer. Had he been, he would have realized that perhaps Flaubert had intended using a great deal more of that information but had, like lesser novelists, discovered that it got in the way of his characters' development.) In the third draft of *Love Is a Wound*, as I delved deeper into personality, even more of the environment I had read about, not remembered or imagined, fell away. I was amazed when *Time's* reviewer said that I spoke "with authority about the post-reconstruction South."

Another facet of background bothered me in writing the original draft: the Negro. Having proclaimed myself a champion of human rights in *The Other Room*, how could I ignore the South's dilemma in this book? But *The Other Room* was primarily a thematic novel; this one was not. Negroes could appear in it only when they appeared in the thoughts and activities of my characters. To some of them, major and minor, Negroes would be servants only, not human as white people are human; to others they would be individuals, with individual personalities and aspirations. And again I was amazed when I read the conclusion of Mr. Lewis Gannett's review: "Set Mrs. Hedden down as a rare Southern novelist who can tell a Southern story in which the race question appears incidentally, seen without over-dramatization and with sympathy, from conflicting points of view, evolving and changing with the generations." There Mr. Gannett told me what, I realized, I had wanted

ON WRITING THE FAMILY NOVEL

to do but what, in my most sanguine flights of fancy, I shouldn't have thought I could do.

The third initial difficulty had to do with those children whose number and sex I thought I had settled once for all. In Part II, the one son I'd decided upon had turned out to be, to me, a charming little boy; grown to manhood in Part III, David's third of the novel, he was a nuisance. The treatment of a man's relationship with his only son is theme enough for an entire novel; it could only be touched on in a novel devoted to a man's involvement in the emotions of two women whose conflicts sprang from his relationship with them. The son would have to be the stillborn baby. Eliminating him from the text of Ellen's story was a major operation.

When I'd decided I must have five girls in the book, I had not intended to use my sisters and myself as models, and had chosen names as different from our own as possible. But when Beth grew up and assumed the role of the eldest in an American family with a sense of responsibility toward her younger sisters, she closely resembled the older sister I had known. In the second daughter I needed a rather elemental character who, not given to reading, observes and interprets the people around her with unclouded eyes and who would further the unfolding of my plot by her uninhibited speech. Such a type reached its perfection in my second oldest sister; I could not improve on what nature had provided. In life, as in this novel, Beth attracted the intelligent; Cindy, the bird-brained. In order to present a well-rounded picture of a small Southern town, Fair and Gladys must bring in the large nucleus of simply "nice people," and who could do that more effectively than my other two sisters? And when Ann Wesley, self-conscious and unsure of herself, stepped out on the porch to speak to Ellen, I saw myself—and held on to myself for the later exposition of the rather comical and fanatical feminist I became.

Is all of the foregoing true, or am I merely trying to cover up creative laziness by the use of ready-made material? I don't know. Katherine Ann Porter, writing in her new book of essays about Edith Sitwell's detailed explanation of the fashioning of her poetry, says: "It makes good sense—that good sense the artist can always

make of his intentions and methods *after* he has done the work. It is an endearing habit artists have, and I find nothing so enthralling as to hear or read one telling how he does it. For practical purposes he might as well try to communicate his breath for our use."

I do know that all the minor characters, from the sadistic Miss Ryder in Part I to the steward's kindhearted wife in Part III, were imaginative. Their names are true North Carolina names but scrambled among the fictitiously named small towns to prevent local readers from thinking they can spot the owners. I do know the truth of the general construction: I laid the foundation and based the framework in solid fact, plastered the walls and furnished the rooms imaginatively. I, for instance, had never heard or, by chance, overheard my parents discuss the cause of my aunt's neurosis, but as I typed out their dialogue, I had a feeling that what Ellen said and David said was close to what my mother and father would have said had they talked as much in life and to the point as characters in a novel must talk to make a novel. Have you ever realized that there would be no novels, no novelists, if writers were truly realistic?

As I put on paper the sympathy I had felt for my parents after I became adult, their suffering became my suffering. I cried with Ora in Part I, felt her frustration and loneliness throughout the writing. Somewhere, sometime, I had read that if an author becomes so intimately identified with his characters that he can't treat them with cool objectivity, if he laughs or cries with them, his readers will not, and may feel no emotion at all. Not until my agent and my editor read the manuscript did I feel sure of its publication.

Before I signed the contract I invited my three sisters up to read a carbon copy. "Fair" and "Cindy" came. Fair suffered as much in the reading as I had in the writing but would not have me change a word. Cindy wasn't much interested until she came upon her fictional prototype in Part II. Then she laughed and said I certainly had her down pat. When "Gladys" read an advance copy of the book, she wrote that she was proud of me; later I heard she wished I had shown more clearly that our mother had made a happy home for us in spite of it all (something I had taken pains to do) and that she wished I could write a novel without putting colored people in it. She lives in a county that is seventy-five per

ON WRITING THE FAMILY NOVEL

cent Negro, gives aid and encouragement to the colored P.T.A., woman's club and library, and is generally revered for her maternal kindness to the colored poor. What my brother thought, I have not heard, beyond a repeated comment that he was glad he wasn't in it.

After Cousin Gusta read the book, she wrote me:

- Having known and loved you all, your story holds great charm for me, making me re-live those years of my past when I was nothing but a bad little worry-wart, pestering the very life out of your father and mother when they were courtin', taking my little hassock and setting it down at their feet wherever I could find them, in the parlor or in the summer house. Watermelon time, your father washed my face with a piece of watermelon and oh, how mad I was! I threw everything at him that wasn't nailed down. You know they were good—they let me live and let me come to visit them time and time again when I was a young lady and in spite of Miss Lou's trouble, I was never happier than when I was at the parsonage.

Cousin Beth and the other Brunswick County cousins I'd met were pleased too, several of them thanking me for having got the very essence of Southport, where people live simply and live long. The only one of my father's many nieces with whom I've kept in touch said in a letter which was a long review:

Your achievement in handling the material, so drenched as it is in personal emotion, is masterful and the universal is revealed because the individual human is so completely realized. You caught up all this which was your own background and rendered it so completely into "a fiction" that I never found myself turning your characters back into Uncle Herndon, Aunt Ella, and Miss Lou. I like it so that Ellen and David came to such clear-sighted comprehension of their problem that Beth's psychoanalysis seemed to their living understanding utterly pedantic. It was as though she had brought a candle into an already lighted room—it was the Greek poet, Capetanakis, who said so rightly, "Psychoanalysis explains things but it does not give their meaning. . . ." Some of our cousins in North Carolina feel that you gave Uncle Herndon feet of clay and are incensed; Uncle John wants you to know that the cruel carriage accident of which you make good fiction use did not happen on High Brighten but on a level road and that the carriage was never endangered; Uncle George talks about reading it but never will; Aunt Lelia is reading it now but I haven't heard her verdict. But you should see Aunt Mell rocking and reading, shaking her head and saying,

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

"Tut, tut" or, "I don't remember any such scene as that"—but nobody can get the book away from her.

Then came the letter I trembled to open, from Aunt Lelia:

. . . There are three copies of *Love Is a Wound* in the Lenoir library and a woman putting a copy in the Thursday Book Club brought it out here to have me write a bit in it about you and your relation to this family and community. I wish I could talk to you about parts of it. I was in China most of the time you cover from 1908 to '38 and I am confused as to what is fact and what is fiction. I remember Miss Lou vividly from the few times I saw her and I feel that you did a wonderful piece of work with her as Ora. Ellen and David are new folks to me—especially Ellen. Did your mother really dislike coming up here to Herndon's old home? Of course I know that your picture of Kathy is something of a composite of all your paternal aunts. Only in the traits I liked in her did I see myself! Don't ever disillusion me! It's a great story, Worth, well told.

These pre-publication and advance copy readers were my most-to-be-feared critics. After *Love Is a Wound* was published, my hands didn't tremble once when I opened magazines and newspapers and turned to the review columns.

The Humanities: Mirrors of Genius

NEAL W. KLAUSNER

THE MAJOR INTEREST we have in the liberal arts is with man and his achievement. But it is not the abstraction "man" that concerns us. For it was not man that wrote *Hamlet*, but Shakespeare; not man that composed *Don Giovanni*, but Mozart; not man that painted the "View of Toledo," but El Greco; not man that completed the *Summa Theologica*, but Thomas Aquinas. It is the human being together with his creation that draws and compels our admiration and study. The humanities, a general name for such studies, describe a sensitive, imaginative, reflective being, who is puzzled by his own existence, by its promises and frustrations; who reaches out for friendship and love; who is eager to try the powers which he feels moving within him. It is in the humanities we discover that a man can never be adequately understood merely by an examination of what he is at any given moment in history. He is what he was and what he wills to be. He is a being able to take the requisite action needed to transform the actual by reference to the ideal. His history can never be written perceptively in physical, physiological or sociological terms alone. Without the pertinent vocabulary of aspiration he is minimized, distorted and misconceived.

One of the recurring problems in modern education is the reassessment of the humanities. Sometimes this is forced upon us from the outside, by the criticism of business, vocational or technological interests. But more frequently it stems from the tortured consciences of the humanists themselves. They are surrounded by a world demanding immediate and obvious results for payment rendered, and cannot avoid asking themselves what "cash value"

⊗ NEAL W. KLAUSNER is Miller Professor of Philosophy and chairman of the department of philosophy and religion at Grinnell College. This article is part of the inaugural lecture of the John Scholte Nollen Memorial Lectureship established this year at Grinnell.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

their work has. This, however, is neither persecution nor self-abasement. It is, rather, opportunity and a sign of health.

If the humanists ever become smug or resentful of criticism, if they protect themselves by a kind of intellectual snobbery, or if they refuse to reappraise their contributions in each generation, then the seeds of their own destruction are sprouting. We must be prepared, willing, even eager, to espouse our devotion to humanistic education. Our case is never made out once and for all, like the multiplication table. We are men, seeking to become better men in all the ways a man can become better. What the humanities have achieved has come slowly and laboriously through centuries of refinement. It can be lost in an instant atomic death, or by an uncritical contentment with the past record. It can be regained only by the arduous struggle up the steep ascent and out of the cave.

But there are, it seems to me, honorable and dishonorable ways of conducting this defense. I am not, for example, impressed with the argument which defends the humanities because they promise to make a better man out of a mediocre one, or even a worse one. They may do so, but then again they may not. In any case it is unwise to consider them primarily as therapeutic agencies. It is not necessary to justify the humanities only if they fulfill some noble or lofty purpose beyond themselves. That they have had this effect in individual biographies is no doubt true, but an illiterate man may be a good man and even a happy one in some senses of the terms *good* and *happy*. Hitler is supposed to have loved his Wagner and to have painted on canvas as well as on clapboard, neither of which can be said to have made him into a decent representative of the human race. When I listen with absorbed attention to a Brahms symphony, or read with profound identification from *The Brothers Karamazov*, or view with persistent delight the color patterns of a Cézanne, I do not feel or wish to feel the silent chemistry which may be transforming me from an animal into a man, or from a boor into an intellectual, or from an indifferent citizen into a candidate for the school board. Try teaching the humanities as if they were a cure for a malady and you will become the victim of a worse illness yourself. Try studying them only because they promise richer sweets and they become sour.

THE HUMANITIES: MIRRORS OF GENIUS

There is a tendency among the teachers of the humanities to be greatly encouraged when business executives express their approval of the liberal arts education. When a director or manager of some vast enterprise says he needs men of character, with broad training, able to supervise people and to think effectively, and in possession of a solidly based sense of values, and that these ends are achieved primarily by a study of the humanities, then we think our work has received its ultimate justification. But has it? Suppose none of these ends were achieved by the humanities, or no more so than those studies which have vocationalized our education. Would this mean that the humanities had failed? Certainly in part. But I wish to defend the idea that the humanities are best thought of as ends in themselves, rather than means; man has the capacity for sheer personal enjoyment and satisfaction, and finds this deeply in the arts, literature, philosophy, history and any other subject that expresses man by telling of his birth, struggle, achievements, decay and death. Why should we think it necessary to defend man's interest in himself? Or why should we think such knowledge must be vindicated only by leading us to other interests, such as building up bank balances, inventing refrigerators, raising hybrid corn, or winning friends and influencing people?

I do not mean that the justification of the humanities lies only in a psychological state called enjoyment, which may be induced by almost any slight titillation of the senses. If this were so, our culture would have reached its culmination in the comic book, the juke box, and the "art" calendar. But we know there is a difference between a surface manifestation of sorrow and mutual grief; between minor irritation and mutual hatred; between momentary attraction and mutual love; between effervescent gaiety and mutual joy. And this gives us the clue. A prolonged and comprehending study of the humanities may bring about an experience of mutuality between creator and perceiver so that the agony and joy of the creation is repeated again and again whenever the two meet in understanding. Here is the silver cord that unites man with man, nation with nation, past with present. This is why Plato is no longer an aristocratic Greek philosopher, nor Jesus a humble Jewish prophet, nor Dante an exiled Italian poet, nor Dostoevski a tor-

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

mented Russian author, nor Beethoven a deaf German composer. They belong now to every mind that recapitulates their existence, or perhaps it is better to say they belong to any age in which they are rethought. This is the truth Emerson spoke in the lines:

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain.

If I can think Plato's thoughts as he thought them, love my fellow-men as Jesus loved them, hear Beethoven's music as he heard it, this is enough. I do not need to find a practical excuse for these aims. Indeed, is it not absurd to search for one, and a symptom of misunderstanding to feel the need of one?

And yet there is danger in this too. The resuscitation of the past can never be more than an interpretation. For Plato was speaking to fourth-century Greek intellectuals, Jesus to a small first-century sect expecting the end of the world, and Beethoven within the context of early nineteenth-century German culture. We cannot literally make this past our present. Nor should we try to do so. The humanities do not worship the past, nor merely re-create it. Rather, they develop it. They are the natural issue of a being whose biography is never finished. If we only rehearse the past, we merely preserve it, and this is stagnation. To keep Socrates and Buddha and Michelangelo, we must in some sense be each of them; but we must also be ourselves, for we do not share their times or places. The task of the humanities is unending. Its goals are always to be reached, never finally won. There must always be something to be seen in this generation that previous artists have missed, something found that earlier historians have passed by, something said that no literature has quite expressed, something thought that philosophers have not yet drawn from their premises. But the results will be fragile and thin unless they emerge from the living past. How deeply the humanities rely upon the memory—the memory not only of the private mind, but that made public and substantial in libraries, galleries and museums. This generation must take care lest it lose both its memories.

But there is another misconception, and we must not be trapped

THE HUMANITIES: MIRRORS OF GENIUS

by it. When I suggest that the humanities may lead to an experience of re-creation between one mind and another, or between one age and another, it may be thought that the necessary relation between knowledge and preparation is minimized in favor of a leisurely, passive absorption. The original work, already fashioned by the labor of genius, offers itself now to lesser minds who are able to comprehend it by casual reflection. This curious and utterly mistaken view that the humanities are simply ways of appreciation, which one can postpone or avoid until there is nothing better to do, is based on the false premise that the humanities are the hobby subjects of the curriculum, which call for no rigorous preparation but only personal interest and a distaste for exactness. This seems to be the attitude of many of the educationists in our day, who are responsible for sending into the schools of the nation teachers almost totally blind to what is human in the human situation. The results are sadly evident in the first year at college. No, the humanities cannot be passively absorbed. Their knowledge must be earned by effort, their truths mastered by the critical intellect.

It is true that we do not have glass tubing and Bunsen burners, or microscopes and slides, or cyclotrons and spectroscopes; nor do we find very useful statistical tables and correlation coefficients, all of which are designed to give a rigor and trustworthiness to the claims to knowledge of the social and natural sciences. Of course we do have grammar and logic, dictionaries and encyclopedias, and other aids to the disciplined intelligence. But there is a difference. Anyone who is skilled in the use of the instruments of a science is quite probably a scientist of considerable stature. But one may be extraordinarily facile with all of the apparatus of the humanities and still be shallow or empty of either knowledge or understanding of humane learning. We must look to the humanities to free us from methodolatry and prepare us for the great gifts of genius.

For the humanities live on in the geniuses of the race. It is not their function to perpetuate mediocrity. The legions of the dead past are sifted exceedingly fine by the criticism of time, and we may become intimate with only the best—a privilege not open to their contemporaries. The point is that art lives on art, literature on literature, and philosophy on philosophy. This is of course true

also of science when it does not sever itself from human concern. But in our day there are signs that it may become subject to that which will destroy it—secrecy. A secret art or literature or philosophy is a self-contradiction. No less is a secret science. There have been and still are absurd attempts by official bodies, ecclesiastical and political, to restrain the natural life of human achievement and insight. So far they have not triumphed. We are not yet molded by an official philosophy, nor condemned to a party-line literature. But at least we know about these dangers. They are not absolutely foreign to us. Thus in some sense they are already present.

There is a legend concerning Donatello, that he struggled to prolong his death agony so that his friends would have time to replace the tawdry crucifix on his breast with one of Brunelleschi's. This could well be taken as the symbol of each passing generation, which in its last gestures repudiates the cheap, trashy and base, and which, by yearning for and grasping the fruits of genius, assures them of survival in the next generation. It is the service of the humanities to keep man alive: not as medicine keeps him alive; nor as a strong weapon keeps him alive merely by frightening off an attack; but as purpose, love, hope, aspiration and creation keep him from returning to the non-human wilderness from which he has emerged and which will claim him again if he lapses too far.

What I have said may seem contradictory. I have tried to point out that the humanities are seen in a false light if they are regarded primarily as a means to fashioning a certain type of man, much respected in our day, or as a remedy for overcoming undesirable weaknesses in men. And I have also argued that the province of the humanities is man—man at his best, man revived and renewed by the processes of re-creation and understanding. This is not a contradiction, though it may be a paradox. A contradiction leads us nowhere. It is like a journey which can never be taken because it can never get started. A paradox is like a journey which always brings us back home, but after which we are never quite the same traveler and home is never quite the same home. It is in this sense that we can deny and affirm at once that the aim of the humanities is to create and understand man at his best.

Interpreted in this way, the humanities do not depend upon the

THE HUMANITIES: MIRRORS OF GENIUS

spirit of inquiry as do the social and natural sciences. This is the spirit that has dominated the intellectual world since the Renaissance, fed from the springs of curiosity in the human psyche and the need for guiding principles of action. When this spirit is in the ascendant, man's first question is, "What is there?" and his last question is, "What is there in it for me?" But the humanities cannot live at the level of curiosity and practice. Their interrogations probe the deeper passages of anxious and perplexed man, not to inventory his skills, but to affirm his character. Here man's first question is, "Who is there?" and his last is, "Am I there too?"

The answers to these questions are sought in philosophy, literature, history, language and the arts, and in some of the sciences. That is why the humanists must constantly protest the increasing vocationalization of college curricula and why they are distressed by any attempt to eliminate language requirements. For somehow these seem to be ways of lowering standards—not merely standards of academic achievement, but the standards necessary to make man realize his deepest potentialities. The humanities are not medicine for a sick race, nor amusement for a bored people, nor vehicles to prestige for the intellectually ambitious, nor exercises designed to mold a character out of the morally shapeless. The humanities are the mirrors of genius in which we may see ourselves.

Portrait

Alvin Johnson

IRVING DILLIARD

It was a sultry, storm-threatening mid-summer day in the virgin country of north-eastern Nebraska, just west of the Missouri River. Pioneer farmer John Johnson and his sturdy son Alvin were working hard in the father's wheat field to get the shocks into the stack before the skies let loose. The nearest settlement was Homer, a tiny trading post on the road from Sioux City down to Omaha. Before Lewis and Clark pushed their boats up the river three-quarters of a century earlier, Homer had been the site of the "Large Village" of the Omahas. Due east, an easy walk for the Indians, was Land's End, with its sharp drop of five hundred feet from the top of the bluff to the brown Missouri. There the Indians had prayed to the Great Spirit for a bountiful harvest. There, so the legend ran, they had held their annual sacrificial dance. After a day of feasting, six of the strongest braves began an endurance dance at sunset that lasted, the story went, until one fell from exhaustion into the river far below.

But the boy in the wheat field, imaginative though he was, could have had little thought for Indian rites that day. The heavens looked down menacingly on Dakota County as the two harvesters strained every nerve in themselves and urged on the span of beautiful horses, just in their prime. The father, an emigrant from Denmark,

heavily bearded in dark brown up to the cheekbones, calculated that a succession of rains, with the wheat still in shocks in the field, might bring ruin to his crop. The native-born son knew as his own birthplace the broken river valley ground, with its stand of oak timber and its clear stream fed by springs. He was equally aware of the emergency.

The man and the boy had no time for the usual recess at noon. They tied the team still hitched to the hayrack, to the corner post of a shed. They put a box of oats before each horse and then rushed into the farmhouse for their own hurried midday meal. But they were hardly at the table when a terrific commotion arose near the barn lot. From the door they could see the horses galloping away into the field with the hayrack careening behind them. It was clear what had happened. The horses, annoyed by flies, had stomped and beated around until they had pulled down the corner post of the shed; this dropped the roof onto their heads and necks and sent them into a frenzy.

The boy ran as fast as he could after the charging team, because he could see the horses were heading for a forty-foot precipice which edged one side of the field. But there was no stopping the frightened animals. Over the brink they dashed, the wagon after them. When the father caught up with his son at the precipice, he looked down on two dead horses and a smashed wagon and hayrack. The boy waited for his elder to speak. He knew his father's calmness in handling the blows of fate, but the son thought his father would at least groan.

* IRVING DILLIARD is editor of the editorial page of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. This sketch of the life and works of Alvin Johnson was written by Mr. Dilliard on the occasion of the subject's eightieth birthday.

PORTRAIT: ALVIN JOHNSON

at the loss of horses that had been his love and pride. Yet there was no groan, no word of complaint.

"Alvin," the father said, "run over to the pasture and bring in the colt and the old mare. I'll fix up the old wagon and we'll go ahead with the stacking."

The colt was not much more than broken. For several years the old mare had been a pensioner. The farmer and his son gathered up odds and ends of harness, fitted the pieces on the colt and old mare and hitched them to the wagon that had been discarded. They went back to the field and hauled shocks to the stack until nearly dark. Then the father finished off the stack with wheat bundles so skillfully fitted together that the sloping top would have defied the worst of rains.

That night a deluge came. It poured torrents again the next day. Between rains the farmer and his son removed the harness from the dead horses, pulled the broken wagon away from the bodies and spaded down earth from the precipice to bury the horses deep. They could not let the coyotes tear the carcasses of the horses they had so much admired.

Finally the burying was done and the sad episode at an end. The father leaned on his spade and reflected. Then he said:

"Things will often go wrong with you, Alvin. It can't hurt you, if you don't lose your courage."

Alvin Johnson learned more on that Nebraska farm in the 1880's than that the hard blows of fate cannot hurt if you do not lose your courage. He learned his faith in democracy at the grass roots and he learned it early. From a reserve of gold coins, kept according to Danish custom, his father advanced two hundred dollars to the county commissioners to pay an Englishman for the reopening of a road through the Englishman's property. When he had bought the farm, the unfriendly Englishman had found that the road had not been recorded. He cut a ditch across the road and put up a barbed-wire barricade. Some thirty settlers above the Johnson farm had been using the road and were dependent on it

for access to the market for their grain and hogs. The county commissioners were willing to condemn the land for the road and thus to open it again, but the county did not have the two hundred dollars to pay for the right of way. The commissioners asked the settlers to lend the county the money until the next summer. But all the settlers together had no such total in ready cash. They turned to John Johnson because they knew that he continued to live by ancient peasant traditions from overseas. They knew that these traditions called for long-term supplies of bread grain, corn for stock, hay for winter feeding—and his two stacks of eagles and double eagles for financial extremities.

The bearded Dane delivered the two hundred dollars in gold to the county commissioners. The Englishman was paid and the road was reopened. When summer came, John Johnson went to the courthouse for the return of his money as promised. He was told that the commissioners had exceeded their lawful powers in accepting the money from an individual and that they now could not legally pay him back. The counsel for the commissioners made a proposition that would have fleeced him of much of the debt owed to him. It was what might have been expected from a courthouse which the farmers regarded as a nest of scoundrels.

John Johnson had a practical answer. He got himself chosen in a precinct caucus as a delegate to the convention at which the particularly offending commissioner was to stand for renomination. Then with friends who were chosen as other delegates, the determined farmer had voting power enough to decide whether the commissioner would be renominated.

The day after the caucus, an emissary of the tricky commissioner drove up in a buggy and smilingly announced that the commissioner had found a way for the county to repay the money—in about three weeks. John Johnson quickly figured that would be a week after the convention at which the commissioner was seeking renomination. The farmer said he would not trust the commissioner's word, since it had

been untrustworthy before. So the emissary volunteered to go back and get the pledge written and signed in the commissioner's hand. When he arrived with the letter of promise the next day, the farmer read it and then quickly put the letter in his pocket. The emissary was aghast. He was to have given the letter up only if John Johnson agreed to support the commissioner in the convention. The farmer, as he promptly observed, was to be bribed with his own money. John Johnson said he would not return the letter, that he would show it to the convention and drive "that scoundrel out of office." The commissioner himself called and begged for the letter, but it was not returned. It was already in circulation, and the purpose was to defeat the commissioner if he did not withdraw. When the convention met, the scheming commissioner was roundly beaten. His political career, he remarked bitterly, had been ruined by "that Dane."

But Alvin Johnson learned still more in his boyhood's Middle America than courage in the face of adversity and the strength of the individual citizen who chooses to apply himself to the problems of democracy nearest to his hand. He learned that there is prejudice that must be faced, combatted and overcome. For when he was four, his sisters took him to visit the rural school. A kind-hearted girl of ten named Hattie led him about by the hand. Then a big girl named Bertha came up. "Hattiel!" she said sharply. "Take your hand away from that nasty little Dane. He isn't fit to touch your hand." Up to then, little Alvin had not even known that he was a Dane or that Danes were not liked by some people.

The boy learned from parents who were natural-born educators, particularly his mother, who read Herbert Spencer and believed in votes for women; from a neighboring uncle, George Bille, who possessed unquenchable intellectual interests and books like Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Grote's *History of Greece* and Green's *Short History*; from the old-fashioned farmstead, where an inquisitive child found out the ways of plants and animals and the influ-

ence of weather on life and how geology recorded time on the faces of eroded valleys. But nothing else he learned was to guide so much his course over three-quarters of a century as the meanness and injustice of prejudice against people because of racial or nationalistic backgrounds.

This was not just because Alvin Johnson was that "nasty little Dane." His father, when he was still Jens Jensen Deyrup, back in Denmark, was befriended by a Jewish peddler at a critical moment. The personal attachment that resulted was so deep that the young man became a stanch defender of Jews on all occasions. In contrast to those non-Jewish parents who consciously or otherwise teach anti-Semitism, John Johnson deliberately taught pro-Semitism to his children. Admiration for Jewish people came to be as much a part of Alvin Johnson as the Missouri Valley soil on which he drove a team by the time he was ten.

The father's admiration for the Jewish way of life led him to declare his son a man at the age of thirteen and to grant him his independence from paternal control. By formal agreement the youth took over the farm for the next five years, with the expectation that his one-third share of the income would build up the funds required to see him through college. The father would volunteer no advice about running the farm, but he would give suggestions if asked.

Drought that seared crops and cholera that killed hogs knocked the plan awry, but left the young farmer enough capital to start at the University of Nebraska when he was eighteen. He intended to prepare himself for medicine. But his interests changed, and after two years he began to center on the classics and philology. With Willa Cather for a classmate, he learned Latin and Greek almost as modern languages. Tacitus and Thucydides and Horace became his friends of the long, cold winter evenings, friends who still would be riding with him on Manhattan subways a half-century later.

Graduation came in 1897, and with it an appointment as a teaching fellow in Greek. The next year he struggled with a class in

PORTRAIT: ALVIN JOHNSON

Homer and then one in Xenophon, meanwhile completing the work for a master's degree. Then the Spanish-American War broke out. The young teacher set aside his hatred of war, learned from his father and confirmed by books, and enlisted to take his part in his country's hazards and to share the experience of soldiering. At Chickamauga, Georgia, where he trained for four months, he saw the young men from the Nebraska plains sick or dying of malaria, dysentery and typhoid. He and only two others survived in his tent of six. Horrified by the waste in life and time and substance, he thought anew about war and asked himself whether this might be the opening skirmish in a world-wide conflict that would destroy Europe's reactionary empires and complete the liberations begun by the American and French revolutions. The one definite answer was that philology was no longer the field for Alvin Johnson. As soon as he was discharged, he set out for New York and Columbia University to study political economy. And he planned to have a first-hand look at Wall Street, the center of so many of the farmers' troubles.

For a great faculty of social scientists that included Burgess, Boas, and Seligman, Dunning, Goodnow, John Bates Clark and John Bassett Moore, the young Nebraskan produced a doctoral thesis on rent in modern economic theory. He had already begun to teach economics at Bryn Mawr by 1901, and with it started a peripatetic academic career that saw him on the faculties of seven universities in barely more than twice as many years. After Bryn Mawr there came other teaching posts in rapid succession: Columbia, where he married Edith Henry in 1904; Nebraska, his alma mater; Texas, where a young history instructor named Walton Hamilton was "the best student" he ever had; Chicago, scene of a feud with the Columbia economists; Stanford, which was delightful but too far from the current centers of progressive strength in politics; Cornell, where he went through the campaign of 1912, enjoyed students such as Hu Shih, followed the urge to write a novel of university life, *The Professor and the Petti-*

coat, and indulged a steadily growing interest in periodical literature about public affairs; then Stanford again for two of the war years.

This Veblen-like nomadic career was not without purpose. There were advances in rank and salary, to be sure, but these were not motivating. Alvin Johnson had the broad outlook of the prairies that makes the entire country a man's bailiwick. He wanted to know the whole of his land, and the one best way to do it was to live and work for a while in every part of it—North, South, East and West. His family grew until there were seven children. Yet there was never any problem of taking them out of school in one place and settling them down again in another. Their mother was a natural teacher as well as a person of amazingly wide knowledge. She took each in turn through kindergarten, the elementary grades and a full high-school course. Not until the sons and daughters of Alvin and Edith Johnson entered college did they meet the formal education of the school system.

All the while, the migratory teacher was writing and editing. At Columbia he worked on *The New International Encyclopedia*. He wrote for *The Political Science Quarterly*, *The Quarterly Journal of Economics* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. When the *New Republic* appeared as a journalistic accompaniment of the progressive movement in politics, he contributed to almost every issue in the first year. Then in 1917, the teacher turned publicist and joined the staff with Herbert Croly, Walter Lippmann and Francis Hackett. Association with them and their friends from both sides of the Atlantic was exciting. At home the new forces in politics were getting things done with Wilson, La Follette, Pinchot, Brandeis, Borah, Norris and Hiram Johnson. Abroad was the war that soon would reach to the wheat fields of Nebraska and claim other farmers' sons. A thousand questions had to be debated in staff meetings and appraised in editorials and articles for the stream of weekly issues.

There were new forces in teaching, too. John Dewey, Charles A. Beard and James

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Harvey Robinson had decided it was time to liberate education from the old academic restrictions, and Alvin Johnson was among the first to join them. With stout help, they founded the New School for Social Research in New York in 1919. At first, the *New Republic* editor was little more than a trustee of the venture. As financial and administrative troubles piled up in the first two years, he became increasingly interested. When liquidation seemed inevitable in 1922, he took over to direct it for the next quarter-century. Nothing could have been better suited to his talents. He believed with intense conviction in the necessity for adult education. He knew that in educating men and women beyond college years, the great United States trailed far behind the little Denmark of his parents. He saw the New School as "not confining itself to problems of the present, however urgent, or the problems of the future, however imperative, but aiming at something deeper, the discovery of the forces operating to rebuild civilization, to strengthen faith in the power of intelligence and enlightened will—to recreate a world." He relished the challenge of applying the idea where it would meet with doubt and resistance, but also with enthusiastic support. In the face of discouragement and difficulty he was indefatigable. Again and again he remembered his father's calm counsel after the tragedy of the runaway horses.

Free minds liberate other minds. The early staff of teachers, in addition to the founders, included Thorstein Veblen, Wesley C. Mitchell, Horace M. Kallen, Roscoe Pound, Graham Wallas, Harold J. Laski, Eduard C. Lindeman, Franz Boas, John B. Watson, Morris R. Cohen, W. I. Thomas, Julian Huxley and Stark Young. First quarters at London Terrace on West Twenty-third Street were soon outgrown, and from the depression years arose the modernistic building at 66 West Twelfth Street, now in turn outgrown. In a recent year, some 5,000 students with an average age of 33, but ranging from 20 to 79, attended more than 300 courses taught by 219 instructors. Four out of five studied only for the sake of knowl-

edge, but degrees, including the doctorate, could be had by those who qualified. A third were engineers, lawyers, doctors, architects and other professional people. Eight hundred were clerical and sales workers, and some were business executives. Housewives numbered 500 and teachers 250. Not everybody might learn Greek at 80 as Cato did, but those who wanted to go on learning year after year were legion. When the twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated in 1944, the congratulatory messages from over the world included a letter from the White House, signed: Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Has anyone ever met more fully the need of the hour in his field than Alvin Johnson did in his when he created the New School's Graduate Faculty—its "University in Exile"—to provide a refuge for scholars driven out of Europe by the twin tyrannies of nazism and fascism? The question is a fair one. For the Johnson idea was a great idea greatly carried out. As Hitler made life intolerable for Germany's best social scientists, Alvin Johnson brought such men as Emil Lederer, Arnold Brecht and Hans Simons to America. Beginning with a dozen refugees in 1933, the faculty grew to a score and more, mostly Germans, but including Austrians, Russians, a Spaniard and an Italian. When Hitler's armies overran France and Belgium, French-speaking exiles were brought to the New School to form the *École Libre des Hautes Études*. Jacques Maritain was its chief. On its staff were scholars of the quality of Paul Van Zeeland, Gustave Cohen and Henri Gregoire. Innumerable problems had to be solved. Patience and diplomacy were required, but also ability to act quickly when every hour counted in saving a scholar from imprisonment. Alvin Johnson handled so many visas and so often served other educational institutions which desired to help an individual scholar that he became virtually a functionary of the State Department. When the history of higher education in the first half of the twentieth century is written, the story of the New School's Graduate Faculty will be one of its brightest achievements.

PORTRAIT: ALVIN JOHNSON

The true worth of many of these exiled scholars Alvin Johnson already knew from his experience as the associate editor of the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences* who handled their contributions to that monumental stock-taking of social knowledge of the 1930's. Edwin R. A. Seligman was nominally editor-in-chief, but his illness threw the editorship on the director of the New School, who selected most of the contributors, read, edited, translated and rewrote articles and generally carried through the project that John Dewey likened to the work of Diderot and the Encyclopedists. The task, performed in the name of ten constituent scholarly societies, was to gather the best thought in the social sciences over the world. Max Lerner, himself one of the brilliant company, recalls that the working editor had a big bear-like capacity for taking a litter of cubs and licking them into shape as an editorial staff. The unique Johnson contribution was "to know enough about everything and not too much about any one thing to get stuck beyond extrication." Surely the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences* was and still is the United States' most distinguished contribution to international scholarship. Yet Alvin Johnson would take greater satisfaction in knowing that a second world-wide inventory of social learning and practice were now in progress than in his own pioneering work on the first.

This emphasis on administration of the New School and the editorship of the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences* obscures a solid economist's contribution to his own field of inquiry. For when the American Economic Association chose him as its president for 1936, it acknowledged not his skill at managing a faculty or a staff, but as a creative worker in economic science. His presidential address was surprisingly brief, barely more than three pages, but the brevity only underscored the importance of his message and the clarity with which it was phrased. The economist cannot be justly criticized, he said, as aloof from issues of his time. Where the economist may be fairly held to account is in the slowness of his response, which allows too long

a lag between the questions put to him and the answers he works out. When the world is undergoing transition, delayed answers may come too late to be of value. The trouble is that the economist has refused to pass judgment because he still lacks 10 per cent of the data which he regards as necessary. Yet the practical affairs of the world must be conducted on much less adequate data than 90 per cent. Overlooking the fact that his data must always be less than perfect, the economist guides too much by academic perfectionism and less by the demands of the world in which he lives. The result is that politics acts in crises for the most part without the benefit of the economist's valuable services.

To recognize Alvin Johnson the economist, Adolph Lowe and a group of other beneficiaries of his later achievements are publishing for his eightieth birthday, December 18, a collection of his studies in economic analysis and economic sociology and history, including papers on technological unemployment and monopoly. Among them are his strong, balanced defense of capitalism as an economic system and a tribute to the common man for age-old wisdom and self-discipline. This harvest of his scholarly writings presents, in his own words, the "faith of a skeptic."

One of his more notable public services anticipated by a decade the United States Supreme Court's historic blow against racial discrimination. By appointment of Governor Thomas E. Dewey in 1943, he became vice-chairman—second only to Irving M. Ives, then Assembly majority leader at Albany—of the New York commission which conducted hearings all over New York State on the problem of discrimination in employment. The same commission—with Alvin Johnson doing much of the work—then drafted a statute that barred discrimination on account of race, color, creed or national origin. This was a monumental attack on racial prejudice, and millions are becoming its beneficiaries.

It is almost impossible for Alvin Johnson to speak without sparking ideas. When friends held a reception in his honor five

years ago in Washington, he told them that the national capital should and could become an "intellectual capital" as well as a political one. The multiplicity of organizations of independent groups of educated people in Washington kept them from making the total impression that was rightfully theirs to make. He proposed a new New School, this one in Washington, for which he predicted 20,000 students in 10 years, half of them from the immediate area and half from all over the United States.

For years he has written model editorials in the New School's weekly bulletin. If teachers of journalism want their students to know informed editorial writing at its provocative best, they will include on every journalism library reading list Alvin Johnson's two collections of his clear, concise commentaries: *Deliver Us from Dogma* (1934) and *The Clock of History* (1946). Long before it became the fashion in Washington to say so, Alvin Johnson was writing that under the threat of the atomic bomb we can never afford war again, since peoples on both sides could be destroyed almost entirely by vaporization. He warned that no amount of investment or security system could keep the bomb a monopoly of the nations that are just and humane. He has written that the United States will never fight Russia on account of Soviet ideologies, indeed that no country has ever gone to war over ideology. He sees the Negro problem as 100 per cent American, and fascist methods for dealing with it as part of the American practice. And he observes the international fascists fishing in our troubled waters, hoping to make something much more extensive out of racial discrimination in the United States, to the subversion of our democratic institutions. The economist in him points out that economic discrimination, not social, is the great vice in our race relations. As to the working of our politics, admittedly too often the lesser man is elected and the wrong policy is chosen. But, remembering his father's grass-roots application of the democratic process in Dakota County, Nebraska, Alvin Johnson rejects the notion that the American people

are fickle, prone to swift and ill-considered action, contemptuous of values they do not understand. He reads history and finds we are not so uninformed politically as only a generation ago. He notes that political literature has improved and that the best of our political leaders on both sides deal with the issues. And because democracy is cordial to special ability and appreciative of achievement, our task is to find ways of improving democracy's lights—and that task is especially the mission of adult education.

The man who has added these cameo editorials to scholarly writings in economics knows his way in other forms of literature. His novel *Spring Storm* (1936) is both a nostalgic love story and social history of the rural Nebraska of his youth. In *Pioneer's Progress* (1952), he has put on the shelf of American autobiography a book to stand with Jane Addams' *Twenty Years at Hull House*. And Clara W. Mayer, who has worked with him from earliest days at the New School, ventures the opinion that a book of his letters on a myriad of themes would rank among the finest collections of correspondence. But whatever the form, Alvin Johnson seldom rewrites. His thinking is done before he starts, the corrections already made.

The sturdy Nebraskan farm boy grew to be a large man with features hewn out of the bluffs of his Missouri Valley. He has been described as gruff and kindly, as wise and shrewd, as pugnacious and undogmatic, as modest and relentless, as an astute politician, as a warm friend of young people. He has always wanted to know all the handicaps, but he has no use for a counsel of despair. Once when the odds were heavily against success, he told his co-workers: "Anyone can spin a rope of hemp; we've got to make ours of sand." Again: "Quality breeds quality; if we keep the standard high we'll make the grade." And to quote once more: "The physicists have discovered the possibility of penetrating the black fog of London with infra-red rays. Reason is, after all, a kind of infra-red ray." By epigram and

PORTRAIT: ALVIN JOHNSON

by example he has imbued others, as John Dewey said, with the ardor that possesses him.

No description of Alvin Johnson would be remotely complete that did not tell how he revises his opinions in the light of new information, how he admits error when he has come to believe himself wrong. A fresh example is striking. On October 27, 1952, he led a group of some twenty-five distinguished residents of the New York area in announcing support for General Dwight D. Eisenhower for President. He said he was placing the country's welfare above party loyalty. Expecting that General Eisenhower as President could engage in successful tactical maneuvers in political affairs, as he had engaged in military maneuvers, Alvin Johnson said that he and his co-signers believed that General Eisenhower through "wise and resolute leadership could secure unity among the people of the United States and of the free world." And so an outstanding Democrat urged the election of Republican Eisenhower in a statement widely printed by the press in the fall of 1952. Eighteen months later, after watching the Eisenhower Administration in operation, he had changed his mind. He confessed in a new letter that in 1952 he had bombarded the editors with arguments for General Eisenhower even before many newspapers had decided whom to support. He had done it with a yearning for "an era of good feeling under General Ike who would stand for all the people." But his hopes were defeated. Eisenhower might "still like to be President of all the people but he was the victim of fatal advice."

The President's attitude toward TVA reflected this bad counsel. For TVA was and is an inspiring demonstration of American creativeness, as nonpolitical as the Constitution, administered first by David E. Lilienthal on a nonpartisan basis and then by Gordon R. Clapp in the same nonpolitical way. Yet Gordon Clapp was not reappointed at the end of a nine-year term as a career administrator. That was sign enough for Alvin Johnson. With regret he left the

ranks of the Eisenhower Democrats then and there. In this failure to keep public servant Gordon Clapp in a post he had adorned, Alvin Johnson found evidence of the Eisenhower Administration's incapacity to govern. So he wrote to the press, May 20, 1954. By October 3, he was convinced that only the election of a Democratic Congress could save President Eisenhower from the McCarthys, Knowlands and other irresponsibles in his own party. Convinced himself, "A. J." wrote it out in print for all to read.

Mere mention of his name hangs a gallery of pictures for those who know him—Alvin Johnson talking with firebrand Mother Jones in Texas in a time of labor trouble in the West; making the rounds of Carnegie libraries to see what odd things communities had done with their library grants; trimming trees and sawing up firewood on his sweep of ground along the Hudson at Nyack; receiving the award of Officer of the Legion of Honor from France; enjoying a strawberry sociable on a Southern Illinois church lawn; presenting the case for the wise use of human talents after a retirement age of sixty-five; working with Joseph Urban on the plans for the Twelfth Street building of the New School; sacrificing his time for pursuit of his own field of scholarship to the greater cause of saving other scholars; living life to the full with family and colleagues, untrammelled by dogma, knowing no fear where ideas are free and exchange is in good faith, confident that after the spring storm comes growth and with growth maturity and harvest in summer's golden sun.

John Johnson's farmer boy from the heartland long since became a world citizen with fellow Americans like Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., Louis D. Brandeis, John Dewey, Eleanor Roosevelt, Carl Sandburg, Learned Hand, Archibald MacLeish. But his work has changed hardly at all. He is still gathering wheat shocks from threatened fields. He is still building storm-proof stacks of grain—only now all his grain is seed grain.

..... *The Scholar's Scratch Pad*

JACQUES BARZUN

Anyone who, like myself, lives within walking distance of a seat of learning—which means about 98 per cent of the population of the United States—is familiar with the wintry sight of the athlete limbering up on the wooden track. There he stands, a forked radish in a gray union suit, the semblance of a man who has just escaped half clad from a fire. He seems to be leaping about in anguish, or perhaps to keep warm. Arms outspread, he touches the ground to the left and then to the right of his flexible torso. Is he picking up his minor belongings scattered on the brown grass, and is it an expression of joy when he starts again to move his legs up and down on one spot, at the risk of knocking his teeth out with his knees?

No, as I come nearer and make out his features, I discover that he must be engaged in some intellectual exercise, for there is a slight frown on his face. Indeed, the nervous instability of his whole being suggests a conscious repetition of the Darwinian struggle for survival. He sketches motions of throwing with his arms; or, bending from the waist, he gives sudden starts as if he heard the whizz of flint heads to the rear. He runs a few desperate steps, then stops, proving that he is merely reliving in thought the ascent of man. The gray cotton training suit is no primitive garment and this rehearsing of feats for muscular preparedness is obviously a work of highly civilized imagination. If any doubt should linger, there is the Georgian gymnasium in plain sight and the chapel bell is tolling.

You and I have now reached the classrooms and laboratories, and the thought occurs to us: Are they doing as well in there with their invisible muscles of mind

as our galloping galoot outside? There is between the two a great discrepancy. To begin with, his is a recognized form of training and self-discipline. Every beholder of his antics is ready with an explanation of them, and it takes an effort of the will to consider them in any way singular or ludicrous. Then again he is envied, in a manly spirit, for the way he spends his time. In the opinion of the community he holds a place of prestige and power, and to the school he is without question an indispensable man—one of eleven or nine or some other number cherished by philosophers. If he sprains his wrist or sneezes significantly, thousands grow despondent. Lastly, it is universally agreed that by his apparently meaningless gestures he is doing himself a great good: he is keeping fit.

"Fit for what?" is not a proper question. Fit to be a man, fit for his own enjoyment, fit to be hugged by the girls, fit. But the other question persists as to whether the others, indoors, mere potential men in contrast with him, half men at best, are developing their strength of mind in a comparable degree with a comparable seriousness. Is there a slight frown on *their* faces, or only a blank bored look?

Certainly the outside world wants them to be "competent, useful members of society," and if that entails—for no reason that one can give—a knowledge of algebra and at least four plays of Shakespeare, why, the world bows to blind Necessity. But the world does not cheer the strugglers for this kind of life: it demands that survival shall be easily within the reach of all; and it would jeer at any eccentric who should publicly flex his mental muscles and hope for applause.

II

All this is nothing new. The unpalatable truth came out at the trial of Socrates; and when Petrarch, almost two thousand years later, was urging the city fathers of Florence to establish a chair of Greek, he took care to tell them it would be good for business. Paradox or not, it is always and everywhere true that man at large claims superiority over the rest of creation by virtue of his sublime intellect, but as an individual the first and chiefest thing he cares about is to have his fellow-man feel his biceps.

The anomaly is not so irrational as might be supposed. The simple truth is that the analogy between physical and mental strength is imperfect. As Shaw says somewhere, the fact that one man has knocked down another who is unable to get up before the count of ten is evident to all beholders; whereas the excellence of *King Lear* will forever be subject to dispute. We are bodies first and the physical eye is our trustiest witness. For the great majority, it is the sole witness—to truth, to merit, to the desirable goal of life.

The mind's eye, contrariwise, develops irregularly, by accident—or so it seems. Only those in whom it is sharp by nature can discern its function or its worth in others; nor is it ever quite certain among its possessors what it is they see, much less how they can teach one another to see rightly. The one notable success in unifying men's ideas, the success of science, has come from reducing, once again, the invisibly conceived to the physically perceived. Admirable, but it still leaves the old, vast, treacherous territory of indispensable knowledge to be conquered anew by each mind. On the margins of science itself, the confused fight in the fog goes on among the sharpest seers we have—witness Einstein and Niels Bohr when they come to discuss Space, Time, Energy—or the good life of a master plumber.

III

Master plumber indeed! We still have to

do our own plumbing, to the extent that we see depths to plumb. We mustn't fool ourselves. Because the newspapers speak of the digital computer as a "brain," and pretend that it is busy learning to translate Russian, we mustn't think that one of these days we shall hear it lip the secret of the universe—or even tell us when we should carry our umbrella.

To be sure, there is as yet no literal belief in these possibilities and it may seem as if the danger of handing over our destiny to a tangle of copper wires were an alarmist's exaggeration. The great I AM is not ready to slip a notch into the great I BM. But the indirect danger is not remote. The talk about "brains" existing outside man strengthens the rooted faith in mechanical operation; it fosters the natural, inescapable prejudice which says that only the physical is real. Perhaps we cannot help speaking of another man's brain when we mean his mind—though an earlier age would have pointed out that all men have brains, including idiots, whereas minds can be absent or vacant or vestigial. But we might do well to remember that first and last it is the mind that feeds the brain: the electronic computer clicks out its miraculous results because it has been fed the facts, has received the push and been created by certain minds. And it makes no mistakes because it isn't busy thinking.

Similarly, it is the mind and nothing but the mind that feeds the infant brain, from the first words of the miscalled "native" tongue to the rudimentary ethics of "No touch!" So far we see the desirability of "putting our minds" on the task, and we do pretty well. But later on we give up, or grow foolishly embarrassed. We turn out the young mind to scrubby pastures and expect it to feed itself. We seldom notice when it "grows pale and thin and dies," and we never by any chance require of it hygiene and callisthenics. We have been told that there is no such thing as mind at large, only aptitudes, and this dogma we accept. Or if we do believe in general intelligence, we take it as a self-perpetuating characteristic, like brown eyes, which needs no fur-

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

bishing. We vigorously rub the scalp against prematurely falling hair, but a hard rub of the mind is rude and probably indecent. We are left to our own devices, which means a relishing of defeatism that is akin to complacency.

IV

Yet giving "so little for the mind"—to quote the wonderful title of a book I haven't read—and encouraging but few minds to take pride in keeping fit, we should not be surprised that we have a "problem of communication." Ten thousand years after the invention of speech, writing and the alphabet, we cannot say "Boo" to a goose and be sure of being understood. Write it down and you become "controversial." Pictures might help—the alphabet obviously was not a sound idea. As for explaining by word of mouth, it clearly makes you a disturber of the peace—the peace of mind naturally craved by those who have never learned to listen.

I remember those dispiriting forty-five minutes on the boat from the mainland to Martha's Vineyard last summer. The day was mild and fair and I was among the first on board, hoping precisely for quiet. But my corner was soon invaded, at first by an elderly couple who were pleasant enough until they began to converse.

"I think it's going to clear some more," said she.

"Hunh?"

She repeated it. A pause, then he spoke up:

"The wind's going to shift and maybe we'll get the smoke blowing this way."

"Whunh?"

He had to repeat. Neither was deaf, but during the entire trip it was "Hunh, whunh, hunh, whunh" every ten seconds, as from a repellent species of ducks.

And they were not alone: mothers came and did not listen to their children, who reciprocated a hundredfold. Foursomes of young people stood about taking color movies by simply pressing a button, but experienced the greatest difficulty in conveying their wishes to one another. Every idea was gone over, shredded up and regurgitated. The steamship company should have provided a translator, a go-between. But where could it find one? When we were about to dock, a passenger standing close to the purser asked in clear tones whether we stopped any length of time at Vineyard Haven or sailed right on. The young official said: "Hunh?" He too was a duck.

And I began to long for the life of the solitary athlete galvanized into action by imaginary noises.

The Scholar's Scratch Pad is to be a regular department in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. In each number, a member of the Editorial Board will set down his musings, casual or urgent, on a subject or subjects of his own choosing. This "editorial corner" will "belong," in each number, to the editor who occupies it. Responsibility and praise or abuse are his alone. Mr. Barzun's comments constitute the first such contribution; Louis Kronenberger will write on The Scholar's Scratch Pad for the Spring number.

—EDITOR

..... *The Revolving Bookstand*

Dignity and Passivity

REALITIES OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By George F. Kennan. *Princeton: Princeton University Press. 120 pp. \$2.75.*

Reviewed by ASHER LANS

It is entirely appropriate that this book should open with a sketchy historical introduction to American foreign policy. For one of George Kennan's basic themes is that the diplomacy of the United States, after having been conspicuously successful between 1789 and 1898, has throughout most of the twentieth century deteriorated into well-intended, but impractical and therefore dangerous utopianism.

A rationally conducted foreign policy has as its aim, Kennan contends, the perpetuation of the domestic program of the ruling group in any society. The laissez-faire concept dominated American politics during the nineteenth century. The diplomatic corollary of laissez faire was the Monroe Doctrine: the insulation of "the physical intactness of our national life from any external military or political intrusion." In carrying out this policy, American statesmen of earlier generations "dealt very frankly and confidently with power realities." They did not seek to reconstruct the world in the image of the United States; they merely sought to maintain a "favorable . . . foreign environment."

With the beginning of the twentieth century, Kennan alleges, our statesmen devoted themselves increasingly to the cultivation of the "American dream" of peace by "contractual arrangement," such as arbitration and disarmament treaties and eventually the United Nations and other multilateral organizations. Our political leaders cherished the illusion that the "dark cloud of violence and aggression . . . was the product

of the ill will of a few individuals and would disappear" when the malfactors were banished from the scene. Hence the people of the United States have been bemused into accepting a devil theory of war and peace.

Mr. Kennan further postulates that any attempt to conduct a foreign policy upon ethical standards is foredoomed to failure. "Let us not assume that the purposes of states . . . are fit subjects for measurement in moral terms." The origin of every nation lies in acts of violence. Our diplomacy should not be "predicated on any hope for the early total abolition of violence from the affairs of nations, but concerned primarily to reduce the scope and dangerousness of such violence where it cannot be avoided."

In seeking to achieve this limited objective, we should resort to the "traditional devices of political expediency." Free trade in goods and ideas should supplant economic aid. "The power to take decision" must not be divorced from the "power to implement decision"; important political determinations must be made by the great states and not by vote of a United Nations majority "composed mainly of smaller and weaker countries." We should not attempt to guide the internal governance of the peoples of the "unsettled areas," but we must protect our investment in raw-material production.

Once again, as in his earlier book, *American Diplomacy*, Mr. Kennan attributes many of our difficulties to the statesmen who, allegedly influenced by the "delusion" of total surrender, wrote the "Carthaginian" paces of 1919 and 1945.

The coalition of powers that overcame Napoleon after twenty years of war had as much reason to hate the French as the victorious states of 1945 had to fear Germany and Japan. However, by the extreme moderation displayed at the Congress of Vienna, France was reassimilated into the community of Europe and was not driven into restless xenophobia. We are presumably

♣ASHER LANS practices law in New York City. He was formerly a lecturer at Brooklyn College, Hunter College and the College of the City of New York.

supposed to infer that international tension would be much less if the Hohenzollerns had been left on the German throne after the First World War or if the Second World War had been terminated by a truce negotiated with some strong, de-Nazified leader of the Third Reich.

The unconditional surrender issue illustrates the limitations of Mr. Kennan's naturalistic approach. The appeal to history seems to me to prove nothing at all. The terms of peace in 1919 may have been misguided, but the "villains" were not the American idealists but the European realists. For the reparations claims and military occupations which followed World War I were not instigated by the "dreamer" Wilson but by the "sophisticated" Clemenceau and Lloyd George. In the past, Mr. Kennan has called on Americans to approach the "irritating and unpleasant" events which occur "outside our borders" with the same "detachment" with which a physician contemplates disease. The conquest of Manchuria, the invasion of Ethiopia, the Anschluss with Austria, the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia were all accepted by detached statesmen as concessions to "realities," unfortunate but pragmatically necessary.

The moderation which characterized the diplomacy of the nineteenth century was not the product of superior wisdom, but a reflection of the moderation the great European nations displayed toward one another and of their ability to externalize their major aggressions into Asia and Africa. In addition, there were no basic ideological issues dividing the ruling elite of the various European states, and, after Napoleon, there was no state aiming at domination of the Continent. Indeed, if historical analogies are of value in the formulation of contemporary American foreign policy, our major attention should be given to the religious conflicts and overweening national ambitions that engulfed the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The present is not the first era whose disputes could not be resolved by "political expediency" or by "realistic" give-and-take.

"Realism" impels Mr. Kennan to sug-

gest that our foreign policy has erred in an attempt to accomplish too much. For example, the industrialization of underdeveloped countries (including presumably Point IV and similar programs) is an achievement not "worth the price." For such change undermines the "authority of the past"; and "wherever, above all, the experience of the father becomes irrelevant to the trials and searchings of the son—there the foundations of man's inner health and stability begin to crumble, insecurity and panic begin to take over, conduct becomes erratic and aggressive."

While the literary style may be different, this is precisely the theme of the "old China hands." Mr. Kennan finds that the sources of Soviet strength in Asia lie in "the general social unrest" and "in the receptiveness of millions of people to ideological clichés. . . ." The chief policy recommendation is that "as things stand today," we should principally display "toward the people of these unsettled areas an American personality marked by a very special reserve and dignity." In any case, Mr. Kennan does not seem to feel that our relations with Asia are of great moment. For, we are told, China's limited resources preclude attainment of any important military or economic status, and the problem of aggression is, after all, 80 per cent in Indo-China. In the present author's hands, "realism" is not very far removed from the preachment of inactivity.

Much of Mr. Kennan's reputation is based upon his analyses in past writings of the sources of Soviet conduct. *Realities of American Foreign Policy* commences its discussion of communism with an incisive survey of the Soviet Union's geopolitical position. On the level of policy, this book is uninformative and devoid of suggestions. It is contended that, apart from war, the area of Communist control can be reduced only as a result of compulsions (which remain unspecified) arising "within the structure of Soviet power itself." We are told that the warmth of our national life and leadership, "if these were what they should be," will by gentle indirection overcome the Iron Curtain. The containment of the

Princeton

UNIVERSITY PRESS

Realities of American Foreign Policy

By GEORGE F. KENNAN

Here in brief compass is the best thinking of America's outstanding diplomatic mind on the problems of Russian expansion, Western disunity and weakness, and the ways to diminish the threat of war. "Notable for its sanity, its penetration, and its steadfast recognition of the complexity of issues and the inescapable limits of foreign policy."—*Atlantic*. 130 pages. \$2.75

Danger in Kashmir

By JOSEF KORBEL, foreword by Fleet Admiral CHESTER W. NIMITZ

While both East and West await the new turn of events in this Asian trouble spot, the chairman of the 1948 UN Kashmir Commission here portrays the crucial position of Kashmir in the East-West struggle, the long fight of its people for independence, the conflicting rights of the Indians and the Pakistanis who clash there today, and the sobering extent of Communist infiltration. 364 pages. Maps. \$5

Mathematics and Plausible Reasoning, 2 volumes

By GEORGE POLYA, author of *How to Solve It*

A stimulating guide to the practical and indispensable art of plausible reasoning that has relevance in every field of intellectual activity. Professor Polya, a world-famous mathematician from Stanford University, uses mathematics to show how hunches and guesses play an important part in even the most rigorously deductive science.

VOLUME I: INDUCTION AND ANALOGY
IN MATHEMATICS.

336 pages. \$5.50

VOLUME II: PATTERNS OF PLAUSIBLE
INFERENCE.

240 pages. \$4.50
The Set. \$9



Order from your bookstore, or
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Russians, apart from the maintenance of an adequate defense establishment, is stated to be basically a question of eliminating "areas of softness" in the non-Communist world. No suggestion is made as to methods of eliminating the soft areas; it is implied that time and the forces of nature will effect some sort of "organic" cure.

Mr. Kennan's book contains many important insights. He demonstrates that the increase in Russian power has resulted not from our own diplomatic mistakes but from its own military and economic strength. He argues irresistibly that McCarthyism creates the impression outside of the United States that we are a frightened and irresponsible nation, and therefore an unreliable ally. He shows that the policy of liberation is an invitation either to the slaughter of the anti-Communists in Eastern Europe or to the quick beginning of a third world war.

This book at many points seems to me superficial. If we consider, Kennan-like, the "naked facts" of power, in terms of population, resources and the feasible extent of military preparation, the democratic states are losing position and are in danger of being overwhelmed. The redress of the balance of power in our favor entails securing the defection of some of the Kremlin's allies or attracting the allegiance of neutral nations. Certainly the history of our relations with Tito's Yugoslavia since 1949 indicates that a diplomacy which is prepared to disregard ideological differences has a reasonable prospect of success. As Sir Robert Walpole stated during the middle of the eighteenth century, in explaining England's foreign policy: "The firmest bond of alliances is mutual interest. Men easily unite against him whom they have all reason to fear. . . ." From the standpoint of power politics, a realistic discussion of American diplomacy should concern itself with methods of splitting Mao from Malenkov, of securing the support of the Asiatic neutrals, of tightening the unity of the West European states. Mr. Kennan advocates realism, but he fails to give the term any meaningful content.

My second basic criticism of Mr. Kennan's book is its failure to state any posi-

tive aim for an American foreign policy. The doctrine of containment or the replacement of "soft spots" with situations of strength is a purely defensive approach. In this respect it parallels the actual foreign policy of the United States, which seeks merely to coalesce disparate interests to block the expansion of Soviet power. This is a necessary part of a program, but it is only one step. We cannot fashion a successful foreign policy merely in terms of anti-communism. We must seek to eliminate the conditions upon which communism breeds—poverty, despair, the resentment of ethnic discrimination, and the closed society. Our program surely must be to help develop in as many countries as possible those conditions of life which will remove the incentive to create revolution. Only thus can we convert the disadvantage of an Asia which is too populous and too nationalistic for us to control into the advantage of an Asia whose stake in its own independence will be too strong to permit Russian domination. Mr. Kennan infers that such a foreign policy is overambitious and must confront difficulties, but he presents no alternative except to suggest that we act in a dignified manner.

Thirdly, although Mr. Kennan is a highly moral individual, his book contends that there is a necessary dichotomy between policy and ethics. Such a contention seeks to make a virtue of the major limitation of America's foreign policy. We have permitted the Russians to disseminate without effective opposition the notion that *they* are the only advocates of peace, of racial equality, of opportunity for the dispossessed and underprivileged peoples of the earth. We are competing almost exclusively with money and merchandise.

In a contest for the support and sympathy of mass humanity, an appeal to the purse will never be as effective as an appeal to the person. We denigrate the position of the United States if we seek to conduct our foreign relations without reference to our domestic ideals. At the same time we gratuitously toss away our most effective weapon.

In the long run, there is nothing more

AMERICAN FARM LIFE

By **LOWRY NELSON**. The story of how life has changed on American farms—a change which affects the food we eat, the political party we vote into office, and the peoples of the world. Lowry Nelson pictures each aspect of rural life, from schools, churches, cooperatives and farm organizations to governmental intervention and regulation—showing what has happened over the last fifty years, and what may happen next. \$3.75

MARXISM

The Unity of Theory and Practice

By **ALFRED G. MEYER**. At a time when the military and political forces inspired by Marxist thought threaten to engulf more and more of the free world, it is important to go back and try to understand what Marxism really means. Here is a penetrating analysis of the basic attitudes and ideas behind Marxism as social thought—clearly showing its weaknesses and inconsistencies—and demonstrating the great difference between pure Marxist ideology and the way it has developed in practice. \$3.50

THE LAW OF PRIMITIVE MAN

A Study in Comparative Legal Dynamics

EDWARD ADAMSON HOEBEL, leading authority on primitive law, first develops a working definition of the fundamental rights and duties which can be called—and treated as—law among primitive peoples; and discusses the principles and methods of anthropological field work in this area. The heart of his book is devoted to the primitive lawways of five distinctive societies: dealing with each of these societies in turn, he describes the dynamics of legal conflict and the methods of settlement as these are revealed in human behavior in a host of real cases. In conclusion, he discusses the general nature, functions, and evolution of the law in the light of the evidence given by primitive folkways. \$5.50

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF SWEDEN

By **ELI F. HECKSCHER**; Translated by **GÖRAN OHLIN**. The first publication in English of Heckscher's one-volume condensation of his widely-respected four-volume *Sveriges Ekonomiska Historia*. This brief, clear book provides a comprehensive survey of the development of the Swedish economy: land distribution, agrarian reforms, growth of cities, social structure, foreign influence and immigration, industrial development, population growth, cooperatives, and the rise of the labor movement. Maps, charts, and graphs. \$5.00



At your bookstore, or

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

44 Francis Avenue, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

YALE BOOKS

THE POETRY OF MEDITATION

Louis L. Martz This wide-ranging study offers a new historical and critical approach to the poetry of Southwell, Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan, and touches also upon the work of Marvell, Milton, Hopkins, Yeats, and Eliot. Mr. Martz finds in these writers a "meditative tradition" stimulated by the "art of meditation." \$5.00

DONNE'S POETRY

Clay Hunt A close analysis of *The Good-Morrow*, *The Canonization*, *The Indifferent*, *Love's Alchemy*, *The Blossom*, *To His Mistress Going to Bed*, and the *Hymn to God, My God, in My Sickness*. \$3.75

ANTI-PURITAN SATIRE, 1572-1642

William P. Holden This account of the satirical attacks on the Puritans from the Admonitions to Parliament to the Puritan revolution discusses the differences between the Anglicans and Puritans and examines the arguments of some of the major writers on both sides, including Hooker, Bacon, Milton, and Hall. \$3.75

THE UNMEDIATED VISION

Geoffrey T. Hartman An inquiry into the nature of modern poetry and all poetry, based on an interpretation of Wordsworth, Hopkins, Valéry, and Rilke, each one examined through one poem—Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, Hopkins' *The Windhover*, Rilke's *Die Erwachsene*, and Valéry's *La Dormeuse*. \$3.75

effective than the force of an idea. It was the Declaration of Independence and not the grievances of the Massachusetts merchants that made the American Revolution a going concern. America's international position was strongest when it frankly sought to appeal to the hopes and aspirations of mankind. Woodrow Wilson's mistake, it seems to me, was not the enunciation of the Fourteen Points, but his failure or inability to implement his program. It is our task both to contain our opponents and to devise and proclaim a foreign policy which will give the "in between" states the same stake in democracy and representative government that the United States has. We must transcend our diplomatic tradition, and we must attempt to fashion the future rather than supinely await its dismal arrival.

Social History

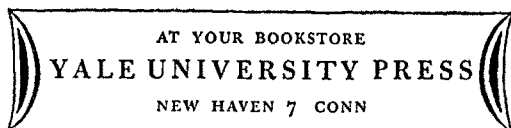
THE REMARKABLE MR. JEROME. By Anita Leslie. Illustrated. *New York: Henry Holt & Company.* 312 pp. \$4.00.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

It might lay a fearful blight on an ordinary book to start off by calling it "social history," but in the truest sense that is what this book is, and it is so fascinating that nothing whatever could blight it. Anita Leslie brings a grace and skill to the writing that are fully worthy of the inherent interest of her materials. Her book reaches quite beyond a single thread of biography and even beyond the study of two extraordinary families of two countries. It evokes superbly the whole upper-level society of England and America in the middle and late nineteenth century. The book includes a good many highly interesting family photographs.

When Winston Churchill addressed Congress in 1941, he remarked that "if my father had been American and my mother British, instead of the other way round, I

© EDMUND FULLER, novelist and critic, is the author of *Brothers Divided*, *A Star Pointed North*, *George Bernard Shaw* and other books.





BOLLINGEN SERIES

1954

XX THE COLLECTED WORKS OF C. G. JUNG

Translated by R. F. C. Hull.

Vol. 17: THE DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY

Papers on the psychology of childhood, applying modern analytical concepts to educational theory and practice. 6" x 9". 235 pages. \$3.75

XXXIX ART OF INDIA: Its Mythology and Transformations

By Heinrich Zimmer. Edited by Joseph Campbell. A comprehensive study of Indian art, and of the legend, myth, and religion that illuminate this influential art tradition. With 700 new photographs by Eliot Elisofon, Gunvor Moitessier, and others.

9" x 12". 480 pages of text. Two vols., boxed. \$19.50

XXXVII JEWISH SYMBOLS IN THE GRECO-ROMAN PERIOD

Vol. 4: THE PROBLEM OF METHOD:

Symbols From Jewish Cult

By Erwin R. Goodenough. A study of the meaning of the cult objects that appear as symbols on the Jewish monuments of the earliest Christian centuries.

9" x 12". 240 pages of text. 32 collotype plates. \$7.50

XLVI THE MYTH OF THE ETERNAL RETURN

By Mircea Eliade. Translated by Willard R. Trask. An essay on mankind's experience of history and its interpretation.

6" x 9". 200 pages. \$2.75

XLVIII THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE AND THE PSYCHE

By C. G. Jung and W. Pauli. Two monographs: Jung's first extensive discussion of his theory of synchronicity, and a study of archetypal ideas in the writings of Kepler by the physicist Pauli.

5½" x 7½". 256 pages, illustrated. \$3.00

DISTRIBUTED BY PANTHEON BOOKS, INC., 333 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. 14
For detailed catalogue write to Bollingen Series, 140 E. 62 St., N. Y. 21

The role of
general semantics
in solving
communication problems

Language, Meaning AND Maturity

SELECTIONS FROM ETC.: A
REVIEW OF GENERAL SEMANTICS

Edited by
S. I. HAYAKAWA

A challenging book compiled from some of the most stimulating work written for the official quarterly of the International Society for General Semantics.

What light does general semantics throw on problems of communication—and what does communication mean? How can general semantics help us to evaluate the controversies, the propaganda, and the special pleading which assail our ears each day? What course should we take when communication breaks down? These are some of the questions dealt with by the twenty-four contributors to this book, including such popular writers in the field as Irving J. Lee, Wendell Johnson, Anatol Rapoport and Carl R. Rogers.

LANGUAGE, MEANING AND MATURITY makes available to the intelligent non-specialist some of the most stimulating discussion of communication problems which has been published in the past ten years. Foreword by Dr. Hayakawa. Indexed. 110,000 words.

\$4.00 at all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

might have got here on my own." In the same spirit, Leonard Jerome need not have been the American grandfather of Sir Winston Churchill in order to qualify as a subject for biography; he could have got there on his own. For Jerome cut a wide swath as one of the foremost figures in America's mid-nineteenth-century era of financial moguls and high-stepping sportsmen. He was one of the dominant men in Wall Street for years. If he did not persist in that dominance—if, after gaining and losing great fortunes several times over, he relinquished the game—it was because it *was* one of his games and not a consuming obsession.

Jerome brought horse racing to New York and made it respectable and established the track that long bore his name. He bred horses so well known that when he gave a team of whites to one of his many loves, the gift was recognized by all the city. He was a connoisseur of vocal artists, including Jenny Lind (to whom Jennie Jerome owed her name) and Adelina Patti, and he nurtured the career of Minnie Hauk, America's first great native prima donna, rumored to be his daughter. He built up an art collection that was lost in a sea disaster. He was aboard the younger James Gordon Bennett's victorious yacht, *Henrietta*, in the first transatlantic yacht race. And not least, his three beautiful daughters were brilliant charmers. Jennie married Lord Randolph Churchill and became the mother of Sir Winston. Leonie was the great-grandmother of the author.

The scene shifts from Rochester to New York, to Trieste and Vienna, to Paris, to England, and to Ireland, always with a rich development of place and people. The Jeromes were great friends of the family of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, both during his reign and after the debacle of the Franco-Prussian War. The insights into this disaster are most unusual. Leonard's wife, Clara, and the girls got out of Paris just before the entrance of the Prussians. In one extraordinary scene, during the later Commune, we see Clara Jerome, amidst disorderly mobs in the gardens of the ruined Tuileries, buying at auction and carting off in a wheelbarrow the imperial dinner serv-

"... there was never anyone quite like him,

and certainly I know of no human comparable to this. It is a unique story, told with incredible fulness by a hundred witnesses—or hundreds it may be—"

—Professor Mark Van Doren

"... his dwelling was amidst the murk and the mist, and the home of his spirit in the abism of the storm, and the hiding places of guilt." (John Galt)

"... he would suddenly deliver the deepest reflections and then shrink again into frolic and levity. The transitions had all the grace of genius, and formed its greatest charm to me, till I learned to consider these lights and brilliant effusions only as the foam that might float on the waters of bitterness." (Lady Byron)

HIS VERY SELF AND VOICE

Collected conversations of LORD BYRON
edited by ERNEST J. LOVELL, JR.

In a new kind of biography—Lord Byron is seen through the eyes of his contemporaries—in a portrait that reveals for the first time the incredible complexity of his mind and personality. The reports of some one hundred and forty individuals who knew and talked with Byron comprise this complete record of his mature life—chronologically organized and accompanied by notes, a detailed index and introductory survey of those friends, enemies, and acquaintances who recorded his colorful and frequently explosive conversation. It is a dramatic and very personal composite.

676 pages

\$7.50

The Macmillan Company

60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

RUTGERS

University  Press

THE MEANING OF NATIONALISM

By *LOUIS L. SNYDER*. The first integrated study of the political, economic, historical, social, and psychological factors that shed light on the meaning of a prime moving force in world history.

Foreword by *Hans Kohn*. \$4.50

THE SELF-MADE MAN IN AMERICA:

THE MYTH OF RAGS-TO-RICHES

By *IRVIN G. WYLLIE*. The first critical analysis of one of the great themes of both literature and life in America, and its relation to the development of our business civilization. Line-cut illustrations. \$4.00

DANTE'S INFERNO

translated by

JOHN A. CIARDI

"Here is Dante for the first time translated into virile, tense American verse; a work of enormous erudition which (like its original) never forgets to be poetry; a shining event in a bad age. Ciardi has discerned and rendered that male vocabulary of Dante which one finds in no other epic poet but Homer."

—*Dudley Fitts, N. Y. Times*. \$4.50

At all bookstores

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS,

New Brunswick, N. J.

ice adorned with golden N's. It is still used by Sir Winston at Chartwell, and the monograms are scarcely scratched.

In the last third of the book, Jennie and Randolph Churchill take the front of the stage. Miss Leslie shows us the worried young lovers maneuvering two proudly obstinate families into consenting to the marriage. Jennie proceeds to overwhelm the Churchills. Then we see the emergence of Randolph as a brilliantly promising statesman who strangely, and without consultation even with his wife, makes a move that effectively ends his career and influence. We have glimpses of Queen Victoria, Disraeli, Prince Edward, and the workings of politics in Victorian England.

In one of several brief pictures, we see thirteen-year-old Winston (called "copper-top") after visiting Rider Haggard and receiving a book, writing: "I like *A.Q. [Allen Quatermain]* better than *King Solomon's Mines*; it is more amusing. I hope you will write a good many more books."

Jennie sparkles, whether playing piano duets with a young Pole named Paderewski, repressing her "ouch" when Victoria jabbed her with the pin while conferring the Order of the Crown of India, or winsomely asking surly workmen to vote for her husband. She once asked Lord Falmouth, "Who on earth is this old demon?" and heard him say, "Why, it's my mother!" She adds a postscript to a letter to "Dearest Mama . . . couldn't you send a barrel of American eating apples to St. James Place? I'm so fond of them." After Randolph's strange political move she writes to Leonie, "I feel very sick at heart sometimes. It was such a splendid position to throw away."

Old Leonard, no longer a tycoon but still wealthy, quietly working to support his daughters (married or not) in the manner to which he had accustomed them, finally died in England. Once he tried reading the Old Testament, but shortly thrust it away, saying "What horrible people!" As we watch his incredible energies, his gambles, his affairs, we can only smile with patient Clara Jerome to hear Leonard ask, "Why are the girls so wild?" We can ruminate, too, over the shocking remark of a racing

Motive and Method in *The Cantos* of Ezra Pound

LEWIS LEARY, editor. Four original interpretative essays on recurrent themes in Pound's work: "The Broken Mirrors and the Mirror of Memory" by Hugh Kenner; "Pound and Frobenius" by Guy Davenport; "The Metamorphoses of Ezra Pound" by Sister M. Bernetta Quinn, O.S.F.; and "A Man of No Fortune" by Forrest Read, Jr. \$2.75

The Political Ideas of Harold J. Laski

HERBERT A. DEANE. An examination of Laski's political ideas in their relation to political and social changes from 1914 until his death in 1950. In tracing the development of Laski's ideas in their chronological order, this book becomes as well an incisive survey of modern political thought. \$5.75

Diderot and Sterne

ALICE GREEN FREDMAN. A study in comparative criticism. For many years Diderot's and Sterne's names have been coupled, often because of charges of plagiarism. Mrs. Fredman shows that the foundations of their relationship are far more substantial and significant. \$4.50

The Shakespearean Moment and Its Place in the Poetry of the 17th Century

PATRICK CRUTTWELL. A theory of the course of poetry in the seventeenth century. Mr. Cruttwell also relates the poetry to the thought and feeling of that fifty-year period that witnessed the production of England's most significant and complex literature. He has always something interesting to say, whether on Shakespeare and Donne, or on the various other aspects of seventeenth-century literature and life. \$3.75

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW YORK 27

friend when Winston was born to Jennie and Randolph: "Interesting breeding. Stamina always goes through the dam, and pace through the sire."

Portrait of a Family

THE HOME LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE AND HIS BROTHERS. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company. 731 pp. \$10.00.

Reviewed by LOUIS SIMPSON

The famous and mysterious figure of T. E. Lawrence will attract readers to this work, but the *Home Letters* are not only material to swell a myth: they are a family portrait and the record of a way of life which vanished in the trenches about Mons and Ypres.

There were five Lawrence brothers. T. E. (Ned to his family) became Lawrence of Arabia ("El-Orens, Destroyer of Engines"). He captured Damascus and held it until Allenby arrived; was responsible for making Faisal king of Iraq; wrote *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Disillusioned by the inability of the Allies to fulfill their promises to the Arabs, he sought anonymity in the Tank Corps and the R. A. F.; and, in 1935, he was killed driving his motorcycle at high speed in a Dorsetshire lane. Lawrence's small body and enormous courage, his genius for guerrilla warfare, his almost uncanny sympathy with the Arab, his profound self-questionings, his vanity: these have nourished the myth. Nor will these letters dispel it. Most of them refer to his work as an archaeologist, before the war, when he toured Syria on foot in order to study the architecture of the Crusades and accompanied D. G. Hogarth to the Euphrates to excavate the site of Carchemish for the British Museum, pursuing ancient basalt reliefs with no less energy than he would expend on the destruction of a Turkish battalion in the desert war.

It is not surprising that the letters of

T. E. Lawrence are the least revelatory in the collection. He did not want to be known. Only after much soul-searching did he publish *The Seven Pillars*, and he was happy to see the popular *Revolt in the Desert* withdrawn from publication. These letters, for the most part, are as attractive as the shards of pottery they describe. You would think this man interested only in bicycles, ruins and—of course—Arabs. The most revealing remark about him in these letters is made by his brother Frank, who writes (from the Western Front): "Has Ned sent any explanation of those photos of the dead men? I cannot imagine what he did it for. I could get plenty here if I had a camera and wanted to." At this time T. E. was up to his neck in desert fighting. Perhaps partly, but not entirely, because of the censorship, he tells almost nothing about these experiences—and, no doubt, the impulse to send photos of dead men home arose from a convulsion of the spirit. This archaeologist, collector of stamps and mender of bicycles found in war something—we can scarcely dare to guess what it was—that brought out his possibilities. He was never so active, so happy, again. The stories of his postwar life—as Private Shaw of the R. A. F. in India, or standing beside his portrait in an art gallery, waiting for someone to recognize him—are rather sad.

His brothers Will and Frank, whose letters fill half the volume, were killed in the war—Will, while on duty as aerial observer; Frank, in an infantry battle. T. E. had the genius, but the three brothers stand compact in an English garden. For Frank and Will, to paraphrase the laureate of their war, the Church clock stands at ten to three, and there is honey still for tea. They were devoted to their parents, were horrified at the thought of liquor, and hero-worshipped Ned. Will, in particular, had a secure sense of values. In a small French town, he remarks: "This hotel has some English people, genus bounder to judge by their language, in it . . ."; and, on a boat to Egypt: "The boat is very full, a lot of military men, of Egyptians and Indians, some missionary women (a Miss McNeile is on board I don't know where) and a large

❖ LOUIS SIMPSON is an associate editor of the Bobbs-Merrill Company and an instructor of English at Columbia. He has published poetry and reviews in leading periodicals.

Important New Books from **DOUBLEDAY**

*The dramatic milestones in man's fight for freedom ...
interpreted by a great liberal*

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS **An Almanac of Liberty**

An important book of brief, challenging essays on the men, events, and legal decisions (from 1215 to 1954) that have defined our basic human rights and anchored them into the law of the land. A stirring reminder that the rights some take for granted, some ignore, were not won easily and that we must keep fighting to defend them. \$5.50

A sensitive biography of a great reformer

SUSAN B. ANTHONY *Her Personal History and Her Era* **by Katharine Anthony**

Not only the engrossing story of a dedicated woman with a great cause but the history of an entire reform movement, this is a portrait of the reckless, complex era in which the struggle for women's rights grew and triumphed. By the author of *Queen Elizabeth* and *Catherine the Great*. \$5.95

The development of genius

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL **Robert Sage, editor and translator**

In 1801, a young officer of Napoleon's armies bought a notebook and wrote, "I'm undertaking to write the history of my life day by day . . ." This is the first English publication of Stendhal's fresh, spontaneous reactions to the events of that glittering age — a literary event of considerable importance. Illustrated. \$7.50

THE DRAMA OF ALBERT EINSTEIN **by Antonina Vallentin**

An intimate word picture of the strange, legendary man whose work has changed our world. Illustrated. \$3.95

At all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY



A Fable

A novel by WILLIAM FAULKNER. "Faulkner at his best in the most Faulknerian of all Faulkner's novels."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* \$4.75

SELECTED ESSAYS OF William Carlos Williams

Includes essays on painting, poetry and music, and on specific artists from Joyce to Lorca, from Stieglitz to Robert Lowell. \$4.50

Fifty Years in China

The memoirs of JOHN LEIGHTON STUART, famed missionary and American Ambassador to China. \$5.00

NEW TITLES IN THE Modern Library

AN OUTLINE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY \$1.45

SELECTED POETRY OF ROBERT BROWNING \$1.45

SELECTED STORIES OF EUDORA WELTY \$1.45

GREAT VOICES OF THE REFORMATION

(Modern Library Giant) \$2.45

At all bookstores
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

group of bounders." It is doubtful that Will would have been able to deal with the Arabs.

Frank's letters are the warmest, and there are touches which show him as a most likable human being, who, given time, might have done much. Confronted with the Demon Rum, in the shape of a tot given to each soldier in the trenches, Frank at first held that the yearning of the soldier for a drink was "much more sad . . . than all the deaths in this war." Soon he discovered that a "thimbleful . . . of rum drunk just before lying down warms you enough to let you go to sleep." At the beginning, T. E. Lawrence was no more experienced in the ways of the world than Frank, but he was not taken off by a shell, and one may at least hazard an estimate of the capacity for growth in Frank from considering that of T. E.

The Lawrence letters show little humor. The brothers found the world curious, strange and exciting, but they did not seem to find it comic. Humor requires a letting-down of barriers, a willingness to surrender one's prejudices—and the prejudices to which they were bred were enchanting ones. Humor, worldliness, sophistication may not be, in the long run, qualities which are preferred when Doomsday sounds; and though recent civilization has preferred them, we are beginning to suspect that it may be for want of something better. With a second world war behind us, and a third to be reckoned with, we can no longer feel wiser than the men who were first confronted with this kind of catastrophe—and we may even be able to benefit from their heroism. Heroism—what connotations the word had for the generation between two wars!—connotations of stupidity, if not hypocrisy. But it implies other qualities too, as these lines from a letter by Frank, "not to be delivered till after my death," demonstrate:

I am writing this letter on the hypothesis that I have been killed, so will treat it that way. I am glad I have died, not so much for my country, as for all the many wrongs by which the war was mainly commenced and also which it inspired. The purpose for it all I do not think can be seen by us in this life but there is a

New Oxford Books of General Interest

Thomas Hardy

A Bibliographical Study

By **RICHARD L. PURDY**. As the first extended use of the Hardy books and papers aside from the official biography, this book goes considerably beyond the conventional limits of bibliography to include descriptions of manuscripts, circumstances of composition, and developments of texts. It includes much new material of biographical importance and a number of "lost" prose and verse pieces now properly identified as Hardy's. \$9.00

Plays and Players

By **BERNARD SHAW**. These essays on the theatre provide the first one-volume selection ever offered from Shaw's three-volume *Our Theatres in the Nineties*. His unique knowledge and wit are here applied to Shakespeare, Ibsen, Wilde, Ellen Terry, Bernhardt, Duse and many other playwrights and players of prominence. *World's Classics No. 535* \$1.35

Oxford History of Modern Europe

The Struggle for Mastery in Europe, 1848-1918

By **A. J. P. TAYLOR**. This first volume of a new series (under the editorship of A. L. C. Bullock and F. W. D. Deakin) examines the struggle for power in Europe as it took shape in the diplomatic maneuvers of the period. Beginning with the revolution of 1848, it proceeds through such major events as the Crimean War and the formation of the Triple Entente to the diplomacy of war in 1914-18. \$7.00

Oxford History of English Literature

VOLUME III

English Literature in the Sixteenth Century (Excluding Drama)

By **C. S. LEWIS**. The great medieval literature of Scotland and the works of Sidney, Spenser, and Hooker provide the highlights of this brilliant picture of literary development in the sixteenth century. The concept of "the Renaissance" is carefully kept from imposing a false unity on this complicated period. (*General Editors: F. P. Wilson and Bonamy Dobree.*) \$7.00

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, INC.
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11



purpose all the same. . . . Now I come to a harder part. I know you will grieve for me, and it is no use asking you not to; remember me as one who has gone before, not as one parted for ever. This present earthly life is after all a very limited space of time. Although I have been parted from you on this earth for 8 months, yet all the time I have felt in closer communion with you than when I was at home. . . . I do not think this communion will be broken now.

A Series of Tinkling Afternoons

HESTER LILLY AND TWELVE SHORT STORIES. By Elizabeth Taylor. New York: Viking Press. 210 pp. \$3.00.

Reviewed by SIDNEY ALEXANDER

For years the French have been printing on the advertising strips of their editions of Hemingway, Dos Passos, et al.: *Traduit de l'américain*. Slowly that notion is taking root in Italy too, although it is still not uncommon to hear:

"You are English?"

"No, American."

"Oh well, it's the same thing."

How *not* the same thing it is, one realizes anew while reading this collection of stories by Elizabeth Taylor. For if the American writer's hallmark is vigor, often without art, our British penmen and penladies are likely to offer us art without vigor—barring, of course, the inevitable exceptions. Mrs. Taylor's novelette and short stories are all so well-bred, so trimly achieved, so sensitively written, so intelligent. No one ever knocks over a tray or spills a drop of tea in this series of tinkling afternoons. Even the frank sex-talk (this is the twentieth century) is so nicely minted. There are no holds barred, and yet one feels that no one has really taken hold.

Several of these stories were first published in *The New Yorker*, and they combine that magazine's peculiar matter-of-

factness with a pinch of British irony. The stories seem to be saying: "Here is the way things are, let us laugh, but not with our bellies; let us pity, but without tears." *Civilized* is the word for Elizabeth Taylor.

The title novelette plays delicate female notes on a familiar triangle. Into the placid life of the headmaster of a boys' school comes his cousin, twenty years his junior, and fated to fall in love with the father-image of her protector. The headmaster's wife, Muriel, feels her position threatened by the young girl, and her jealousy leads to the gambit of an almost-affair with the school rake and the destruction of her imagined rival by a series of clean and below-the-belt blows. The wife conquers, the girl marries a dullard instructor of her own age; but Muriel has saved her marriage only to learn that there was nothing to save. If it continues to stand, it will be like a dead tree filled with cement.

The slow burn of an unjustifiable jealousy, the subtleties of feminine in-fighting, the frightened flights of Hester Lilly into the arms of one of those professional eccentric old ladies who inhabit Hitchcock movies and British novels—all this Elizabeth Taylor manages with genuine skill and Jamesian obliqueness. The old eccentric in her thatched hut seems unnecessary; but she, after all, is just another refugee from *Alice in Wonderland*, just as the endemic tea party that tinkles through English fiction seems always to be echoing that first great mad tea party in *Alice*.

When Elizabeth Taylor puts her scalpel to the tissues of the middle-aged wife, she can make you see the twitching of nerves under a relentless light. She is indeed at her best in the pink, scented corridors of female psyches. Here she can make her characters quiver. Yet though we see, we do not quiver with them. For this author's is a fine lute with few sympathetic strings.

"Spry Old Character" is first-rate in every way. The lively, horse-playing old cockney who goes blind late in life and is bored to tears at the country home for the blind to which he has been sent would have gotten along fine with Joyce Cary's Gully Jimson. Listen to this sensitive evocation of a blind

© SIDNEY ALEXANDER, author of *The Celuloid Asylum*, a novel, and *The Marine Cemetery*, a variation on Valéry, has also published several books of poems, numerous short stories and a prize-winning play, *Salem Story*.

Two new volumes in
**THE LIBRARY
OF CHRISTIAN
CLASSICS**

*26 magnificent volumes which will bring to modern
readers the great writings of Christianity from the Early
Fathers through the English Reformation.*

VOLUME II: ALEXANDRIAN CHRISTIANITY

*Edited by HENRY CHADWICK and J. E. L. OULTON. Introduces the
reader to the thinking of two great Christian teachers of the second and third
centuries, Clement and Origen of Alexandria.*

464 pages, \$5.00

VOLUME XI: NATURE AND GRACE

*Edited by A. M. FAIRWEATHER. Selections from the Summa Theologica
of Thomas Aquinas, demonstrating his method and crucial doctrines in his
system of theology.*

400 pages, \$5.00

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

VOL. I. EARLY CHRISTIAN FATHERS
Edited by Cyril C. Richardson. \$5.00

**VOL. III. CHRISTOLOGY OF THE LATER
FATHERS**
Edited by Edward Rochie Hardy. \$5

VOL. VI. AUGUSTINE: Earlier Writings
Edited by J. H. S. Burleigh. \$5.00

VOL. XIV. ADVOCATES OF REFORM:
From Wyclif to Erasmus
Edited by Matthew Spinka. \$5.00

**VOL. XXII. CALVIN: Theological
Treatises**
Edited by J. K. S. Reid. \$5.00

VOL. XXIV. ZWINGLI AND BULLINGER
Edited by G. W. Bromiley. \$5.00

MODERN CHRISTIAN MOVEMENTS

*By JOHN T. McNEILL. The nature and significance of English Puritanism,
German Pietism, the Evangelical Movement, Tractarianism and Anglo-
Catholicism, modern Roman Catholicism, and the Ecumenical Movement in
historical perspective.*

\$3.50

At all bookstores, THE WESTMINSTER PRESS, Philadelphia 7

CAPS & GOWNS

EST. 1912

DOCTORS
MASTERS
BACHELORS
CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS

PULPIT ROBES
CHOIR GOWNS
BAPTISMAL
CONFIRMATION
JUDICIAL ROBES
HIGH SCHOOL

Write for
catalog D49

BENTLEY & SIMON
7 WEST 36 ST. • NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

man's world as he wanders alone from the home for the first time:

"He wandered alone, a little scared, down the drive and out onto the highroad. He followed the brick wall along and turned with it into a narrow lane with a soft surface. . . . The hedges dripped with moisture although it was not raining. All about that neighbourhood there was a resinous scent in the air. . . . Harry's tread was now muffled by pine needles, and a fir cone dropped on his shoulder, startling him wretchedly. Every sound in the hedgerow unnerved him; he imagined small bright-eyed animals watching his progress. From not following the curve of the hedge sharply enough, he ran his face against wet hawthorne twigs. He felt giddiness, as if he were wandering in a circle. . . ."

Beautifully carried out in less than five pages is "A Sad Garden." Reminiscent of Katherine Mansfield in her precise choice of obliquities, Elizabeth Taylor summons up the tragedy of love lost and the hysteria whereby this loss knifes into the present.

"Oasis of Gaiety" begins well enough with some deft brush strokes depicting the absurdity of a fifty-year-old lost generation attempting to behave like twenty-year-old Bohemians. But, as in so many of the stories, the author soon gets deflected into a kind of studied pointlessness that is the trademark of many *New Yorker* stories. One of the pieces is entitled "The Beginning of a Story." Unfortunately, too many of these stories are just that.

"Swan-Moving," however, is a gem. Unaccountably, coming from no one knows whence, a swan settles amidst the rubbish

A MASTERPIECE IN GOLD

by Balfour



The same fine craftsmanship that distinguishes your Phi Beta Kappa key is yours in other Balfour products.

Service Pins

Awards, Cups
Trophies

Citations and Scrolls
hand engraved

Class Rings

Banquet Favors and
Place Cards

Fraternity Pins and
Crested Gifts

L.G. Balfour COMPANY
ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHING

We publish, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form.

Send for free folder.

WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS

Pamphlet Distributing Company

313 West 35th St., N. Y. C. 1

Recent Publications

Melville J. Herskovits'
FRANZ BOAS

"Without making any invidious comparisons let me say that there cannot be a better volume in the Library. Professor Herskovits has written his most readable among the many readable of his books . . . *Franz Boas* is the best critical evaluation of the work and influence of its subject not only upon anthropology but upon humanity's understanding of humanity, wherever that influence has reached."—Ashley Montagu, *Isis*. A TWENTIETH CENTURY LIBRARY VOLUME \$2.50

Paul B. Sears'
CHARLES DARWIN

"To see Darwin in his true light—to get him into accurate perspective, to set him in his proper place in the forces that have molded our cultural background, has been the author's theme. That he has done so well . . . is a credit to the ripeness of his scholarship. This is science at its best. . . . He has written nothing better."—*The Biologist*. A TWENTIETH CENTURY LIBRARY VOLUME \$2.50

J. Newton Friend's
**MAN AND THE
CHEMICAL ELEMENTS**

"Any teacher of general chemistry should forever have a copy of this book within his grasp as an unending source of human-interest stories about the chemical elements. . . . Other scientists who read this in their lighter hours will derive continuing pleasure from it."—Hubert N. Alyea, *The Scientific Monthly*. *illus.* \$6.00

T. W. Chalmers'
HISTORIC RESEARCHES

"The topics covered include friction, heat, electrodynamics, the conductivity of electricity through gases and liquids, the ether drift experiments, the constitution of matter in terms of elements, atoms, and molecules, and some aspects of radiation. . . . The author writes lucidly, coherently, and with some flashes of wit. . . . This is the history of science as it should be written."—Jane Oppenheimer, *American Scientist*. \$5.00

At all bookstores

**CHARLES
SCRIBNER'S
SONS**

597 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

Tobias Dantzig's

HENRI
POINCARÉ

A noted contemporary mathematician, who is also an extremely lucid and fascinating writer, presents the mind and work of one of the leading figures of modern science, the 100th anniversary of whose birth occurs this year. Poincaré—mathematician, physicist, astronomer, and philosopher of science—was a trail-blazer whose work in physics, for example, helped pave the way for some of the most radical theoretical innovations of this century, including Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. Poincaré's studies in the relationship between mathematical systems and scientific laws introduced ideas which are at the heart of many contemporary scientific issues. Taking selected passages from Poincaré's published writings as "texts," Professor Dantzig (a former student of Poincaré) shows how these illuminate whole areas of scientific thought. Previous books by Professor Dantzig include *Number*, *The Language of Science*, *Form*, and *Aspects of Science*. A TWENTIETH CENTURY LIBRARY VOLUME \$3.00

of a dirty old pond in a village that "lacked even the knowledge of its own ugliness." For some reason or other, the swan decides to remain, and children and their fathers bicycling to work begin to feed it. "Even in its charity, the village was backward and untidy, yet the swan coming to it out of the fog and remaining as he did, stirred its imagination and pride." After a while, the presence of the swan begins to work slow miracles of improvement in the neglected village. The grimy cottages around which had lain scattered the rusty old bicycles and thrown-away iron bedsteads begin to preen and paint themselves into a state of shining whiteness after the example of the mysterious visitor. But sometimes even "the idea of charm" goes too far. "A guilty tawdriness was its expression, naïve and peasant-like, but here without steadying ritual or tradition. The vicar, having once despaired at apathy, now winced at exuberance. . . ."

Then, after a stretch of wonderful but rainless weather, the pond threatens to dry up. In a scene with rich ritualistic overtones, the author describes the conveyance of the swan to a new-found pond. But after the villagers depart, their ritual done, the swan flies off into the setting sun, never to return. The god has served his mission of awakening the latent sense of beauty.

This story together with "Spry Old Character" and "A Sad Garden" make the volume worth while. One wishes only that Elizabeth Taylor were not always in such perfect command of her craft. She is a fine professional writer, no doubt about it; her skill bespeaks long years of hard work at her craft. But she fails to seize us because she herself is not seized. Artisan-perfect, she tends to pall, especially in those stories shaped of those too-familiar ingredients of British narrative: the inevitable vicar, the endemic tea party, the bewildering botanical vocabulary, the dry reserved wit, the pub talk and cockney talk, the post-buzz-bomb drabness and chin-upness, the old lady eccentric, and the names straight down to us from the eighteenth-century comedy of manners—Lady Luna, Miss Dispenser and, of course, Sybil. It's

admirable how much juice Elizabeth Taylor manages to squeeze out of this pulpy material. And when she does find her theme she soars like her own swan.

One only wishes that she would knock over a lovely cup of tea once in a while.

Brief Comments

IS THE COMMON MAN TOO COMMON?

Joseph Wood Krutch et al. *Oklahoma*. \$2.75.

The common man in question is today's counterpart to Plato's "democratic man" or to the "mass man," so vividly described by Ortega. The common man is not to be defined in terms of social class: he is neither the "working man" nor the "poor man." The common man is common precisely because he manifests no individuality. His personality is an abstraction, sacrificed to the denominator of the average; he wants to be "just like everybody." His is a life of consuming passivity—with one dangerous exception: he arrogantly insists that all excellence be reduced to his level of mediocrity. As described by D. W. Brogan, one of the participants in this symposium, the common man is "egalitarian." Another contributor, Joseph Wood Krutch, also affirms the initial question and warns that egalitarian emphasis on quantity soon permeates the national soul to the extent of transcendence of inferior modes of thought, and culture is finally rendered impossible.

There are other contributors who avoid the issue completely. Norman Cousins, for example, merely bemoans the fact that the common man does not properly appreciate the artist. Arthur Mayer advises "intellectuals" to begin patronizing the cinema as the remedy for inferior quality in that medium.

A more interesting approach is found in articles by A. Whitney Griswold, John W. Dodds, and C. W. de Kiewiet. They affirm the inferiority of the common man but urge that the phenomenon has been partially prompted by the refusal of higher institutions—colleges, for example—to accept their responsibility as directing minorities.

The logical approach to philosophy . . .

Philosophical Essays

BY A. J. AYER

A collection of twelve essays which have appeared in recent philosophy journals and various symposia. Four deal with questions of logic and metaphysics, three fall within the field of moral philosophy, and the remaining five are concerned with the theory of knowledge.

The essays reveal a unity of method—inspired by the belief that problems in philosophy can be solved by logical analysis.

272 pages, \$4.50

ALSO BY PROFESSOR AYER

FOUNDATIONS OF EMPIRICAL KNOWLEDGE

\$3.00

At your bookstore, or **ST MARTIN'S PRESS**, New York 17

"A record of one of the most probing minds of the century."—*Time*

THE Dialogues OF Alfred North Whitehead

As recorded by **LUCIEN PRICE**

"Not merely authentic Whitehead . . . but also a work of art that exemplifies Whitehead's philosophy."
—F.S.C. NORTHROP, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

\$5.00 at all bookstores

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN • BOSTON

Two Centennial Volumes

Thoreau A Century of Criticism

Edited by **WALTER R. HARDING**
Secretary of the Thoreau Society

The most important critical commentaries on Thoreau published during the century since *Walden* appeared. \$3.75

Moby-Dick Centennial Essays

Edited for the Melville Society

With an Introduction by **TYRUS HILLWAY** and **LUTHER S. MANSFIELD**

" . . . Provocative excursions in literary scholarship . . . excellent in their particular functions."—*Saturday Review* \$3.75

**SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY
PRESS**

Dallas, Texas

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

As this discussion indicates, the book presents no novel ideas. It does present some very important ideas in a novel and interesting form.

L. A. F.

THE MAN IN THE THICK LEAD SUIT.

By Daniel Lang. *Oxford*. \$3.50.

This collection of ten articles from *The New Yorker* is a detached, semi-amused report on how people are reacting to the nation's accelerating military-research program. Most of the articles are concerned with human sidelights on the coming of the atomic age. Citizens of Las Vegas, sixty-five miles from the Yucca Flats atomic proving ground, have done their best to live lightly in the shadows of those pink mushroom-shaped clouds. One haberdasher placed a sign outside his shop: ATOM BOMB SOUVENIRS—FREE! The souvenirs, glass fragments of blast-shattered windows, were all distributed within half an hour.

The book contains many such anecdotes. It also includes interviews with scientists whose consciences are upset by what they are doing. One atomic physicist has become an Episcopal deacon and may "get out of science entirely." The ex-leader of the Nazis' rocket program, presently working for the Army in Alabama, goes to church regularly now. These men and others are precise and certain about physical principles but as confused as the rest of us about the implications and impact of their work. The ethics of the atomic age seems to be too complex for meaningful analysis. But at least we can describe what we cannot fathom. This is an age for journalists, and *The Man in the Thick Lead Suit* is high-grade journalism.

J. P.

AN AMERICAN IN INDIA. By Saunders Redding. *Bobbs-Merrill*. \$3.50.

This is another book about India written by an American who spent four strenuous months lecturing, talking and answering questions in the cause of international understanding at the request of the State Department. It is important not only because the author is a good observer and a

good writer, but because he is a Negro and the color of his skin was a passport to the intimate and candid confidences of Indians, the most intensely color-conscious people in the world.

Indian intellectuals, says Mr. Redding, whether Communist or democratic, are alike in their dislike and distrust of the United States, their suspicion of American imperialism, their conviction of American immorality and their bitter prejudice against everything American. Much of this feeling is based on ignorance and traditional anti-Westernism; much is straight Communist doctrine or Communist-influenced.

This is a thoughtful, disturbing book about a critical situation which so far has not been understood, and which must be understood if it is to be combatted intelligently.

O. P.

URUGUAY: Portrait of a Democracy. By Russell H. Fitzgibbon. *Rutgers*. \$5.75.

Uruguay, a small country of pleasant plains and lovely beaches, has had its bad times; and throughout the nineteenth century it was the scene of broils between Argentina and Brazil and of acrid and continuous party strife. Not until the twentieth century did it find order and stability. José Batlle y Ordóñez, President from 1903-07 and again from 1911-15, one of the ablest men produced by Latin America, was largely responsible. Under his influence the state developed railroading, public utilities, insurance, meat packing, and other enterprises. He encouraged education and fair representation to minority groups. A "collegiate executive" was created, with a Council of State representing the chief parties and ruling the nation, the President becoming no more than a presiding officer.

These innovations in economics and government are working smoothly today, despite constant annoyance from the *peronistas* across the Río de la Plata. The Uruguayan people show no signs of yielding to the persuasions of Communist leftists on the one hand or ultra-nationalist rightists on the other. They are the most literate

DESTINY and MOTIVATION in LANGUAGE

Dr. A. A. Roback

Pioneer study in dynamics of language. Highly readable, hundreds of topics from anxiety consonants to slang. 25 languages cited. Glossary. 3 indexes. Bibliography. Only 800 printed. Numbered and autographed.

474 pages

\$10.00 (postage 30¢)

"... a provocative and stimulating work ... by a noted psychologist. ... As a quest for the interesting in language, it cannot fail to attract and reward readers from among the uninitiated as well as the expert."

—Word (a leading linguistic journal)

"In this fascinating book, one of the most interesting and versatile scholars of our time ... returns to his first love, the study of linguistics, and brings to bear upon it his impressive knowledge of languages, literature, psychology, folklore and religion. ... We are indebted to him for opening up new avenues of research and calling our attention to many enigmas of linguistics."

—London J. Quarterly

"... will appeal to any number of the great legion of admirers of A. A. Roback and will interest almost any educated person. ... The author draws on a sound knowledge of psychology and a wide acquaintance with the world's languages and with linguistic and psychological literature."

—Psychiatric Quarterly

"Few mortals are endowed by nature to write scores of books and thousands of articles, and yet the prodigious energy and erudite scholarship of psychologist Prof. Roback radiate once again in his newest interest, psycholinguistics ... as a pioneer in a new semantic realm where psychology and language can meet ... typographical masterpiece."

—Library Journal

SCI-ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. R
HARVARD SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE 38, MASS.

"A BOOK which is brilliant

and yet sober, throughout suggestive and fascinating. It deserves the attention of specialists and general readers alike and it is hard to imagine an intelligent person finding it easy to lay it down."

—PROF. ARTHUR D. NOCK, *Harvard University*

The WORLD of ODYSSEUS

by M. I. FINLEY

Preface by Mark Van Doren

The only book in English to present the background of Homer's poems, this scholarly and delightful work answers many questions on the poet and on the world in which his heroes lived and fought. "It is not necessary to be a Greek student to enjoy Mr. Finley's description of the early Greek society."

—The Atlantic

Map endpaper, indexed, \$3.00

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th St., New York 17

Books from Chicago



People of Plenty

ECONOMIC ABUNDANCE
AND THE AMERICAN
CHARACTER

By DAVID M. POTTER. This lucid and witty study, by Professor Potter of Yale, shows how abundance made possible the American ideals of equality and social mobility; and suggests that our mission in world affairs should not merely be to sell our democracy but to help other nations develop the technology of abundance which would make such democracy possible. \$3.50

The Human Animal

By WESTON LA BARRE. With rare eloquence, the author presents this synthesis of the sciences of man: a dramatic integration of human biology, cultural anthropology, psychiatry, and their related fields. A book for all readers who would know themselves, their biological and cultural heritage, and the implications of knowledge about man for the solution of social, moral, and political problems. \$6.00

At your bookstore, or from

The University of
Chicago Press

5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

of Latin American peoples. Their country pays its bills and starts no fights with its neighbors, minds its own business and votes in honest elections.

R. D.

BEYOND THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West. By Wallace Stegner. With an introduction by Bernard DeVoto. Illustrated. *Houghton Mifflin*. \$6.00.

In this important study of the greatest among the scientists who achieved intellectual mastery of the Far West in the decades after the Civil War, Wallace Stegner lifts what might seem a merely antiquarian subject into the main stream of American history. The author sees Powell as "the culmination of an American type" (to which also belonged Lincoln and Mark Twain): a self-taught amateur who attained international eminence in several fields of science and became one of the shapers of the society we live in. Powell's chief accomplishments were to establish the tradition and the administrative machinery of federal support for scientific research and to devise a "blueprint for a dry-land democracy," which was brushed aside by hostile economic interests in his day but has had to be revived in ours as the basis of conservation and reclamation programs in the arid West. The story of his career leads from a Midwestern boyhood through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in the break-neck adventure that made him a national figure, to the even more perilous milieu of Washington in the Gilded Age, where he guided the early development of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Stegner's prose has an unfailing verve despite the burden of documentation it carries, and the narrative is enriched by maps and by sumptuous illustrations selected from early drawings, paintings and photographs of the Western terrain.

H. N. S.

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL. By Hermann Hagedorn. Illustrated. *Macmillan*. \$5.00.

The days at Sagamore Hill, home of the

Oyster Bay Roosevelts, were crammed from dawn until dark with exuberant activity, physical and intellectual: there were picnics and tramps through the woods; boating excursions and camps under the stars, with bedtime stories told by a master; pony rides and pillow fights; sessions of reading history and poetry aloud by the open fire; lively table talk, of politics and literature, of San Juan Hill and big game and the plains of the American West.

Mr. Hagedorn's account of this strenuous life is primarily a story "of a man and his wife, the house they loved and the six children they brought up in it," told lovingly, uncritically, and with a tinge of nostalgia for a time past. The Rough Rider himself sometimes seems the leader of the gang, the bubbling troop of lively little boys and girls who made the White House a temporary extension of Sagamore Hill. One feels the powerful impact of his dominating personality so strongly that one suffers the same exhaustion felt by the frequent visitors to the Long Island estate.

This period piece is a delightful one when the author follows his avowed purpose, but his enthusiasm and devotion to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt lead him at times down devious paths into incomplete views of the wider scene of the times and into unbalanced political judgments.

V. W. N.

REBEL ROSE: Life of Rose O'Neal Greenhow, Confederate Spy. By Ishbell Ross. Illustrated. *Harper*. \$4.00.

To the growing portrait gallery of persons who played roles in the tragic drama of the Civil War is now added the first full-length biography of the South's most accomplished intrigante and dangerous spy.

Rose O'Neal's girlhood at her aunt's Capitol Hill boardinghouse; her marriage to and subsequent travels with lawyer, linguist and State-Department official Robert Greenhow; her family connections and personal friendships with influential social and political figures such as James Buchanan and John C. Calhoun: all these circumstances, together with her natural

THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND

endowments of dashing beauty, verve, eloquence, wit and resourcefulness, united to give her superior equipment for her role of *agent provocateur* in the hostilities.

Functioning boldly and openly, through a combination of "seduction and foresight" and a ruthlessness in using anyone to gain the ends of the Confederacy, she became the center of an espionage ring so successful that it was largely responsible for the Southern victory at Manassas. The passionate resolution with which Rose threw herself into the Confederate cause (and, one suspects, her self-dramatizing tendencies) sustained her through the grim days of her imprisonment; and her eventual death in the service of that cause provided a fitting end to her career.

It is regrettable that in spite of the great wealth of external detail which Miss Ross's researches give us, we so seldom are able to see very deeply into the springs of character of this complex being who was "a beauty, a wit, a patriot, a spy, an affectionate wife and mother, a siren, a scholar, a writer, but first and to the end, a woman who had 'used every capacity with which God had endowed her' in support of the Confederacy."

V. W. N.

TELL FREEDOM. By Peter Abrahams. *Knopf*. \$4.00.

With this book Peter Abrahams solidifies his reputation as a writer of sensitive prose. *Tell Freedom* is autobiographical and covers the first twenty-one years of the young writer's life. They were not easy years. His Ethiopian father died when Peter was a child, and his Cape Coloured mother was forced to divide her four children among relatives and friends. Peter was sent to the Elsburg location, where his new guardians worked on the farm of a white man. Here the boy learned that the non-white people—natives, Cape Coloured and Indians—of South Africa were not free.

The rest of this beautiful and moving book is concerned with Abrahams' personal quest for freedom. Though it was a hard and sometimes harrowing search, the author writes of it without bitterness—indeed, with

tenderness and love. There is the young Jewish girl who introduced him to literature and inspired him to go to school. There is his first love, the Cape Coloured girl, Anne; and his second, Jane, the white girl who introduced him to Marxism. There are the teachers at Grace Dieu College (for "coloureds") and the natives who banded together in the Bantu Men's Social Centre. In their various ways, all of them helped Abrahams. But in the end he came to know that the land he loved, that shaped his heart and his "wayward dreams," would never grant him freedom; and so the book closes with the young writer setting out for England.

J. S. R.

THE DANCING BEAR: Berlin de Profundis. By Frances Faviell. Illustrated. *Norton*. \$3.50.

In *The Dancing Bear*, Frances Faviell, wife of a British major in Berlin, has painted an interesting portrait of a patrician Berlin family, the Altmans, whose individual struggles to survive, in spirit and in flesh, the postwar pandemonium end tragically in frustration, corruption or death.

Apparently there is no arguing the authenticity of Mrs. Faviell's observations, since few of them are second-hand. She has, she says, gone and seen for herself, even the East German parade for Communist President Pieck, where she was nearly crushed to death by the "infectious madness" of the "absolutely thrilled" crowd—a crowd which, ten pages later, has turned, to one's relief, into a "desperate and furious mob" tearing down the posters of Herr Pieck in a rage.

If this allows for a certain duality in the German soul, with which no one would argue, the rest of Mrs. Faviell's book does not. Although she is far too compassionate to subscribe to the saying that the only good German is a dead German, the fact remains that all the good Germans of her acquaintance die. Of the twelve main characters she describes, the score turns out to be: three dead, four postwar Nazis, one Communist, two dissolute, one too old to matter, and one in the United States. The rest are background material.

Those of Mrs. Faviell's reviewers who

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

have been induced by the author's unquestionable talent and intelligence to accept her distressing average as a valid cross section of postwar Germans are in for a pleasant surprise: at least one in every dozen Berliners cannot be fitted into it.

This reviewer, a native German and until recently a resident of Berlin, feels sorry and baffled: sorry for Frances Faviell, whose perceptive and compassionate eye had to peer at Berlin from behind the bars of the comparatively gilded Allied Occupation cage, and whose field of vision was therefore, by necessity, restricted; baffled by the *unqualified* praise accorded *The Dancing Bear* by distinguished American book critics.

S. R.

MELBOURNE. By David Cecil. Illustrated. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.00.

The first half of this full-length biography was published in 1939 as *The Young Melbourne*. The second half covers the last two decades of his life, "The Years of Influence," when he served as prime minister under William IV and at the opening of Victoria's reign. In combining both parts in a single volume, David Cecil has realized his original intention and has completed a biography that is an acknowledged masterpiece.

The year 1828 marked a dividing point in Melbourne's career. Before that date he was William Lamb, a charming, witty, well-born and somewhat indolent English gentleman. His marriage to the unhappy and neurotic Lady Caroline Lamb was an ordeal he bore with admirable forbearance until her death early in 1828. A few months later, when the first Viscount Melbourne died, William succeeded to the title. He had already entered politics and thenceforth politics became his major interest in life.

"Melbourne," David Cecil affirms, "deserves some of the credit for the fact that England, alone of European countries in the nineteenth century, succeeded in getting rid of the old regime without a revolution." His political assets were good connections, good sense and good humor. Even

in office he remained himself, urbane, lightly cynical, independent and remarkably human.

The most interesting relationship, political and personal, of his later years was his friendship with the young Victoria. As prime minister it was his duty to advise her, but duty swiftly blended into a chivalrous devotion. Their friendship passed through two phases, and Cecil's account of it forms the most moving section of this eloquent and perceptive study.

G. B.

DOCTOR TO THE ISLANDS. By Tom and Lydia Davis. Illustrated. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$4.50.

This is the record of a dozen years of an unusual home and of hard, valuable work, from the day in 1940 when the Davises were married in New Zealand, through Tom's service as a medical officer in Rarotonga, to their hair-raising journey by small boat across the Pacific and on to Boston for Tom's advanced studies.

As a story of a marriage, told alternately by the partners, the book is reticent without being stilted. Touched with humor, it offers glimpses, rather than analyses, of the relation between the doctor, superbly competent, self-assured, absorbed in his fight for the physical, psychological and economic well-being of his own people, and the domesticated, yet individualistic, wife who gamely subordinates her own desires and interests to his.

As the story of a job well done, here is a most interesting study of a strong personality contributing substantially to the change from an ethnocentric, paternalistic and tradition-bound administration of European responsibilities in Polynesia to a genuine effort, educational and technical, toward preparing a proud, charming people to guide their own affairs. As an addition to the formidable literature of the South Seas, this is a realistic, yet appealing account of that paradise with problems.

E. A. W.

THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND

THE LOVE LETTERS OF PHYLLIS MCGINLEY. By Phyllis McGinley. *Viking*. \$3.00.

Love letters generally make good reading. But when they are written by Phyllis McGinley, the scope of the genre is expanded. Happily, Miss McGinley is not too selective in the assignment of her affections; she loves, or at least cares about, almost everything: New York City, curly hair, her children and home, diversity, museums, her neighbors. Even Mr. Eliot and his *Confidential Clerk* have been blessed by her attention: "On the stage the actors come and go/Whose heir is which they do not know."

The fact that Miss McGinley never seems to miss a beat in following the lively step of her time is at once a strength and a weakness. For in ten years who will understand her lines on television or Lucille Ball's "Eight-Million-Dollar Baby": "Now I shudder to think how unto infinity/Will roll the story of the Arnaz trinity."

But when spending a few hours with Phyllis McGinley, one is not too inclined to brood about the future. Indeed, one wonders if posterity will not be a rather assured and pleasant thing if the present is approached with such wisdom and warmth.

B. S.

A FABLE. By William Faulkner. *Random*. \$4.75.

This book has greatness in it, as well as faults which prevent it from achieving greatness. It contains some of Faulkner's finest writing—and some of the worst contrivances ever used to destroy a potentially great novel.

At this date there is no need to halloo or celebrate Faulkner's merits as a writer. It is timely to note, however, that his stubborn poetry and his remarkable ability to develop character in depth may be found in almost any corner of this current work. It is doubtful, for example, if he has ever before created a rhetoric as eloquent as that contained in *A Fable's* final and passionate declaration on the folly and indomitability of man.

Hard pressed against these virtues are

almost inexplicable faults. The chores of introduction and preparation are so carefully and repetitiously performed that this ambitious novel is almost cut down before it reaches full stride toward its objective. It is scarred at every point by useless adornments in the way of allegorical parallels that greatly exceed any need of the reader or any requirement of the story. The magnificent climax is undermined by a stray and ruinous afterpiece, so pointless, so unnecessary, that it comes within good distance of destroying the entire work.

Thus, the good and the bad knock each other about in unusual fashion. It is a puzzling, interesting and valuable book.

H. W.

THE GO-BETWEEN. By L. P. Hartley. *Knopf*. \$3.50.

"Who started it all . . . whose fault was it?" By the time some of the answers become clear in this account of twelve-year-old Leo Colston's summer at the home of a school friend and his role as the "go-between" in the passionate love affair of the young lady of the house and a neighborhood farmer, it is too late for the knowledge to affect the outcome.

The story, told in the first person as a flash back to the summer of 1900, is framed in a prologue which anticipates and an epilogue which pronounces the tragedy of wasted lives, but particularly that of the once-young Leo who sees all too clearly the effect that his first encounter with love had upon him and knows that if it had not been for the summer, "I should not be sitting in this drab, flowerless room, where the curtains were not even drawn to hide the cold rain beating on the windows. . . . I should be sitting in another room, rainbow-hued, looking not into the past but into the future; and I should not be sitting alone."

Structurally and stylistically Mr. Hartley's novel is substantial. But it is the story itself, skillfully woven around his sound and frightening knowledge of children and adults, which gives the book power and stature.

B. S.

The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Phi Beta Kappa Hall, Williamsburg, Va., and should not exceed 300 words in length except on request. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.—EDITOR.

Brickbats and Glass

I am still dopey from amazement! Shades of crusty old Sydney Smith and his vitriolic sneer, *Who Reads an American Book?* Imagine it, if you can—an Englishman in this year of grace, a dyed-in-the-wool, one hundred per cent, to-the-manor-born Englishman daring to heave a few dozen brickbats through that dome of many-colored glass which for five hundred years has arched the hothouse of British insular thought! It's almost unbelievable, and stands out like Mars at perihelion. And what a neat panning, what a round-the-clock lambasting, what a whip-lash shellacking Reginald Reynolds is certain to get at the quivering hands of his British confreres! Already, I opine, the dense, foggy atmosphere above London is reeking with such choice morsels, such fat, juicy epithets as "Apostate!" "Sycophantic traducer!" "Bloody liar!" "Arrant trimmer and time-server!" "Boot-licking lackey!" Talk about Roman holidays and Donnybrook Fairs! Won't it be fun to watch the fur fly when Francis Wyndham puts on the gloves? Brother, don't miss the forthcoming issues of *The London Magazine*. Are we nearing the end of a crazy critical era? Maybe after all, London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down. . . .

LABAN LACY RICE
Winter Park, Florida

Side-Swipe?

Ian Wilson, under the title "On First Looking into America" [AS: Summer, 1954], takes a side-swipe at "stereotyped art

and music in the 'People's Democracies.'"

Does he know of any better music composed during the past twenty years than that of Prokofiev, of Shostakovich, of Khachaturian? All the important new music we have had, during a couple of decades, has come from the Soviet Union.

EMERSON STRINGHAM
Kerrville, Texas

★ ★ ★

Mr. Stringham implies that I made a purely gratuitous attack on Soviet art simply because it is fashionable to condemn all things Communist. Yet the context of this "side-swipe" shows that my expressed purpose in every instance was to stress a fault, not its nationality.

It is a matter of personal taste whether or not I consider Ireland, Walton, Vaughan Williams, Bliss, Bax and Britten (to be "nationalist," momentarily!) greater than Prokofiev, Shostakovich and Khachaturian. And it is at least debatable whether "all the important new music . . . has come from the Soviet Union." Such a view seems strangely blinkered.

Maybe a definition of terms will confirm or eliminate the grounds of difference between us. In using the word *stereotyped* I had in mind the evident desire of the Soviet Communist party to make all art conform to a pre-determined (political) pattern and purpose. In 1946 a Central Committee resolution emphasized the dependence of literature on politics. This was vigorously enforced by Zhdanov, who frequently quoted Lenin's statement: "Literature must become party literature. Down with non-party literature, down with literary supermen. Literary work must become

a part of all proletarian endeavor." The purpose of literature is to "portray the Soviet Man and his moral qualities in full force and completeness." This is no mere negative censorship; it is a positive instruction to the artist on what and how to produce. "Socialist Realism" became the only acceptable style, as attacks on deviationists made all too clear. Nor did music escape this drive to conformity. In 1948, Prokofiev, Shostakovich and Khachaturian were all censured for "formalistic tendencies"—and this was Shostakovich's second offense (his first, in 1936, being for "bourgeois tendencies")—and their unacceptable works were withdrawn by the state monopoly of publication and performance.

Does Mr. Stringham still think I was unjustified in using the word *stereotyped*?

IAN WILSON

Westport, Connecticut

Conservation Is Not Enough

Joseph Wood Krutch's article "Conservation Is Not Enough" [AS: Summer, 1954] demands comment. Mr. Krutch apparently feels that we must have some moral justification for using the natural resources of the earth. He asks why we are *permitted* to do this. He might better ask why we are permitted to live.

At an early stage of human history mankind was offered a choice: either he could live a strictly pastoral existence at a very low level of population or he could live a more refined existence—refined in the sense that every individual does not devote ten hours a day to gathering food—at a substantially higher level of population, provided that he made use of the exhaustible resources of the earth. Our ancestors made the latter choice and in so doing created a situation where there can be no retreat to the pastoral state without the elimination of a substantial fraction of the earth's population.

Now if Mr. Krutch does not wish to criticize the human drive to reproduce in large numbers, he has little right to criticize men for attempting to control nature, i.e., utilize natural resources. In fact, if we

were less successful in controlling nature (so that our struggle for food were more difficult), we would not be in a position to "live and let live" to even the small extent that we do now. For to "live and let live" is a luxury which can be dispensed only by those who are well provided for themselves.

Our ancestors have placed us in a position where we must use the earth's resources. Conservation is not enough because it can only slow down this process. This, however, is not quite so hopeless a situation as Mr. Krutch would have us think. The material resources of the earth are never "used up"; they are transformed, dissipated or scattered but never destroyed. If enough energy is available, they can be collected and retransformed to be useful again.

Energy is the key to this recycling process. If enough energy can be made available, we shall have the solution to Mr. Krutch's conundrum. Control of the atom is a risk in the presence of the politically immature, but without it we would face a catastrophe of far greater than bomb proportions when energy from fossil fuels is no longer available. Indeed, control of the atom may allow us to take the first step toward an equilibrium relationship with the resources of the earth, both animate and inanimate.

The problems raised by Mr. Krutch are still too new to be seen in perspective by more than a few. To obscure them with a haze of sentimentality and moralization as he does is certainly not a step toward a solution.

ROBERT B. GORDON

New Haven, Connecticut

★ ★ ★

Mr. Gordon evidently assumes that man's "right to live" includes both his right and his duty to multiply his numbers indefinitely until he either starves himself to death or finds himself packed so tightly upon this globe that he can neither move freely nor permit anything to exist unless it contributes efficiently to his own survival. I do not believe that he has this right, for the "sentimental" reason that other creatures have also a right to live and that he

is happier when he permits them to. I do not believe that it would be prudent to try to enforce the so-called right, for the practical reason that he would ultimately reach a condition where his humanity and probably his physical existence would be extinguished. To anyone who wants to know the case for this second contention I recommend Harrison Brown's *The Challenge of Man's Future* and Sir Charles Galton Darwin's *The Next Million Years*. I do not suppose that my essay outlines practical methods for avoiding a calamity which may be unavoidable. I thought it might make clearer the road which we have taken and the dead end to which it leads.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Tucson, Arizona

Books and the Reading Public

The symposium in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR [Spring, 1954] on the new developments in the book publishing world was interesting and suggestive, but perhaps it left something to be desired on the constructive side. It seems to me to point up the need of a second symposium by the same or another representative group on the ways and means of increasing the number of book-readers and book-purchasers. That there are such ways, I am convinced. May I venture to direct attention here, briefly, to some of these?

We need and can have more branch libraries in our cities, especially of the second class. If the readers we want cannot be brought to the central public library, the library should be brought to the public in neighborhood district, in suburbs, etc. This is a question of finance and tax rates, I take it. The great foundations, however, might help.

In the second place, we need and should have more and better bookstores. In this field there are promising opportunities to improve, and the young college graduates who are not committed to the legal, medical or engineering professions would do well to explore these. Potential buyers of books should be encouraged, welcomed, aided and tactfully guided—and this is *not* the case

today in our bookstores. Possible buyers should not be watched or rushed. Browsing should be facilitated, and reviews of books from the leading papers and magazines should be clipped, posted and shown to visitors.

Publishing firms can do more than they now do to help the bookstores and enable them to try progressive experiments.

Isn't all this material for a profitable symposium?

VICTOR S. YARROS
La Jolla, California

Two Bouquets

May a reader of one decade's standing offer two bouquets?

The enlightened stand of most of your contributors in the present controversy which threatens our traditional values and even our freedoms has been characterized by a singular fair-mindedness and, on occasion, wit. Despite the difficulty of the times the majority of the essayists have indeed generated more light than heat.

In another vein, the book reviews and, just as important, the choice of material for reviews have been singularly happy. For those of us whose nonprofessional reading is by the quarter rather than by the week or month, these critiques offer a welcome guide.

MARTIN L. BELLER
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

★ ★ ★

I enjoyed reading the Winter, 1953-54 issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, particularly the articles by Marten ten Hoor, David Riesman and Fraser Darling.

For me—teaching in technical fields and working closely with industry—the contents of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR provide an excellent counterbalance. Reading "Education for Privacy" in the privacy of my study was a delightful experience. The author states his points well. For me personally, it's more than an echo from the Sorbonne, Heidelberg, Lausanne.

PAUL F. MUELLET
Seattle, Washington

ideal beauty. It is this stage which represents the apogee of our literary culture. There is nothing in our literature as loftily beautiful as Goethe's *Iphigenia*. There could be no more successful formal experiment than Schiller's imitation of classical drama in *The Bride of Messina*. Nevertheless, it is Kleist's plays alone, lacking as they are in harmonious proportion and decorum, that give us the archaic shudder of myth the way Sophocles and Aeschylus do. This is especially true of the one work he was unable to finish, the *Guiscard* fragment.

I thoroughly understand—I even share—Goethe's unsympathetic reaction to this genius who was too wild and elemental ever to conform to any aesthetic convention. There can be no doubt that Kleist wanted to upset, even to shock and bewilder his reader. This holds true even of his most charming and delightful version of Molière's *Amphitryon*, in which Goethe found a certain obscurantism in Kleist's interpretation of *le partage avec Jupiter* as a Christian overshadowing by the Holy Spirit. It is also true that Kleist, painfully hypochondriac, could never come to terms with life, that his taste ran to pathological subjects such as somnambulism and hysteria, and that he had an oppressive concern with legalistic involvements, apparent even in his last and most mature play, *The Prince of Homburg*. There is something ghastly about the perverse eroticism and cannibalism of his *Penthesilea*, which he dedicated to Goethe "on the knees of his heart" and which the latter coldly rejected. Even more ghastly is the berserk nationalism (Rome standing for France and Napoleon) of *The Battle of Arminius*, whose blue-eyed protagonist acts more deviously than any Punic leader—a perfectly realistic trait, though it rather warns against than idealizes the German character. Nor is the extravagant naïveté, the near-parody of popular style of *Kätchen von Heilbronn* to everybody's taste: a drama of knighthood, it pushes romanticism to the brink of absurdity, full of somnambulism, *doppelgänger* and angels leading people through fire and water. Goethe, who had earlier ruined Kleist's broad farce in the Dutch manner, *The Broken Pitcher*, by staging it in three acts (Kleist wanted to challenge him to a duel), instead of putting on *Kätchen von Heilbronn*, burned the manuscript in his stove for its "damnable perversity."

Later he wrote in a review: "With the best will in the world toward this poet, I have always been moved to horror and disgust by something in his works, as though here were a body well-planned by nature, tainted with an incurable disease."

This image stays with the reader because it rests on a true perception, and some of Kleist's own statements seem to bear it out. "You must realize that my heart is sick." And yet, quite apart from the fact that the man who had written *Werther* and *Tasso* was hardly in a position to pronounce so haughtily on the subject of morbidity, it can be claimed that in the case of Kleist abnormality has resulted in an increase of poetic power, rather than its decrease. Regardless of the elements of sickness in his genius or the recurrence of illness in a life overburdened by a sense of the highest responsibility, Kleist was not a sick man. In his first play the following lines occur: "A man doesn't have to support calmly every stroke of fortune. When God strikes it is permitted us to sink down and to sigh as well, for equanimity is a virtue only to athletes. As human beings we take our falls neither for money nor for show. And yet we should always get up again with dignity." Kleist always rose from his collapses and fits of despair with dignity, and moreover the relation between health and its opposite is too complicated for anyone to deny vitality rashly to a man of this sort. His physical illnesses bear a strong resemblance to the fainting fits which occur over and over in his writings—so that we may look upon them as recoveries through a profound return to the unconscious, to the sources of life; and his stubbornness and will to maturity are such that they put all robustness to shame. In a single year, 1808, after the ecstatic labors of the *Penthesilea*, he wrote not only the overly sweet *Kätschen von Heilbronn*, but also the entire, savage *Battle of Arminius* and four of his most powerful stories, including the magnificent *Michael Kohlhaas*. Is this not vitality? And in 1810, one year before his death, he gave the world his most successful and, for all its oppressive features, most serene play, *The Prince of Homburg*. Then his painful life came to a close. Nor did it lack completeness. A life need not last for eighty years in order to be fully sustained and victorious.

Scotland and the Scots

WILLIAM CROFT DICKINSON

SCOTLAND IS A SMALL and remote country; in many respects it is also a poor country. There is an old saying that when Satan displayed and offered all the kingdoms of the world to Christ if He would fall down and worship him, Scotland was hidden from view by the Devil's black, evil thumb as being likely to make no difference, or, perhaps, as being likely to have an effect other than that which the Devil desired.

To the unsympathetic visitor (and a lack of sympathy blurs both vision and understanding), this land of Scotland is a land devoid of lush pastures, a land of bare mountains and lonely moors, of hard, stone-built villages and towns, a land peopled by men and women who are constantly preoccupied with the life of today and the life to come. The more understanding visitor may see in its hills and valleys a land of tragedy, of unrequited effort, of brave lost causes and of longings unfulfilled; and he may remember Robert Louis Stevenson's wish that, when dying, he might see again "hills of home," and "hear again the call,"

Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

To the educated Englishman it is a land whose history has been one of feud and foray, whose people were lawless fighters and dour contenders. He has heard (for his own past has been touched thereby) of Wallace and Bruce, and, later, of marauding MacGregors and massacred MacDonalds. He has heard, too, of John

❖ WILLIAM CROFT DICKINSON is Fraser Professor of Scottish History and Palaeography at the University of Edinburgh and editor of the *Scottish Historical Review*. This article was first presented in October of 1953 at the University of St. Andrews as an address to the American Fulbright scholars attending the four Scottish universities.

Knox and the Covenanters of the West; and he has wondered, perhaps, how grim lawlessness could give way to the grim austerity of Calvinism and yield to the discipline of the Presbyterian Church.

For many of those who come to Scotland from afar, it is the land of their forebears—a land which sent its sons to every corner of the earth. But no matter where they went, they still remained Scots, not only in their gatherings together in “clan societies” and “Burns clubs,” but also in keeping Scottish ways and a Scottish outlook on life, an innate love of independence and a strict adherence to principle. In America alone, proof of that can be found on every hand, and in more than the Scottish place names which can be counted by the hundreds. An American historian reminds us that “Scots pioneers manned the early frontiers, were among the first to declare for independence, played a major role in the Revolutionary struggle, and had a significant influence on the Constitution.” When, in 1775, Patrick Henry proclaimed, “Give me liberty or give me death,” he was voicing once more the words of his ancestors who, in 1320, in the midst of an earlier bitter struggle, had proclaimed that they fought “not for glory, or riches, or honours, but for liberty alone, the liberty which no true man will yield save with his life.” We shall hear more of that love of liberty; here it only remains to add that Scottish blood ran in the veins of Jefferson and Robert E. Lee, and that the signers of the Declaration of Independence included, among other Scots, James Wilson and John Witherspoon, both students of Scottish universities. James Wilson, a student of the University of St. Andrews, was also one of the principal drafters of the Constitution, and a man of wide, even prophetic, political wisdom. John Witherspoon, a student of the University of Edinburgh, was also one of the leading architects of the American Presbyterian Church, as well as the first great president of Princeton University, where he laid a good Scottish stress on “sound common sense.”

Yet to many a Scot of today, perhaps to too many Scots, their land is a land with a romantic past—the land of Mary Queen of Scots and Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Border Ballads, the road to the Isles, and the misty peaks of Skye; a land that once had a king and a parliament of its own, but whose castle, palace and parliament hall

in Edinburgh are now mere "museum pieces" for the tourist and the visitor; a land with a past, but no future, save perhaps to be a province of England, though its people are as different from the English as the Grampian Hills differ from Salisbury Plain, while even within Scotland itself there are wide differences between the folk of different parts, notably between the Highlander and the Lowlander.

And all this springs from the history of the land and its people. The Scot of today is the Scot of history. The past has molded and shaped him. In him we have an amalgam of the work of his geographical environment, of the results of his long struggle for independence against a stronger and wealthier southern neighbor, of the influence of the Reformation and the Presbyterian Church, and of the effects of the union with England and the Industrial Revolution—to name only some of the stronger pressures that have been at work on the national character.

In the first place, the Scots of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries strove for nearly three hundred years to maintain their freedom against their richer and more powerful neighbor to the south. "Bloody" Dunbar, the first battle in the wars of independence, was fought and lost in 1296; Pinkie Cleuch, the last battle between Scotland and England, was fought and lost in 1547. And even after that, there were still "private affairs"; for as late as 1596, "Kinmont Willie" was snatched by the "Bold Buccleuch" from the clutches of Lord Scroope and the castle of Carlisle. It is small wonder that, out of those centuries of struggle, an independent spirit became part and parcel of the Scottish character; small wonder that the Scot became inured to a life of hardship and danger. Both those aspects are constantly stressed by Barbour in his story of the Bruce. Because of both, the Scot in history had already become the unyielding contender against fearful odds, the man who still stood to fight when all seemed lost. The defeat of Wallace at Falkirk in 1298 was never a rout; the gallant schiltrons stood their ground to the last. At Flodden, two hundred years later, in 1513,

The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.

So the stories which a Scottish child learns at his mother's knee will always include the stories of the hard life, the courage, the endurance, the daring of Wallace and Bruce and "The Good Sir James." So the Scot of the wars of independence is always nobly striving, nobly enduring, nobly dying. Nor does it end there. The death and victory of the second Earl of Douglas at the Field of Otterburn in 1388 will be told and told again:

My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

And when Hotspur, the proud Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, is overthrown:

Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

Nor is it on land alone. The same motif of

I saw a dead man win a fight
And I think that man was I

is to be found in the story of Andrew Barton, who, wounded to the death in his last sea fight against England, bade his men fight on until "ye hear my whistle blow":

"Fight on, my men," cries Sir Andrew Barton,
"I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
I'll lie me down and bleed a-while,
Then I'll rise and fight againe."

So the Scot in history became the "bonnie fechter." In the second half of the eighteenth century, Chatham could declare, "I sought only for merit and I found it in the mountains of the North; I there found a hardy race of men, able to do the country service. . . . I called them forth to her aid, and sent them forth to fight her battles. They did not disappoint my expectations, for their fidelity

was equal to their valour." And in two relentless wars of our own time, Highland and Lowland regiments alike have given proof that their valor is abiding.

But the long-enduring struggle with England was to have other and different effects. For too long, councilors and kings were too much concerned with guarding or with sallying out from the southern gate. Too often the distant parts of their land were left ungoverned, for law and order too often lapse amid wars and the rumors of wars. Moreover, too many of the noblest and best lost their lives in war; and the wars with England robbed Scotland of two of her strongest kings in their very prime. James II was killed in 1460, when he was only twenty-nine, in the recapture of Roxburgh Castle from the English; James IV was killed at Flodden, at the age of forty.

Moreover, even apart from the accidents of war, the Stewart line was singularly unlucky in its long succession of minorities, and "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." James I was only eleven years old when he succeeded to the crown; James II was just six years old; James III was nine years old; James V was barely one year old; Mary was but one week old; and James VI was only one year old. Then the government of the country fell into the hands of regents who were perforce big feudal magnates, and the lord who was not a regent was likely to think himself as good as the lord who was. For under feudalism, which is essentially government by delegation, the Scottish kings had relied too much on their feudal lords and had given them virtually royal power within their lands. Distant troubles had been left too often to these distant lords; and, when this or that particular trouble had been resolved, the distant lord had always sought his reward. Moreover, since the reward (and what the lord himself added thereto by simple usurpation) usually took the form of forfeited lands, at once the seed was sown for further trouble, when, as James VI bitterly complained, the parties "banged it out bravely" among themselves, "without respect to God, King, or Commonweal." Then those who had the ear of the king, or a vote in council, might gain much by lying words, lying papers, and a show of legality over it all; for a government which sat in Edinburgh knew little of the rights and wrongs

of this or that "troublous effair" in the North or West. So Huntly became Cock o' the North, and so, in the eyes of their neighbors, the Campbells added vastly to their lands. But many a big feudal lord became well-nigh as powerful as the King of Scots himself; and the king, unable to tax the nobility, never had an army of his own. To many a lord the Stewarts were merely a noble house now raised to kingship by a lucky marriage in the dim and distant past. Where, in them, lay the divinity that "doth hedge a king"? And, where the Stewarts now sat enthroned, might not a Hamilton sit if fortune so favored?

Thus, when this lord or that was appointed regent, there were always others only too ready to say him nay. Thus, under regencies, all men "drew to factions"; and each faction thought only of its own part, and not of the realm as a whole. Only hatred of England could draw them together and, even then, in due course first a Douglas, and then a Lennox-Stewart, could ally with England against the government and the king.

This power of the great feudatories, and its accompanying lack of a strong central authority, led to those many "bands" which are again associated with Scotland and the Scot. For, in the absence of a strong executive, and always under the rule of regents, the small man looked to his neighboring lord for a protection and maintenance which the state could not give; and thereby the lord grew greater still with another "follower." So again the child at his mother's knee hears how Crichton and Livingstone, fearing the power of the Douglasses, murdered the young sixth Earl and his brother at the "Black Dinner" in Edinburgh Castle in 1440; and how, twelve years later, James II, likewise fearing the power of the eighth Earl Douglas, then in "band" with the "Tiger" Earl of Crawford, and finding the Douglas unwilling to break his band, stabbed him to death after another dinner, this time in the castle of Stirling. Or it may be the Douglas himself who amiably entertains Sir Patrick Gray at dinner in the castle of Threave (knowing full well that Sir Patrick Gray has ridden there to plead for the life of the Tutor of Bombie who had refused to enter a "Douglas band"), and, during the dinner, gives quiet orders for the Tutor of Bombie to be beheaded on the castle green. Then, the dinner over,

the Earl leads out his guest for a walk on that fatal green where, pointing to a covering sheet, he says, "Sir Patrick, if ye seek your sister's son ye are come a little late. There he lies, yonder, though he wants his head. But ye can have his body as and when ye will." Or, in the North, it may be the feud of the Gordons and the Ogilvies; or the ghastly tale of the burning of the House of Frendraught.

Faction and feud, a dirk too quickly drawn in quarrel, bands of manrent and friendship, a fierce pride, a strong loyalty to the local lord and to kith and kin: so Ayala, the Spanish ambassador, wrote in 1498, "The Scots spend all their time in wars, and when there is no war they fight with one another."

Partly, too, this loyalty to the local lord and to kith and kin, this banding in feud and friendship, arose from the fact that Scottish feudalism was based as much on the family as on the land; and the feud could be one of blood as well as one for lands. The Scot takes his greatest pride in his family and his kin; he takes pride in the kin of his lord; yet also he loves to be called by the name of his land. The Scottish "territorial designation" has no English parallel. When Alan Breck asked David Balfour, "What's your name?" the young lad replied, "David Balfour"; and then, "thinking that a man with so fine a coat must like fine people," he added proudly, "of Shaws"—to which Alan Breck was quick to reply, "My name is Stewart. . . . A King's name is good enough for me, though I bear it plain, and have the name of no farm-midden to clap to the hind-end of it." Or, if you want a true historical instance of loyalty to the local lord, you will find even the stern, unbending Knox recording in his own *History* how he spoke fair to the licentious Earl of Bothwell, confessing that he had "a good mind" to the Earl's house, "for, my Lord, my grandfather, goodsire, and father have served your Lordship's predecessors, and some of them have died under their standards." And Buchanan's undying hatred of Mary was not unconnected with the fact that Buchanan, like the murdered Darnley, was a Lennox man.

But long, long before this, the physical geography of Scotland had come into play. Scotland, like Caesar's Gaul, was divided into three parts—the Highlands, the Lowlands and the Borders. Look at the map, and at once you wonder how Scottish kings could possi-

bly govern their land. The mountain ranges and inland seas which had halted every invader from the Romans onward also halted the reach of the royal writ and the king's command. The king might build his castles at Dumbarton and at Inverness, but northward and westward of the Highland line he was obeyed only if men so chose.

In the Highlands, the very nature of the country, with its difficulties of communication and access, and with its limited patches of fertile land in strath and glen, led to small isolated communities—self-reliant, self-supporting, self-interested, and perpetuating the old Celtic grouping by family and kindred and by the eponymous clan. And who, anyway, was this Stewart king in Edinburgh, when MacDonald was Lord of the Isles? In 1527, when James V issued letters of apprising against MacLeod of Dunvegan, the official record states that "the said Alexander MacLeod dwells in the Highland where none of the officers of the law dare pass for fear of their lives." There were a few tracks to kirk and market, a beaten way from burgh to burgh; but the sentinel on Stirling Castle saw the mists on distant peaks where few knew the land, and even fewer knew the way.

The Grampians, like ramparts, stood between two peoples who had become well-nigh foreign to each other. The Highlander looked down on the Lowlands and the fertile coastal plain, and there saw the castles and burghs which had slowly ousted him from his inheritance. There he saw the descendants of Anglo-Normans, Saxons, Flemings, and "ither siclyke folk" who had stolen the birth-right of the Gael. Small wonder that to him the Lowlands were now but lands where cattle might be "lifted" or where there was "gear to grip" whenever the need arose or the occasion offered. And Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in Scott's *Rob Roy*, has told that story once and for all.

The failure of the government to hold down the Highland parts not only led to an increase in "bands of manrent and maintenance" and to the power of the local lord who would "protect" in return for "following"; it also led to a wide distinction between a Lowland zone and a Highland zone. To the Lowlander, who paid blackmail

for a protection the state could not provide, or who awoke to find his cattle gone, the Highlander was a cateran and a thief from birth. Pitscottie, writing in Fife in the second half of the sixteenth century, relates how a MacGregor stole the rich crown of England at the time of the battle of Bosworth Field and, when detected, boldly affirmed: "Sir, ye shall understand that my mother prognosticated when I was young . . . that I would be hanged as the rest of my forbears were before me. Therefore I thought on her saying, and took her to be a true woman. Yet I thought that it should be for no little matter that I should die that death. It should not be for sheep or nolt, or horse or mares, as my forbears did; to steal and be hanged for. But I think it a great honour to my kin and friends [to die] for the rich crown of England . . . and, by my father's soul, Sir, give me credence that had I had it in Scotland, in Blair Atholl, there should never one of you have seen it again."

Later still, at the turn of the century, one of the poems attributed to Montgomerie describes how God made the Highlander out of a lump of horse manure and then

Quoth God to the Helandman, Quhair wilt thou now?
I will down to the Lowland, Lord, and thair steal a cow.

But, in the Highlands, even more than in the Lowlands, there was a loyalty to the chief which recked naught of life and death. The 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-five were tragic interludes in a Scotland that was already changing through the union with England; but both those risings emphasized above all else a loyalty to the call of the chief and the valor of a Highland charge.

On the Borders there was likewise a difficult land. When James V rode out against the Armstrongs, he rode with a whole army at his back. But, on the Borders, although there were the same difficulties of communication and access, there was also a great difference. The Borderer virtually held his land by the sword. The Borderer was in the very forefront of the battle with England; and, when the mobilization of the national host was uncertain and slow, the Borderer not unnaturally came to rely more and more on the strength of his own right hand. But men who have often endured

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

trial by battle in raid and foray have little taste for the cold argument and unhurried process of trial in the courts of law. On the Borders, men "knew no measure of law beyond the length of their own swords." On the Borders we find the "simple plan"

That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep, who can.

But the Scot fought not only against England (and, in faction and feud, against his neighbor too); he also fought against nature and an unwilling soil. Look at the map of Scotland again, and you will see that only one-fifth of the land is fertile; and, moreover, that fertile fifth lies in the Lowlands and the eastern coastal plain, the parts most easily burned and harried by English invaders. Before the days of agricultural improvement the poorness of the crop was expressed in the well-known line, "Ane to saw; ane to gnaw; and ane to pay the laird witha'." And when the harvest failed, the lack of good communications hindered what good intentions for relief there might have been. For almost every Scot there was the rhythm of life so well expressed by Sir Alexander Gray:

Labour by day,
And scant rest in the gloaming,
With want an attendant,
Not lightly out-paced.

Saving and thrift grew from urgent necessity and became, in the words of the lawyers, "common practice." Even in the burghs, trade was negligible and based, until the middle of the seventeenth century, on wool, woolfells, skins, hides, fish, and a little coarse plaiding—all indicative of a still primitive economy, and all in sma' sums. The Scot found the secret of thriving from little to much. He realized that the pennies made the pound. It was a realization forced upon him by nature and circumstance; and it is a lesson he has never forgotten. The Englishman carries his money loose in his trousers' pocket; the Scotsman is frequently to be found carrying it in a purse so that there may be a break, a pause in time, before he ventures upon its expenditure.

This poverty of the land was the prime cause of the exodus of

the Scot who emigrated, and usually flourished wherever he went. Spurred by necessity, the younger sons of every family fared boldly forth, taking not the motto of the Murrays of Tulliebardine, "Furth fortune and fill the fetters," but rather, "Fare forth and fortune fill the coffers." Even in medieval times there sprang up a scurrilous jibe that "Take your ways where you will, Scotsmen, rats and lice will still be found the whole world over." So the Scottish mercenary was known in every land; and in almost every land could be found the Scottish peddler and his pack. Not a few rose to high places, and the stories told of them are legion. Later, when conscience and religion were at stake, there were those who abandoned all and sought new lands in which to build their church and worship God in the way they deemed to be right. Later still, when the roads were built, economic necessity found new opportunity. There was fascination in the road. "Over the hills and far away" lay the chance of a fortune that would never be found at home, and "the ganging foot was aye getting." Yet the call of the "dear-remembered hills" was always there, and always the Scot dying abroad, in peace or battle, thinks of his home.

Then, to this people, who had faced for so long a life that was poor, difficult and dangerous, came the creed of Knox: a hard creed, but one suited above all others to the people's past, a spiritual faith of austerity and discipline for an earthly life of endurance and danger. Moreover, the new church of Knox and Melville was quick to organize itself. In kirk session, presbytery, synod and general assembly, it developed a local and a central government which was firm and orderly, when the central and local government of the state was still feeble and corrupt. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was regular, democratic and representative when the Scottish Parliament possessed not a single one of those three important characteristics. Indeed, at one time, it was just possible that the democratically elected General Assembly of the Church would even supersede the Scottish Parliament. For the people of Scotland had endured so much misgovernment by the state that they clung with both hands to the ordered government of their new church. In England, with its Tudor-perfected machinery of government, the church was bound to be Erastian; in

Scotland, with no government worthy of the name, the church was bound to be theocratic. In England, it was the Parliament which refused to adjourn at the command of the king; in Scotland, it was the General Assembly of the Church. In England, it was the Speaker of the House of Commons who was held down in his chair; in Scotland, a three-legged stool, it is said, was thrown at the Dean in the Church of St. Giles. In England, Buckingham was murdered; in Scotland, Archbishop Sharp. In England, men took up arms in 1642 to defend the freedom of their Parliament; in Scotland, men had already twice assembled in arms, in 1639 and 1640, to defend the freedom of their Church. In the "Solemn League and Covenant" the English had pressed for a civil league, but the Scots had demanded a religious covenant.

Added to all that, the whole hierarchy of the new and representative church courts now gave the people experience in the government of their church, and thereby developed a critical appraisal of the government of the state. The people gained a new concept of their place in the realm. In the broadest sense, the new church established the "commons"; and Knox's *Book of Discipline* had laid down that "before God there is no respect of persons." To old pride, the Scot now added a new belief in his own importance: a man made in God's image. In Scotland there had never been that strict stratification of society to be found in France and, to a lesser extent, in England; but, henceforward, while social distinctions might be respected, they carried less weight. The Scot no longer needed to be told that "a man's a man for a' that."

Now, too, with his new share in the affairs of his church, is born the Scot who will argue on every question theological and metaphysical. The Scot took to theology as a duck takes to water; and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms proved a marvelous discipline. The English Catechism begins, simply and tritely, with the question, "What is thy name?" but even the Scottish Shorter Catechism, for those of "weaker capacity," drives at once to the very marrow of divinity with its opening question, "What is the chief end of man?" To that awful question the child must answer, "To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever"; and thereafter follow a further one hundred and six questions and answers, including "What is effectual call-

ing?" and "What is justification?" even before the Ten Commandments are reached. But, all in all, the Reformation released a new spirit; there was an upsurge in the minds of men; education really began and was fostered by the Church. The three existing universities were given new life; a fourth university, Edinburgh, was founded. Ministers acted as local schoolmasters. A remarkable curiosity seized the mind, which, in time, led to the great Scottish schools of philosophy, to Adam Smith and to David Hume.

This new Church, in the Lowlands but not yet in the Highlands, also cut clean across old local loyalties and feuds; it was now "the whole body of believers," an organic whole, a union of the people in God. Nay more, there was henceforth to be a Covenant, a three-fold contract between the people, the king and God. If the king failed to rule his people in accordance with the Covenant, then, under God, the people were justified in opposing him. So Mary was deposed; James VI was held prisoner; Charles I was opposed in arms; and in 1689 the Scots boldly declared that James VII had "forfeited" the crown, while the English were still vaguely talking about a regency and abdication. Small wonder that James VI proclaimed the Divine Right of Kings. It was his only mantle of defense against a different concept advanced and proclaimed by Knox, Melville and Buchanan, and later, in Charles I's day, by Samuel Rutherford in his *Lex Rex*.

Much, almost all, of this came direct from the ministers of the new Church. The ministers laid down the law of God and not a few of them felt impelled thereby to lay down the law of the land also. At times one cannot but marvel at their supreme assurance. It was to Scottish divines that Cromwell addressed those memorable words, "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ to think it possible you may be mistaken." But those words had no effect. And where, indeed, lay the necessity for a council of state, when there were ministers who held that they were in counsel with God? But, out of that, came more than the "thrawn-ness" of the Scot. There came an adherence to principle which, more than once, demanded great sacrifice. In the times of the Covenant, when men preached with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, it led to many a tragic death on moor and hill, the deaths of those martyrs about

whose lonely graves the peewees cry; it led, as we have seen, to many a move to other lands; in 1843 it led to the great Disruption, when over four hundred ministers abandoned their livings in protest against lay patronage. And again, out of that, was born the "colony of New Edinburgh" and the New Zealand city Dunedin.

Finally, with the fulfillment of Knox's concept of the daily reading of the Bible at home, and with the Bible daily read and used as a textbook in the schools, a knowledge of the Scriptures became part of the heritage of every Scot. The Scots became the "people of a Book." Perhaps because the past had been so grim and hard, there was for long a tendency to turn to the Old Testament rather than to the New. Perhaps also because for centuries the Scot had been too poor, too busy fighting for very existence against internal and external enemies, and always too close to real need, there was a distrust of beauty and all the pleasant ways of life. Ease and leisure had been so long denied that there was no difficulty in interpreting the text "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich." Nor did the ministers leave their flocks in any doubt of the absolute certainty of reward, or punishment, in the life to come. The "fear of Hell," the awful judgment of God upon those who failed to obey His will, became as real as the certainty of eviction for those who failed to pay their rent.

Nevertheless this new religion and its iron discipline confirmed the national character. Out of austerity and discipline, wedded to labor and endurance, sprang those qualities of self-denial, industry, perseverance and principle, which became the attributes of the Scot at home and which made him a builder of the Empire abroad. The Scot became known for his moral convictions. *Duty* became a word with a definite meaning. To do one's duty (even the duty of the workman conscientiously doing his day's work to the best of his ability) was partly the result of a strict moral upbringing; partly it was a result of the belief that life today was but a preparation for the life hereafter.

The Scots engineer in Kipling's well-known "McAndrew's Hymn" can give praise that

From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God—

SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTS

Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.

John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my* "Institutio."

And, in the rhythm and drive of a ship's engines, he can see the work of "the Leevin' God" and the order of his Presbyterian Church:

"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Disciplin!"

Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,

An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.

Then in 1603, the crowns of Scotland and England were united under James VI; and in 1707, came complete incorporating union with England. The background of that incorporating union may be given in simple terms. Scottish industry and manufactures, which had been developing fast in the second half of the seventeenth century, could find no markets. The protectionist policy of England, the Navigation Acts, and the monopolies enjoyed by the English trading companies cut Scotland out from any worth-while colonial trade. On the other hand, England was in the midst of the War of the Spanish Succession, a war to prevent France from becoming supreme in Europe, and Scotland had had an old alliance with France, dating back to the end of the thirteenth century and enduring for the long years of English claims and aggression; in France, a Stewart house had been received in exile; on the very eve of Marlborough's first campaign, the Scottish Parliament had asserted a Scottish right to trade with England's enemy. At such a crisis, could two countries under one king have two separate parliaments and two separate foreign policies? The Union was a compromise. It secured what England wanted—a common front; it gave Scotland what she needed—freedom of trade with the English colonies. It secured to Scotland her Church and her law; it deprived Scotland of her Parliament, and therewith her own control of her own affairs.

The chance to develop her industry and commerce was, indeed, Scotland's main need. With the Union, slowly and haltingly at first, later with leaps and bounds at the time of the so-called Industrial Revolution (and the founding of the Carron Ironworks in 1760 is one of the most important events in Scottish history), Scotland

began to enjoy a prosperity hitherto unknown. Many a Scot who had talked religion now began to talk "big business." For many there was a welding of old Calvinism with a worship of the new Mammon. So arose a sanctimonious hypocrisy in which wealth and prosperity were equated with spiritual grace. So arose the Scot of "Holy Willie's Prayer":

But Lord; remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine!
That I for grace and gear may shine,
Excell'd by nane!
And a' the glory shall be Thine!
Amen! Amen!

Riches and success were now the blessings of the Lord poured forth upon His own; while the poor, and they were many, were to be reconciled to that estate into which it had pleased the Lord to place them.

Many a Scotsman had belatedly come to riches. He took them as the reward of virtue; and many, in taking them, well-nigh lost all virtue. In many there was now much outward show of religion, and the seventh day was rigidly observed; but inward grace had shriveled to a mere nothing, and the heart was like a dried nut that rattles in a fair shell. So the "unco guid" had their day on earth, forgetting, for the future, "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." The "unco guid" are no more, but they have left their legacy in many a miners' village and in the Glasgow slums.

Possibly those days of prosperity would have come without union with England; but union with England certainly made prosperity come more quickly. Yet there is something nearer to us than that. When James IV of Scotland was betrothed to Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII, we are told by Francis Bacon, borrowing from Polydore Vergil, that some of Henry's councillors put the case "if God should take the king's two sons without issue, that then the kingdom of England would fall to the king of Scotland, which might prejudice the monarchy of England. Whereunto the king himself replied: that if that should be, Scotland would be but an accession to England, and not England to Scotland, for

that the greater would draw the less. . . . This passed as an oracle, and silenced those that moved the question." That was in 1500. Through the marriage of James IV and Margaret Tudor in 1503, and with the failure of heirs to all of Henry VIII's children, James VI of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth, and united the crowns of the two kingdoms. A hundred years later, as we have seen, the parliaments and kingdoms were united to become Great Britain. And what of the oracle? The greater has undoubtedly drawn the less; and the attraction is sapping Scotland's nationhood. It is not merely the sad, but inevitable, fact that the smaller country, playing second fiddle, must perforce follow the tune of the lead; it is something more dangerous than that. Within our own times, through such media as the press, the wireless, ministry-controlled education, and government direction in almost everything, the greater is slowly placing its imprint upon the less. A dull uniformity is spreading fast, and the shadow of London is looming large over all.

The long centuries of his history have formed the Scot in his own ways of work and life; they have developed his own expressions in music, literature, architecture and all the arts. They have molded his personal characteristics. He has built up his own virile language. Are all these shapes and patterns to become more and more blurred, losing their individuality in one common form and so, in the end, becoming merely part of the past from which they sprang? Is that to be the final outcome of the greater drawing the less?

Today there are murmurings in the air, some wise, some foolish. But the thinking Scot of today is turning more and more to his past—a past in which he sees something of an ancient glory; a past of which he is himself a part, and from which he can draw example and inspiration; a past in which he can discern something more than

. . . a tale
 . . . full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

The thinking Scot of today is turning to a past which formed a nation, and fashioned its women and men. He hopes that through the past he yet may save his nationhood.

If You Don't Mind My Saying So

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In the vaudeville theaters of my youth, Amateur Night still flourished in pristine brutality. It was there that the expressive phrase "to get the hook" was born, and many are the aspirants I have seen yanked into the wings by an invisible hand while the crowd, come to see blood, howled its delight. Some of the victims had advanced toward the footlights, trembling and almost voiceless; some still managed to achieve a pitiful parody of the swagger they had rehearsed. But there were few on whose faces *moriturus* was not written.

A mere spectator even in those days and hence a predestined critic, I never exposed myself to the indignity of the hook. But I am exposing myself now. Cruelly kind, the Editor and Board members of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR have issued me precisely the invitation which Keith and Proctor used to offer. I am to come upon this stage and to stay here just as long as—but positively no longer than—the audience will tolerate me. Just out of sight on the O.P. side, the dread engine is ready and in firm hands. If you do not find me here next quarter or at any later time, you will know why: I have got the hook.

Any debonairness I may seem to achieve is completely bogus. A certain theatrical

manager is said to have addressed job-seekers thus: "A comedian, eh? Well, make me laugh." Though my present employers would not put it in quite these words, I get the idea: "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give / And we who live to please must please to live." I have, moreover, a strong suspicion that the intention is to make me an Admiral Bing who can be promptly disposed of *pour encourager les autres*.

Irwin Edman regularly appeared here, so brilliantly and for so long a time that the fourth Fate (the one who wields the abhorred hook) had broken the symbol of his office and gone home. Irwin was one of my oldest and most valued friends. Had he not done so many things brilliantly, one would have said that conducting a causerie was precisely what he had been born for. Like many he loved to talk; but like, alas, only a few he made listeners willing to listen. He had ideas, of course, and for those he deserved credit. But sometimes it seemed positively unfair that anyone should meet so many amusing people, hear so many witty stories, become involved in so many amusing adventures. In fact, since the laws of chance are what they are, it is impossible not to pay him the compliment of assuming that he made up a good many of them, if not out of the whole cloth, at least with no more than a swatch of it to give him the notion. And if I mention him here, it is not to pay a conventional tribute but to say that, much as I always admired him, I never had stronger reasons for doing so than I have at this moment. It is also to warn you

• JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, formerly Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University, is now living in Tucson, Arizona, where he devotes himself entirely to writing. His philosophical book, *The Measure of Man*, received the 1954 National Book Award for non-fiction in January.

that you must not expect anything like what he gave you so easily. Better men than I for this job you may easily find. His kind you will not find again.

* * *

Simeon Strunsky once described, in his "Topics of the Times" column, his experiences as a freshman with the daily theme. The instructor would assign some such topic as "College Spirit" or "Why We Lost the Game." Next day, with a pained air, he would read some specimens of the prose produced, follow them with, perhaps, the "Gettysburg Address," and then ask by implication why his charges didn't write like that. It always seemed to me, said Strunsky, that the comparison would not have been so unfavorable if I had been permitted to deliver the address at Gettysburg and Lincoln had been compelled to write about "The Prospects for the Freshman Hockey Team."

This is, under certain circumstances, a comforting thought. But it offers no excuse which the conductor of this column can plead. He can choose the whole fifteen decisive battles if he feels up to them, or any subject on the face of the earth. In a world reliably said to be full of a number of things, he ought to be able to be witty, or wise, or at least tolerable on some subject. But latitude is like rope. It is as easy to lose oneself in the one as to hang oneself with the other. No doubt Adam and Eve got used in time to having the world before them where to choose, but it is a bit disconcerting to begin with. In fact, it is rather like the experience of being at a party with Ellen Glasgow during her latter years when she used to present her old-fashioned ear trumpet to any guest whom she had not recently tuned in: the result was that most of us promptly forgot the penetrating remarks we had been intending to make and muttered something about the weather.

In one respect only I am in luck. Name-dropping is a sure resource of columnists; and it happens that a few days before I sat down to write this I was in the presence of the biggest name I shall probably ever be in a position to drop. Here comes Her Majesty, the Queen Mother! She had no bon

net for my private ear. I did not see even a cathedral mouse under her chair. Nevertheless, I was in her presence on four separate occasions and I can hardly be expected to forego the opportunity to make a few remarks about queens and queenliness in the Age of the Common Man. Obviously, Her Majesty has a tough assignment. Nobody wants her to be too queenly. On the other hand, if she weren't queenly enough there would be no point in the whole business. And since she is known to produce precisely the right impression, I watched her carefully to see how it is done.

She can hardly have escaped hearing the anecdote about how the Empress Eugénie looked behind her to make sure that a chair was there and how Victoria did not. The Queen Mother, as I was careful to note, has acquired Victoria's assurance; and that helps. But you can't be getting up and sitting down all the time, and the first rule seems to be to take all movements and gestures at half speed. Nothing could be more unqueenly than to act as though you feared impatience. The second rule seems to be that when you acknowledge a bow your reserve should be tempered. Remote as you are, you must actually seem to see the person you are looking at and your smile must seem to be for him, not merely tossed into the air like a bride's bouquet. The distance between you and him is immense. Not to recognize that would be to reduce the whole thing to absurdity. But you must not act as though it were astronomical. You mustn't, like the Duchesse de Guermantes, give a lady a bag of buns originally intended for the bears at the zoo because you are incapable of judging distances.

How much of all this, I wondered, is conscious, how much unconscious? Upon mature reflection I have come to the conclusion that in the case of the Queen Mother it is all much too convincing to be natural, and that her art is based upon the fact that she understands quite as well as her ministers that the importance is nothing more than the importance of the symbol she embodies. The height of her art is precisely what Diderot called "The Paradox of the

Comedian"; it consists in a sort of tipping the wink—a wink which says, "Perfectly as I play this role, convincingly as I seem to be what I pretend to be, I know and I want you to know that I know that I am playing a role."

Few actors or actresses who tread the boards of an actual theater ever understand this paradox, much less master it. In fact, it is their inability to distinguish between themselves and the roles assigned them that is responsible for their odd behavior in social life. The impersonator of *femmes fatales* thinks she is fatally attractive; and it is a well-known fact that one famous impersonator of Lincoln (it was not Mr. Massey) provoked at the Lamb's Club the remark: "That guy won't be satisfied until somebody assassinates him."

The Queen Mother is the best actress of them all. Like Victoria she has few of the physical attributes of majesty, though she is more attractive and appealing as a woman than Victoria was after the first flush of youth. When she came into the robing room at the Cathedral, I happened to be standing beside a distinguished British scientist whose name had probably better not be mentioned. He leaned over and whispered: "A very regal pigeon." That was apt enough to be funny, but it is not the whole truth either. Huck Finn once explained to Nigger Jim why "kings is kings and you got to make allowances. . . . It's the way they're raised." Royal education is, in these days, a very different matter.

Lest any nervous democrat be disturbed because too much has been made over visiting royalty, let me add a footnote to prove that at least the heart of the masses is sound. So far as I know, the only contretemps to mar the whole series of ceremonies arranged for the Columbia Bicentennial occurred at the end of the dinner on the night before the final convocation. The toastmaster asked the audience to rise while the orchestra played "Stand Columbia." Everybody, including the Queen, did rise. For an awkward moment nothing happened. In fact nothing ever did happen. Since the dinner was at least half an hour behind schedule,

I presume that the union musicians had simply gone home, queen or no queen. Colonel McCormick could not have asked for a sturdier show of independence. They would, of course, probably have waited for Rita Hayworth.

* * *

As soon as the convocation was over, Chancellor Adenauer took a plane back to Germany and I took a subway—for the first time since I had left New York more than two years before. When I reached the platform, I walked to the newsstand, selected the afternoon paper with the largest headlines, turned to the latest news of the gaudiest current murder with the most sex interest and was deep in the gory details before it occurred to me to ask myself why I, officially a member of the intelligentsia, should be behaving so precisely like any one of the mass men whose tastes I formally deplore. Why didn't I choose the *Dialogues of Plato* which were offered me for thirty-five cents at the same newsstand?

Was it because, for good or for ill, we are all brothers under the skin? Or was it because, however diverse we may be at other times, noise, crowding, hurry and bustle reduce us to the same condition? Is that taste for violence in news, in fiction, in sports and in everything else, which moralists so much deplore, the inevitable consequence of living the speeding, jostling, noisy life most Americans now lead? Would it be possible to read about anything less sensational than murder in a subway rush hour? And is life for most people becoming more and more like a rush-hour subway?

Dozens of times since I made my choice and fled from New York to the open spaces of the Southwest, I have been asked by the friends I left behind if I did not miss the "stimulation" of New York. Perhaps it is too soon to answer. But I do know that in the old days I was in the subway more often than I was in a theater, a concert hall or an art gallery. And I am by no means sure that it was not worth-while to give up one kind of stimulation for the sake of escaping the other.

Perhaps time will tell. But the answer, I

am afraid, can hardly be of more than theoretical interest to any generation much later than my own, because it looks more and more as though the future, if indeed there is to be one, will be fast and crowded and noisy beyond anything we can imagine. Two significant items appeared recently, not in Orwell, but in the same issue of the *Scientific American*. Though no connection was noted between them, they belong together.

The first, headed "Famine in Twenty-Five Years," began thus: "By 1975 there will be about 190 million mouths to feed in the United States. Unless the nation increases its agricultural productivity at a faster rate than it is doing, many of them will go hungry, reports Bryan T. Shaw, Administrator of the Agricultural Research Administration of the U. S. Department of Agriculture."

The other item, on a distant page, was cheerfully headed "Food from Sewage" and went on to tell how workers at the Univer-

sity of California had demonstrated that, in a single day, tanked sewage can be almost entirely converted by green algae into high protein food. Any harmful bacteria left behind can, we are assured, be eliminated by drying and pasteurization.

It is true that the item concludes with a would-be reassuring remark: "Because of the 'psychological factor' the researchers do not advocate using sewage grown algae for human food but point out that it would be excellent animal fodder." Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul. No mere conventional distaste for an available supply of high protein food is going to compel a hard-pressed population to waste a substantial portion of it by raising uneconomical cattle. As the Bishop in *Back to Methuselah* replies to the housemaid who wonders if certain of the mores predicted of the future would be "decent," "Biological necessities are always decent." Some well-coördinated father of his people will someday say, "Let 'em eat sewage cake."

..... *The Revolving Bookstand*

Civil Liberties

CORNELL STUDIES IN CIVIL LIBERTIES.
Ithaca: Cornell University Press.

* * *

SECURITY, LOYALTY, AND SCIENCE. By Walter Gellhorn. 300 pp. \$3.00.

THE STATES AND SUBVERSION. Edited by Walter Gellhorn. 454 pp. \$5.00.

CIVIL RIGHTS IN IMMIGRATION. By Milton R. Konvitz. 216 pp. \$3.50.

BILL OF RIGHTS READER: Leading Constitutional Cases. Compiled and edited by Milton R. Konvitz. 591 pp. \$6.50.

THE FEDERAL LOYALTY-SECURITY PROGRAM. By Eleanor Bontecou. 377 pp. \$5.00.

THE TENNEY COMMITTEE: Legislative Investigation of Subversive Activities in California. By Edward L. Barrett, Jr. 400 pp. \$5.00.

UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON: The Work of the Canwell Committee. By Vern Countryman. 405 pp. \$5.00.

LOYALTY AND LEGISLATIVE ACTION: A Survey of Activity by the New York State Legislature, 1919-1949. By Lawrence H. Chamberlain. 254 pp. \$4.00.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES: 1945-1950. By Robert K. Carr. 489 pp. \$6.50.

CONSCRIPTION OF CONSCIENCE: The American State and the Conscientious Objector, 1940-1947. By Mulford Q. Sibley and Philip E. Jacob. 580 pp. \$6.50.

Reviewed by SAUL K. PADOVER

This impressive series of volumes on the state of civil liberty in the United States today was made possible by a Rockefeller Foundation grant to Cornell University. For about five years a group of scholars, working individually but consulting one another and exchanging views, have been investigating the various programs and ac-

tivities in the sensitive fields of liberty and security. The results of their findings can be read in these volumes, all but two of which were under the editorship of Professor Robert E. Cushman of Cornell.

The two exceptions are Professor Konvitz' books on immigration and on the Bill of Rights. His *Civil Rights in Immigration* is a much-needed analysis and criticism of the workings of our immigration policy, particularly as it affects the rights of persons under the McCarran-Walter Act. This book, designed for laymen, makes an appeal for certain reforms on humanitarian grounds. Professor Konvitz urges the abolition of the national origins quota system and pleads for greater generosity in regard to immigration. His *Bill of Rights Reader* reviews seventy-three Supreme Court cases dealing with the various liberties that are guaranteed by the first ten amendments to the Constitution, containing both majority and dissenting opinions. In its field this is a nearly indispensable work, although it suffers from one substantial shortcoming: it lacks an index, which impairs its usefulness as a work of reference.

Of the eight volumes of the Cushman series, the first, published in 1950, was *Security, Loyalty, and Science* by Professor Gellhorn of Columbia Law School. This was followed by the three detailed case studies of "un-American activities" committees in two Pacific Coast states and in the city of Washington. The book on the Tenney Committee, by Professor Barrett of the University of California, appeared in 1951; so did the work by Professor Countryman of Yale, on the Canwell Committee of the state of Washington. The large volume on the national House of Representatives' Committee on Un-American Activities, by Professor Carr of Dartmouth, came out

SAUL K. PADOVER, journalist and author of books on a wide variety of subjects, including several on Jefferson, is dean of the School of Politics at the New School for Social Research.

The Life and Art of Albrecht Dürer

• By Erwin Panofsky

To meet a wide, popular demand, this fourth edition of a standard art classic has been reduced to one-volume size, making it possible to lower the price from \$25 to \$10 while including the complete text and full number of high-quality illustrations. Only the Handlist and Concordances have been eliminated from the original two-volume work. Called by *Time* "the art book of the year" on its first appearance in 1943, this present edition offers some of the most exciting reading that anyone interested in art could possibly look forward to.

PUBLISHED IN MAY. 320 PAGES. 148 PLATES. 9X12. \$10

The Ancient Near East in Pictures •

Relating to the Old Testament • By James B. Pritchard

Editor Of *Ancient Near Eastern Texts*

The world of the ancient Near East comes to life in this handsome volume of photographs made possible by the fruitful archeological activity of the past 25 years. Long-buried details of daily life—farming, cooking, weaving, transport, amusements, worship—portray the common activities of men and women in Biblical times, while the kings and gods and great events take a proportionate place in this fascinating picture history.

770 ILLUSTRATIONS. 240 PLATES. 120 PAGES. 8½X11. \$20

Cells and Societies • By John Tyler Bonner

A new approach to an understanding of the life processes and an absorbing account of the diverse ways in which a wide range of organisms, from amoebae to monkeys, meet the biological necessities of feeding, reproduction, and social coordination.

230 PAGES. 8 PAGES OF HALFTONES. \$4.50



Order from your bookstore, or PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

in 1952. *Loyalty and Legislative Action*, by Dean Chamberlain of Columbia, also belongs in this category, although it is not a detailed case history; it is a summary analysis of the various investigating committees in New York State in the last thirty years.

In one sense, the key volume to the series is *The States and Subversion*, edited by Professor Gellhorn. It contains summary chapters of the books by Barrett, Countryman and Chamberlain, plus chapters on the Broyles Commission of Illinois, the Ober Anti-Communist Law of Maryland, and the loyalty program of Michigan. Professor Gellhorn has added a full list of statutes, as of January 1, 1951, dealing with subversion, sedition and treason in all the states of the Union, including Alaska and Hawaii. He has also contributed "A General View," which is a wise, balanced and thoughtful analysis of the whole complicated problem of liberty and security. He writes:

The record till now suggests that Russian communism and its ineffectual allies are unlikely to succeed in wresting away our freedoms without our co-operation. If our freedoms are lost, it will be because our own timidity . . . led to their repudiation by us rather than to their destruction by others.

Today as always the path of freedom is perilous. Yet, departure from it is an even larger peril. Once lost, freedom is hard to recapture. . . . The statutes and the investigations considered in this volume were intended to strike at enemies of freedom. In many instances, however, they hit others instead—educators, public employees, political minorities, and even religious groups. . . . All of this flows in part from failure to maintain a constant focus on subversive activities. What the States need now . . . is not an ever-growing body of laws to deal with supposedly subversive persons or beliefs. For their legitimate protection they need merely to enforce the already large body of laws that concentrate on actions instead of opinions and associa-

tions. . . . Possibly the present period demands not more and more bulwarks, but a slight enlargement of calm and common sense.

Similarly, in his *Security, Loyalty, and Science* Professor Gellhorn warns that the present loyalty programs are actually endangering American science. The emphasis upon too much secrecy in an area of activities where it is virtually impossible to maintain, since science is international and laboratories are in operation in nearly all countries of the world, leads to duplication of effort and a reduction of the number of scientists who might be available in the service of the general welfare. Under present conditions many scientists hesitate to enter public service and others are unable to train the young in fields which the government has labeled "restricted." As a solution for this perilous situation, Professor Gellhorn advises that the government shift emphasis from "loyalty" to "security," and that only in the most sensitive cases, when highly confidential military matters are involved, should there be an investigation into a scientist's loyalty.

The writers of all the volumes are in general agreement on certain conclusions. In varying degrees and with varying emphases, they agree that the investigating committees have gone far beyond their rightful limits and have inflicted damage on many citizens. As Eleanor Bontecou points out in her fine and critical study of the federal loyalty-security program: "It would be equally dangerous to take the position that just a little injustice does not really matter." The federal program, with its vast machinery and cumbersome procedures, has hurt many an individual, perhaps unintentionally. But it has been a model of fairness compared to some state investigating committees. California's Tenney Committee had been so reckless in its charges and so abusive of democratic rights that it was finally put out of business by an aroused public opinion. In the name of anti-communism it had, in fact, tended to strengthen communism. "The power and influence of the Communists," Professor Barrett concludes in his

SHIPWRECK AND EMPIRE

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF PORTUGUESE MARITIME DISASTERS IN A
CENTURY OF DECLINE

By JAMES DUFFY. An empire's decline and fall, as dramatically shown by stories of the men who went down to the sea in ships—and never came back. James Duffy is a thorough scholar who writes like a novelist, and his account of the storms and sea battles that destroyed the power and influence of Portugal makes good reading. He includes chapters on the history of the empire and a factual listing of the shipwrecks; but most of his fascinating and original book is devoted to the shipwreck narratives themselves—from 1550 to 1650. \$4.00

THE TRAGEDIES OF GEORGE CHAPMAN

RENAISSANCE ETHICS IN ACTION

By ENNIS REES. A reappraisal and reinterpretation of the great Elizabethan poet, dramatist, and translator of Homer. After a comprehensive study and analysis of his non-dramatic work and the five tragedies, Rees—challenging accepted opinion—demonstrates that Chapman was not a champion of virtù and romantic individualism, but was an expounder of the Christian-humanistic creed. The author also demonstrates the interdependence of dramatic values and philosophical intent in Chapman's works, and clarifies his use of contrast and irony. \$4.50

ROYCE ON THE HUMAN SELF

By J. HARRY COTTON. In this book, the first account in English of the development of Royce's thought, Mr. Cotton includes an illuminating account of relations between Royce, C.-S. Peirce and William James, and a brief history of the origins of pragmatism; and the book opens with a concise and revealing biography of Royce. "Mr. Cotton has put this generation in his debt by this very comprehensive and illuminating analysis of the thought of a great philosopher and great spirit, who was threatened with premature neglect."—REINHOLD NIEBUHR in *The New York Times Book Review*. \$5.00



Through your bookseller, or from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
44 Francis Avenue, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

study of the notorious Tenney Committee, "can be increased by legislative investigations that confuse the communist and non-communist left and attribute to the Communists all movements for reform." Similarly Washington's Canwell Committee invaded the field of civil rights and undermined safeguards carefully set up by the Constitution. "The activities of the Canwell committee and its allies," Professor Countryman points out, "are clearly more subversive of established legal processes than any activities disclosed by the committee's investigation."

The importance of these volumes cannot be overestimated. They are both a tocsin and an arsenal. There is no question about the fact that in this, the seventeenth decade of the existence of the American Republic, our governments have shown a disturbing inclination to curtail the rights of citizens, especially in the sensitive and vulnerable realm of opinion. Our institutions are still solid, but there are elements at work chipping away precious democratic rights. The volumes under review here document this danger overwhelmingly. They should go far toward helping clear the air and fortify those—and there are many in this country—who feel with Jefferson that "the God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time." The time for defending civil rights, without endangering the national security, is now. These books, for which authors and publisher should be congratulated, ought to be on the shelves of all those who care about freedom.

The Lives of the Hunters

OF WHALES AND MEN. By R. B. Robertson.

New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 300 pp. \$4.50.

THE BUFFALO HUNTERS. By Mari Sandoz.

New York: Hastings House. 367 pp. \$4.50.

CORO-CORO. By Paul A. Zahl. Indianapolis:

The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 261 pp. \$4.50.

Reviewed by GORDON CUYLER

Julian Huxley has pointed out that man's opinion of himself in relation to the animal world has swung as a pendulum from Dar-

win's time, when man believed he was just another animal striving for survival, to today, when he sees himself as biologically unique. With this in mind, it is not too surprising to find three books of 1954, all of which have animals as their point of departure, concerning themselves primarily with men.

Thus, in *Of Whales and Men*, psychiatrist R. B. Robertson, embarked on a modern whale hunt in a super-efficient factory ship, is more interested in the motives which led him and his shipmates to go whaling than he is in the magnificent prey they hunt with such unerring success; historian Mari Sandoz, in *The Buffalo Hunters*, tells about the destruction of the four great herds in a series of vivid pictures of the pioneers who did the shooting; and, in *Coro-Coro*, cancer researcher Paul Zahl pauses frequently in his search for the breeding grounds of the scarlet ibis to search within himself.

Whoever remembers with a quick rush of sympathy Ernest Thompson Seton's *Lives of the Hunted* will shudder a little at *Of Whales and Men*, a good subtitle for which might be "Lives of the Hunters." Each year twelve thousand men, tough, rough and ready, sail from Tönsberg for the Southern Ocean to feed whales to their ugly whale-processing ship—as different from the elegant "Pequod" as day from night. The factory ship is accompanied by thirteen chasers, equipped with the electronic devices of a task force and fast enough to track the blue whales through the antarctic ice. Explosive harpoons, a Norwegian monopoly and shot only by Norwegians, kill whales by the thousands and make modern whaling profitable.

The majestic blue whale, biggest and fastest of all the whales, is only a mass of flesh to these expert killers. In the factory ship's "Brobdingnagian Butcher's Shop," flensers cut into the huge carcass, carving out great chunks to be lifted away into the complicated machinery. Fourteen blue

© GORDON CUYLER is a member of the staff of the New York Zoological Society and is a student of natural history literature.

ART IN EAST AND WEST

AN INTRODUCTION THROUGH COMPARISONS

By BENJAMIN ROWLAND, JR. In this illuminating book, masterpieces of Eastern and Western art confront each other on facing pages, revealing their striking similarities and essential differences. There are three main groups—human figures, portraits and religious images; landscapes; and birds, animals and flowers—from all countries, artists and periods. Guided by the lucid analyses in the accompanying text, the reader will gain new insight into the intrinsic qualities of both great artistic traditions. 158 pages, 62 illustrations. \$5.00

CHINESE CALLIGRAPHY

AN INTRODUCTION TO ITS AESTHETIC AND TECHNIQUE

Reissue, with a Preface by SIR HERBERT READ

By CHIANG YEE. The aesthetic principles of China's first and fundamental art—as interpreted by the famous author-artist-poet of *THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN NEW YORK*, *CHINESE PAINTING*, and *THE CHINESE EYE*. In addition to aesthetic considerations, the text deals with such more practical subjects as the origin and construction of the Chinese characters, styles, technique, strokes, composition, training, and relations between calligraphy and other forms of Chinese art. With 6 collotype plates and 155 text illustrations. \$6.00

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF EDUCATIONAL WISDOM

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED

By ROBERT ULICH. A welcome new edition of Professor Ulich's comprehensive anthology of the educational theories of great thinkers of the past: Confucius, Plato, Aristotle, Luther, Erasmus, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Montaigne, Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Franklin, Jefferson, etc., plus a new chapter on John Dewey; and new material on the development of the Judaic tradition. Each extract was chosen to illuminate the thought and character of its author, and to illustrate his relationship to the general history and development of educational thought. 678 pages. \$6.00



Through your bookseller, or from

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

44 Francis Avenue, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

YALE BOOKS

THE SPANISH BACKGROUND OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

Stanley T. Williams The first complete definition of one of the great Continental influences upon American literature from the seventeenth century to the present day, featuring the "Spanish biographies" of eight men of letters: Irving, Ticknor, Prescott, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Harte, and Howells.

Illustrated two volumes \$10.00

TRAGIC THEMES IN WESTERN LITERATURE

Edited with an introduction by *Cleanth Brooks*

Seven essays ranging in subject from Sophocles to T. S. Eliot, renewing our perception of the masterpieces with which they deal and demonstrating the "ultimate oneness of man." Contributors include Bernard Knox, Chauncey B. Tinker, Henri Peyre, Maynard Mack, and Louis Martz.

\$2.75

DRYDEN AND THE ART OF TRANSLATION

William Frost An examination on three levels of Dryden's nondramatic verse: as poetry, as representations of their originals, and as part of the literature of the English Augustan age.

(April) \$3.50

GERMAN LITERARY INFLUENCES ON THE AMERICAN TRANSCENDENTALISTS, 1810-40

Stanley M. Vogel. German scholarship among the Transcendentalists themselves forms the major part of this study of their profound debt to German literature, language, criticism, and philosophy.

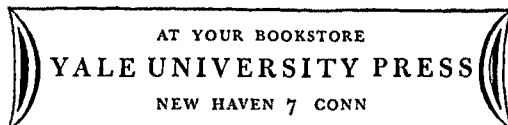
\$4.00

whales, each weighing about one hundred and twenty long tons, can be processed in a single night. As Dr. Robertson describes it, "The whales floated belly upward in the sea astern of us, looking uncomfortably pathetic and ridiculous. . . . A few hours before, they had been the lords and ladies of the ocean, the mightiest animals that ever knew life on this planet; and now they were so many tons of dead organic matter, waiting their turn to be converted into margarine and poultry feed."

Although Dr. Robertson calls the modern whalers and himself "psychopaths," he does not use the term in its usually accepted sense. He believes the psychopath, "the man with the suffering mind," is a superior being, akin to many of the great artists and scientists—Dostoevski, Columbus, Darwin—who were also too healthy to conform to civilization. These men forsake the well-worn paths of ordinary life and take off on their own. Rather than face the cares and vexations which beset less adventurous men, the whaler finds in the discomforts and demands of his strange calling a welcome and refreshing freedom.

The hide men of Mari Sandoz' *The Buffalo Hunters* are far from being psychopaths, as Dr. Robertson uses the term. Unencumbered by wife or family, they were attracted across the Missouri by scouts' tales and the prospect of getting rich, and there they found the Great Plains black with buffalo.

At first, there were only sporadic clashes between the Plains Indian and the hunter. To the Indian, the buffalo was a main means of support: he fed on its good meat and kept himself warm with the skins. He killed only according to his needs. But as the white hunters increased, the Indian saw them slaughtering his buffalo with their big guns and profiting from the trade in hides from which he was excluded. As the incredible slaughter proceeded, buffalo became harder to kill and the Indian could not procure the rifles and ammunition he needed. The lawless frontiersmen (green-horns, gamblers and gunmen backed up by the army) broke treaty after treaty, and the



DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS

With the
publication of six
new ANCHOR BOOKS,
Doubleday
announces two
major innovations:
the first entirely
original work
commissioned by
ANCHOR BOOKS,
and the first two
in a series of
Anchor anthologies
inaugurating a
collection of major,
seldom anthologized,
modern plays.

See the entire Anchor Book
line at your bookseller's
DOUBLEDAY

FOUR STAGES OF RENAISSANCE STYLE

Transformations in Art and Literature, 1400-1700

By **Wylie Sypher** A new departure in modern criticism, bridging the fields of art history and literary criticism, that re-interprets the great works of the Renaissance with special reference to Mannerism and The Baroque. With 32 pages of illustrations. *An Anchor Original.* A45 \$1.25

THE MODERN THEATRE

Edited by Eric Bentley The first two volumes of a new series of important modern plays, many in new translation.

Volume I *Woyzeck* by Georg Büchner, *Cavalleria Rusticana* by Giovanni Verga, *Woman of Paris* by Henry Becque, *The Threepenny Opera* by Bertolt Brecht, *Electra* by Jean Giraudoux. *An Anchor Original.* A48a 95¢

Volume II *Fantasio* by Alfred de Musset, *The Diary of a Scoundrel* by Alexander Ostrovsky, *La Ronde* by Arthur Schnitzler, *Purgatory* by W. B. Yeats, *Mother Courage* by Bertolt Brecht. *An Anchor Original.* A48b 95¢

THE EXPLORERS OF NORTH AMERICA, 1492-1806

By **John Bartlet Brebner** The definitive account of the men who opened the American continent — from Columbus to Lewis and Clark. Maps, 400 pages. A44 \$1.25

GROWTH AND STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

By **Otto Jespersen** A brief and brilliant summary of the history, growth and character of the English language by its greatest modern student. A46 95¢

THE HOUSE BY THE MEDLAR TREE

By **Giovanni Verga** *Translated by Eric Mosbacher.* The major work by one of Europe's greatest modern novelists. "There is no doubt that this is one of the great novels." —*The New Yorker*: A47 85¢

● Unanimously acclaimed as "a literary event of the first order" . . . **The Private Diaries of Stendhal**, edited and translated by Robert Sage. \$7.50

Now Ready . . .

Volume 4

Psalms, Proverbs

THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

Christendom's Most
Comprehensive Commentary
12 Volumes

A volume that teachers, ministers, and laymen alike have been waiting for—two Old Testament books highly significant to religious life today are explored by leading scholars and preachers. Complete texts of both King James and Revised Standard versions.

THE CONTRIBUTORS TO VOLUME 4: W. Stewart McCullough, Professor of Oriental Languages, University College, University of Toronto; William R. Taylor, late Principal and Professor, Department of Semitics, University College, University of Toronto; J. R. P. Slater, late Minister of Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto; Edwin McNeill Poteat, Pastor of Pullen Memorial Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C.; Frank H. Ballard, Minister Emeritus of Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church, London; Charles T. Fritsch, Associate Professor of Old Testament, Princeton Theological Seminary; Roland W. Schloerb, Pastor of Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago

Previously Published . . .

Old Testament Volumes 1, 2, and 3

New Testament Volumes 7, 8, 9, and 10

Each Volume, 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 10 inches. \$8.75

The other 4 volumes to appear at half-year intervals

At All Bookstores

ABINGDON PRESS

MAIL TO YOUR BOOKSELLER

Please send me the free prospectus describing the entire set of

THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

Published by Abingdon Press

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____

promises of a distant government never materialized. The white men used any excuse to go marauding, and although the Indian sometimes could retaliate against a portion of the expedition or capture an officer, he was soon humbled and defeated.

In making extensive use of incidents in the lives of the hunters to tell the story of the great slaughter, Miss Sandoz brings the reader a somewhat chaotic picture. Emerging here and there are such characters as Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody and General George Custer. Greedy and vain, and somehow very childish, they are anything but heroes. One wonders whether the same story would have been enacted on the Great Plains if the Pilgrims or the Quakers had first opened the country.

Paul Zahl enters the llanos country of Venezuela not to kill or trade but to discover the breeding grounds of the spectacularly beautiful scarlet ibis, known to the natives as *coro-coro*. This bird breeds only in the rainy season, when the swollen rivers of central Venezuela are monsters that threaten to turn the llanos country into one vast inland sea of flood waters. Watered by steady precipitation six months of the year, this primitive country seven degrees north of the equator has a constant temperature range of 80 to 85 degrees, an ideal climate for growing a profusion of tropical verdure. After following many a false trail, Dr. Zahl succeeds at last in discovering the *garcelero*, or breeding place, of the dramatic birds and sets up an ingenious blind to photograph them in their natural habitat.

In this sparsely populated land with its luxuriant vegetation and varied animal life, Dr. Zahl is stirred to reflection. Above all, he is impressed with the infinite provisions of nature to preserve the species and the urge to propagate common to all animals. He sees the continuation of the species as a way for the individual to cheat death in one sense, for, although the individual must die, the species goes on. "What," he asks, "in a broader sense, is the meaning of reproduction? Why did nature grant her higher creatures little more time than to reproduce before turning them back into

Four Masters of Literature

*seen in new dimensions . . .
in these works of superb scholarship*

THE SOLITARY SINGER

A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman

by Gay Wilson Allen

The most complete, authoritative and critical account of Whitman and his poetry ever published. *The Solitary Singer* breathes new life into Walt Whitman's familiar portrait—presenting a true and intimate close-up of the man whom Thoreau hailed as “apparently the greatest democrat the world has ever seen.”

544 pages. \$8.00

The Letters of W. B. YEATS

Edited by Allan Wade

These letters, edited by his friend, and many published here for the first time, reveal not only Yeats' life, but his opinions on the theater . . . politics . . . philosophy and his strange obsession with occultism. This collection is magnificently presented, richly illustrated and completely documented.

922 pages. \$9.50

LEWIS CARROLL

by Derek Hudson

The first biography to appear on Lewis Carroll containing quotations from his own *Diaries*, heretofore unpublished letters and documents. Derek Hudson throws new light on Lewis Carroll's emotional life and includes revealing analyses of his handwriting at different periods in his life. Illustrated.

354 pages. \$4.50

THOMAS MANN

by J. M. Lindsay

This detailed study of Mann fills an important gap in modern critical literature. Mr. Lindsay's excellent critical essay not only contributes to the understanding of Mann and his works, but should help explain the mental and emotional complexities of modern Germany as well.

137 pages. \$3.90

The Macmillan Company

60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

**BOOKS FROM
Chicago**



**EURIPIDES:
FOUR TRAGEDIES**

Here, translated into contemporary poetry which retains the impact of the great originals, are *ALCESTIS*, translated by Richmond Lattimore; *THE MEDEA*, translated by Rex Warner; *THE HERACLEIDAE*, translated by Ralph Gladstone; *HIPPOLYTUS*, translated by David Grene. In his brilliant Introduction, Richmond Lattimore portrays with sensitive insight the character and genius of Euripides. The third publication in the Chicago Series: *The Complete Greek Tragedies*. \$3.75

**THE CRIME OF
GALILEO**

By *GIORGIO DE SANTILLANA*.

Galileo Galilei challenged man's view of the universe, arousing a bitter storm of controversy climaxed by his imprisonment under the Inquisition. In this brilliantly exciting new book, Giorgio de Santillana presents the whole drama of Galileo's great "crime," vividly evoking the intrigue-ridden background against which the famous dispute occurred. Coming at a time when science and scientists are once again fighting for the right to unfettered inquiry, *The Crime of Galileo* contains a profoundly disturbing message for moderns. \$5.75

At your bookstore, or from.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO PRESS**

5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

dust? Why is the vital energy of life focussed on the perpetuation not of self but of race?"

Questions such as these lift *Coro-Coro* from the category of a straight natural-history book to the plane of zoological philosophy. Dr. Zahl's grasp of his subject is sound and the reader is treated to an excellent survey of evolution. Far from sentimentality or anthropomorphism, *Coro-Coro* is the able work of a twentieth-century scientist and intellectual.

In the three books here considered, the authors' eyes have been focused mainly on man: the escapist in *Of Whales and Men*, the opportunist in *The Buffalo Hunters* and the philosopher in *Coro-Coro*. This emphasis has not precluded, however, the presentation of a great deal of worth-while information on the natural history of whales, buffalo and scarlet ibises. This is not the kind of natural history that the gentle Gilbert White wrote in *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selbourne*, with his interest in the animal as a wonderful work of God. This is natural history written from man's point of view, with man's justified emphasis on his own importance as the chief character in the animal kingdom.

Brief Comments

A STUDY OF HISTORY. Volumes VII-X. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford. \$35.00.

This incredibly fascinating mountain of erudition is the notable culmination of a noble purpose: "Mankind must become one family or destroy itself. . . I do believe that a synoptic view of History is one of the World's present practical needs." Essentially, however, it is an awe-inspiring attempt to refute Popper's thesis that there "is no history of mankind" and Spengler's concept of "the savage goddess Necessity."

Guided by a dialectical heuristic employment of the categories of challenge-and-response, withdrawal-and-return, and growth-and-disintegration, Toynbee rejects both chance and rigid determinism as metaphysi-

New and Important Oxford Books

The Nebuly Coat and The Lost Stradivarius

By **J. MEADE FALKNER**. Published together for the first time, these two books make a fascinating and exciting volume. The author's lifelong passion for medieval manuscripts, and a scholarship that extended from paleography and archaeology to folklore are reflected in the strange happenings of *The Nebuly Coat*. *The Lost Stradivarius* is one of the most uncanny of all full-length ghost stories. *World's Classics, Double Volume 545* \$2.25

The Duke's Children

By **ANTHONY TROLLOPE**. This is the latest addition to *The Oxford Illustrated Trollope*, a handsomely illustrated and produced library edition prepared under the general editorship of *Michael Sadleir* and illustrated by *Charles Mozley*. \$5.75

Selections from Clarendon

Edited and Introduced by **G. HUEHNS**. Subtitled *The True Historical Narrative of the Rebellion and Civil Wars* and *The Life of Clarendon by Himself*, these selections offer not only a vivid report on the years 1640-67, but also a superb gallery of portraits and a number of penetrating epigrammatic judgments on men and events still subject to dispute and discussion. *World's Classics, Double Volume 544* \$2.25

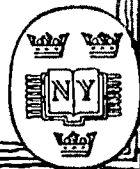
The Oxford History of Modern Europe

The Struggle for Mastery in Europe, 1848-1918

By **A. J. P. TAYLOR**. The present volume is the first to appear in a new series edited by Alan Bullock and F. W. D. Deakin and designed to provide a survey of European history from the French Revolution to World War II. Mr. Taylor's book, although primarily diplomatic history, seeks to bring out the political ideas and economic forces which shaped day-to-day diplomacy, describing the relations of the great European powers when Europe was still the center of the world. *With 18 text maps.* \$7.00

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, INC.
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11
Publishers of Fine Books for nearly Five Centuries





THE MIND OF MODERN RUSSIA

Edited by HANS KOHN. In these selections from the writings in the Russian debate between Slavophiles and Westernizers, from 1825 to 1917, lies the background for an understanding of the USSR, its ideology and political ambitions. \$5.50

POETRY AND DOGMA

By MALCOLM MACKENZIE ROSS An original approach to 17th century English poetry, showing how it was affected by the Protestant revision of traditional Eucharist dogma. "A brilliant, provocative book." *Francis Ferriss*. \$5.00

PROUST ON DELIVERANCE FROM TIME

By GERMAINE BREE. Translated by C. J. Richards and A. D. Truitt. A profound and illuminating analysis of *Remembrance of Things Past*, by a critic with a remarkable understanding of this novel as a work of art. May 2. \$5.00

At all bookstores

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Brunswick, N. J.

cal principles governing the relations between man and the universe. Instead, he concludes that the laws of nature and of God are coregnant and co-operative with one another, that the ultimate meaning of existence is a God of Love who confronts man with challenges which "may evoke in human souls creative responses that are genuinely free human acts."

The author's extensive use of legend and metaphor is in the tradition of Herodotus and enhances enormously an intensely interesting account of the ordeals and triumphs of mankind. Moreover, it is heartening to read, in this Age of Crisis, that the "Dark Night of the Soul is a darkness that is the herald, not of Death, but of Dawn."

RICHARD HUETT

CHARLEMAGNE: from the Hammer to the Cross. By Richard Winston. *Bobbs-Merrill*. \$3.75.

Richard Winston's *Charlemagne from the Hammer to the Cross* is a highly readable biography of one of the greatest and most controversial figures in European history. Under Charlemagne (A.D. 768-814) not only was most of what we today know as Western Europe united, but the church and state were also welded into an organic theocracy. While the author has drawn on contemporary sources, "biographical, analytical, historical, hagiographical, documentary, epistolary, literary and legendary," he has not allowed the heavy hand of history to affect the vividness of his presentation nor the clarity of his style. Neither has he attempted to fictionalize and intrude his own interpretation of the events and facts of Charlemagne's life, a life that time has bejeweled with portents, miracles and myths.

The Charlemagne that emerges from this account is an energetic, inquiring man as well as a great military leader, a husband and lover as well as an intellectual and theologian, a staunch friend of the leading thinkers of his age as well as a hard-fisted ruler and a demanding father to his many sons. The pages reverberate with the sound of battles he led against the Saxons, the

RELIGION AND THE MORAL LIFE

A. Campbell Garnett

STIMULATING proof of man's need for the power of religious faith to help him hold to his ideals in daily life. Dr. Garnett's new book probes the relation between faith and reason and the experience of conscience, invoking both philosophical analysis and common sense. On this foundation the author brilliantly presents his case for the "simple theistic faith" and shows how it can satisfy the aspirations of modern man. "*Notable contribution to the best contemporary thought.*"—Robert J. McCracken, The Riverside Church. "*Extraordinarily clear and useful.*"—John C. Bennett, Union Theological Seminary. \$3.50

THE MORAL NATURE OF MAN

Also by Dr. Garnett

A CRITICAL evaluation of ethical principles in the light of modern understanding. "*The most important work on ethics published in our time.*"—Ashley Montagu. "*This book is an excellent introduction to ethics, highly intelligent, balanced, lucid, well written, and in places really eloquent.*"—A. C. Ewing. \$3.75

ENNIN'S TRAVELS IN T'ANG CHINA

Edwin O. Reischauer

FOR APRIL publication. A rare view of an extraordinary civilization that flourished more than a millenium ago. From Ennin's diary and other sources, Dr. Reischauer accurately pictures life in the cities and monasteries in T'ang China. The book provides a fascinating description of travel and economic conditions in the Ninth Century, festivals, Buddhist cults, religious persecution, etc. \$5

ENNIN'S DIARY

*The Record of a Pilgrimage
to China in Search of the Law*

Also by Dr. Reischauer

NEW. The first complete translation of the diary of a Japanese Buddhist monk who went to China in A.D. 838. Ennin describes his extensive journeys and final expulsion on religious grounds. \$7.50

Through your bookstore or from:

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY

• 15 E. 26th St., New York 10

by NATHANIEL MICKLEM

Principal Emeritus of Mansfield College, Oxford, England, and Editor of "British Weekly"

ULTIMATE QUESTIONS

What men want to know about God—a study of Christianity in the twentieth century

TODAY SEARCHING, INQUIRING MINDS—in classroom, laboratory, and pulpit—seek basic answers to life's greatest questions: Not what is God like, but is there a God? Not when and where did he create the earth, but *did* he create it? Not when and where Jesus taught, but what difference did he make? These are *ultimate questions*—the questions that must be answered if Christianity is to survive.

From the standpoint of history, scientific knowledge, and abiding faith, Dr. Micklem shows that there is an answer—that the Christian hope is, and ever will be, valid. \$2

by VINCENT TAYLOR

Principal and Professor of New Testament language and literature, Wesley College, Leeds, England

THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF JESUS

The Jesus of history and the Christ of faith—as found in the Gospel records

With sound scholarship an outstanding New Testament scholar brings both the facts and theories about Jesus' life to view.

With reverent faith he sifts them for the truth.

The result is a sound, satisfying biography of Jesus Christ.

Although many things are mysterious, some problems insoluble, Dr. Taylor believes a valid, intellectually honest life of Jesus Christ can be written. Here is his historical reconstruction, from the Gospels, of the life and ministry of Jesus.

The product of many years of consecrated study, this is a usable, essential biography. \$3

At All Bookstores
ABINGDON PRESS 

Saracens, the Aquitanians and the Avars, with all the clashes of a turbulent period in which an enlightened ruler brought culture, commerce and Christianity to a Europe that was just leaving the Dark for the Middle Ages.

DIANA CHANG

GEORGE WASHINGTON. Volume VI: Patriot and President. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Scribner's. \$7.50.

When death stilled Dr. Freeman's pen, he had just finished the sixteenth chapter of this volume, bringing the story of Washington from 1784 to March 4, 1793. He had planned to continue it to February 22, 1794, and then to publish it with a seventh and last volume.

Here, as in former volumes, the picture of the man and his surroundings is bright with myriad illuminating facts, even more dextrously worked in than before. As a bonus, worth the price of the book itself, the reader receives two introductory essays: "The Pen of Douglas Southall Freeman" by Jefferson's gifted biographer, Dumas Malone, and a fitting preface, modestly called "Prefatory Note," by Mary Wells Ashworth, historical associate to Dr. Freeman. These appraisals of Freeman and his work take us into his diary to show how he budgeted his time and into his study to show his amazing schedule of work and methods of handling materials. We also meet each of the members of his loyal and able staff. The valuable select bibliography covers thirty pages. The captions for pictures and maps and the two essays in the appendix are exceptionally well written.

Anyone following Washington's development with Freeman's guidance must feel that the great man finally measured up to the legend.

RICHARD L. MORTON

BENT'S FORT. By David Lavender. *Double-day*. \$5.50.

Already suggested by Lewis Gannett for a Pulitzer Prize, David Lavender's work may be as conspicuous a 1954 landmark as the adobe fort on the Arkansas River which



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS

RED SCARE:

A Study in National Hysteria, 1919-1920

By **ROBERT K. MURRAY**. A dramatic account of the wave of fear that swept the United States after World War I. "This might, with substitution of some names, be placed in the contemporary scene . . . Do we ever learn from history? Important documentary evidence here."—*Virginia Kirkus*. Illustrated. \$4.75

THE NATION AND THE STATES, RIVALS OR PARTNERS?

By **WILLIAM ANDERSON**. Are the states losing self-government? Are federal grants in aid to the states a boon or a bane? Is big government too big? What about overlapping taxes, and the states' rights arguments? Here are the sane answers in a compact authoritative discussion by a member of the President's Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. \$3.75

THE MANUSCRIPT POEMS OF A. E. HOUSMAN

Edited by **TOM BURNS HABER**. 800 lines of hitherto unpublished Housman poetry. Also the interesting story of how the manuscripts made their way into the Library of Congress and how the notebooks were reconstructed to recover the unpublished lines. \$4.50

VIKING TIMES TO MODERN

By **ERIC W. FLEISHER** and **JORGEN WEIBULL**. Two young historians, one Swedish, one American, have collaborated in this popular account of Swedish-American relations, Swedish settlement and exploration in America, and trade between the two countries. Profusely illustrated. \$4.50

EDUCATING WOMEN FOR A CHANGING WORLD

By **KATE HEVNER MUELLER**. Out of her rich experience as a dean of women and personnel consultant, Mrs. Mueller presents cogent suggestions for the kind of higher education that will better prepare women for the varied roles the future will demand of them. \$4.75

At your bookstore, or from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS, Minneapolis 14

INVITATION

To Authors in Search of a Publisher

PAGEANT PRESS (AMONG THE LEADING PUBLISHERS IN THE U.S.) OFFERS TO PUBLISH AND SELL YOUR BOOK AND PAY YOU A ROYALTY OF 40 PER CENT. WRITE FOR OUR FREE DESCRIPTIVE BROCHURE, "PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK."

WE ARE NOW PREPARING PUBLICATION SCHEDULES FOR 1955 AND WOULD WELCOME MANUSCRIPTS IN THE FIELDS OF HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, RELIGION, BELLES-LETTRES, AS WELL AS SPECIALIZED SUBJECTS. IF YOUR MANUSCRIPT IS READY FOR PUBLICATION, SEND IT TO US TODAY. WE WILL MAIL YOU FULL DETAILS CONCERNING PUBLICATION POSSIBILITIES WITHIN ONE WEEK.

Seth Richards

PUBLISHER

PAGEANT PRESS 130 W. 42D ST., N. Y. 36

furnished the title, once was. The panoramic view, wide-ranging as the Western Plains themselves, covers from 1820 to 1870 the trade with Mexican Santa Fe and the Indian tribes of the Dakotas from Wyoming to the headwaters of the Rio Grande. History comes alive in the personal fortunes and tragedies of two brothers, Charles and William Bent, one married to a Mexican, Ignacia Jaramillo, and the other to Owl Woman, daughter of a Cheyenne chief.

The Bent brothers, traders, freighters and frontier administrators, struggled for peaceful adjustment between diverse peoples and cultures, suffered personal tragedy, but left a lasting imprint on their chosen land. William, even after the murder of Charles (first United States territorial governor of New Mexico) believed that council fires and treaties, based on good faith and such solid objectives as transforming Indian livelihood from pursuit of the vanishing buffalo to crop raising, might stay the conflict between white man and red. However, shooting and scalping had more direct appeal even to William's renegade, half-breed son.

WALTER P. HEDDEN

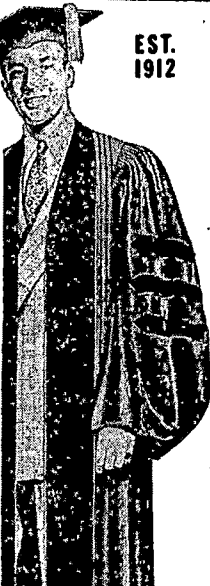
CAPS & GOWNS

EST.
1912

DOCTORS
MASTERS
BACHELORS
CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS

PULPIT ROBES
CHOIR GOWNS
BAPTISMAL
CONFIRMATION
JUDICIAL ROBES
HIGH SCHOOL

Write for
catalog D49



BENTLEY & SIMON

7 WEST 36 ST. • NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

THE LAST WAR TRAIL: The Utes and the Settlement of Colorado. By Robert Emmitt. Oklahoma. \$4.50.

By 1879 the White River Utes, long allies of the whites, were hungry. The buffalo were gone, treaty goods did not come, and for ten years settlers had invaded their rich reservation. Then Nathan Cook Meeker, the dreamer who had failed with the Greeley Colony, was appointed agent for the tolerant and humorous Utes. He moved the agency to their favorite pasturage, broke up the ground, pushed the chiefs around, and listened to rumors of burning and depredations circulated by those who wanted the Ute lands. When he sent for troops, Major Thornburgh came, impatient and shooting. The Utes killed him and much of his force, burned the agency, killed Meeker and his helpers, and captured the agent's wife and daughter. In retaliation the Indians were driven out,

M1

Abinger Harvest

by E. M. FORSTER \$1.25

M2

Force and Freedom

by JACOB BURCKHARDT \$1.35

M3

**Rousseau and
Romanticism**

by IRVING BABBITT \$1.35

M4

**Imperialism and
Social Classes**

by JOS. SCHUMPETER \$1.25

M5

Wayward Youth

by AUGUST AICHORN \$1.25

M6

**The Playright
as Thinker**

by ERIC BENTLEY \$1.25

M7

**The Philosophy of
Modern Art**

by HERBERT READ \$1.35

M8

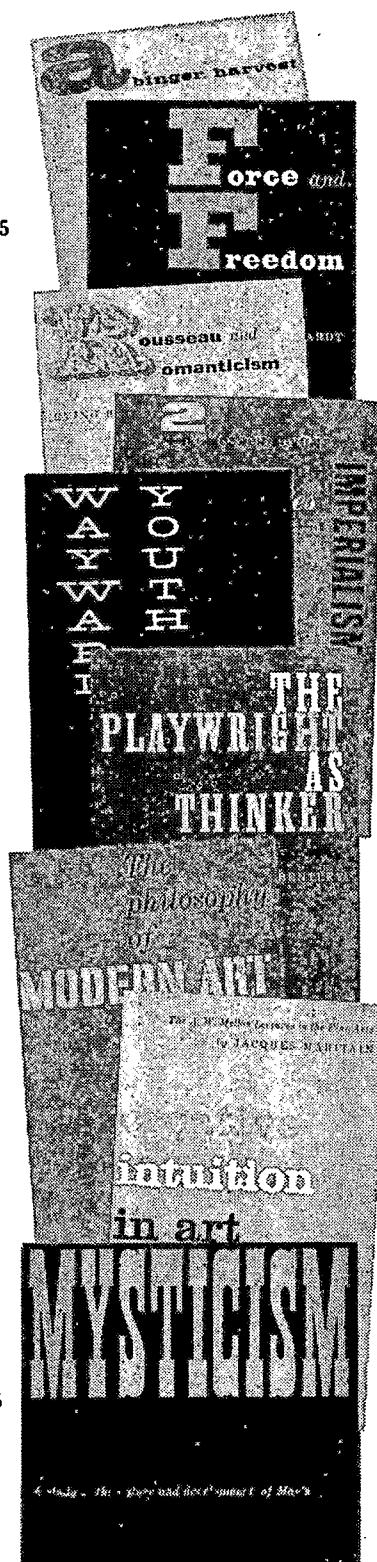
**Creative Intuition
in Art and Poetry**

by JACQUES MARITAIN \$1.35

**Meridian Giant MG1
Mysticism**

by EVELYN UNDERHILL \$1.95

**Complete and
Unabridged**



MERIDIAN BOOKS

published
by

NOONDAY PRESS

the
NEW
series
of
soft-cover
books
for
the
serious
reader

**Meridian Books
are sewn-bound
for durability**

At all bookstores

MERIDIAN BOOKS
17 Union Square, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

Studies in Literature and Belief

By MARTIN JARRETT-KERR.

The varying relationships between literature and Christianity during different periods of history are here considered through penetrating essays on such writers as Caldéron, Manzoni, Dostoevsky, Kafka, C. F. Ramuz, the Swiss novelist, and others. The underlying theme of the book is that faith has a fruitful effect upon the writer. "One of the very few critics who can examine the beliefs of authors and use this examination to throw esthetic light on their works."—CHAD WALSH

\$2.75 at all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS • N. Y. 16

Manuscripts Welcome

IN EXPANDING its publication program, Public Affairs Press, one of the nation's leading publishers of scholarly works since 1938, is seeking authoritative manuscripts in the fields of sociology, political science, economics, and history.

If you have a manuscript which you would like to have considered, please send an outline or description to The Editor, Public Affairs Press, 2162 Florida Avenue, Washington 8 D. C.

their leaders were imprisoned, their reservation was thrown open to settlement. In 1952 they were finally paid \$32,000,000 for the 15,000,000 acres of fertile land, rich in mineral and in oil.

The flaw in Robert Emmitt's account is a spotty familiarity with the seventies in the West, including the wide criticism of Thornburgh's more moderate campaign against the Cheyennes in 1878. Otherwise, this violent and tragic story is told with discernment, imagination and poetic restraint.

MARI SANDOZ

THE DAY OF THE CATTLEMAN. By Ernest Staples Osgood. *Minnesota*. \$4.50.

This is the book that set the record straight on cowboys. Hollywood and TV may continue to ignore this solid research in favor of more glamorous folklore, but if anyone wants to know what the West of the cattleman was like, here it is for him to read.

The Day of the Cattleman is a careful, scholarly account of the range-cattle industry, with particular emphasis on Montana and Wyoming, from 1845 to about 1900. The author, who has had long and intimate associations with the West, argues that the range cattleman, by using the semi-arid plains and native grasses to build a great and profitable business enterprise, has far more to his credit than the Wild West show, the movies and TV have allowed him.

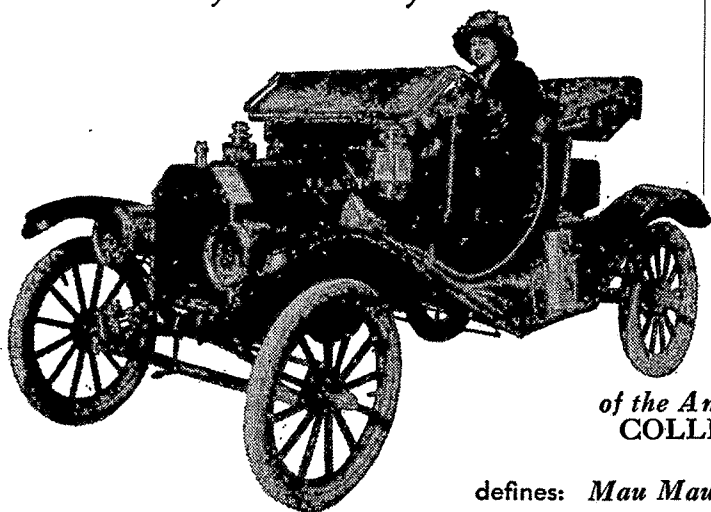
The book has had a fabulous reputation for years with the collectors of Western Americana. Long out of print, it has brought big prices in the rare-book market. The University of Minnesota Press is to be commended for making it available again at a modest price.

JAY EDGERTON

THE STATE OF ALASKA. By Ernest Gruening. *Random House*. \$7.50.

The double meaning in the title of Ernest Gruening's authoritative history of Alaska is weighted less toward the wish for sovereignty than toward concern for the

How 'dated' is your dictionary?



WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY

of the American Language,
COLLEGE EDITION

in cloth \$5.00
with thumb index \$6.00

defines: *Mau Mau, skin diving,
Teleprompter, egghead,
Nike, coffee break, woofer,
and tweeter*

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY • CLEVELAND 2, OHIO

THOMAS WOLFE:

THE WEATHER OF HIS YOUTH

by Louis D. Rubin, Jr.

A scholarly, full-length critical appraisal of the controversial novelist and his work. Mr. Rubin steers a careful course between those readers whose indiscriminate fondness for everything Wolfe wrote verges on the idolatrous and those who with equal lack of discrimination dismiss the novelist's work as windy and unimportant. The result is an entirely new appraisal of an important American writer. \$3.50

Other Titles in Literary Criticism

Freudianism and the Literary Mind
by Frederick J. Hoffman.

\$4.00

The Philosophy of Literary Form
by Kenneth Burke.

\$5.00

Stories from the Southern Review
*by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn
Warren, editors.*

\$6.00

This Great Stage
by Robert Heilman.

\$3.50

at your bookstore or from

Quest for Myth
by Richard Chase.

\$3.25

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS, *Baton Rouge 3, La.*

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation.

We report quickly at lowest prices.

We also supply all current books at retail store prices—*postpaid*, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE

117 West 48th Street, Dept. S,
New York 36, N. Y.

N.B. WE also purchase libraries and collections of books as well as single volumes. Also long runs of magazines. Please send lists.

A MASTERPIECE IN GOLD

by Balfour



The same fine craftsmanship that distinguishes your Phi Beta Kappa key is yours in other Balfour products.

Service Pins

Awards, Cups
Trophies

Citations and Scrolls
hand engraved

Class Rings

Banquet Favors and
Place Cards

Fraternity Pins and
Crested Gifts

L.G. Balfour COMPANY
ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

shameful conditions of neglect, indifference and exploitation of the vast territory at the northernmost outpost of America. His plea for statehood is indeed eloquent, but it is subordinate to his revelations of the persistent injustices inflicted from without upon the natives and settlers of Alaska. Relentlessly and with more than ample citation, former Governor Gruening presses the thesis that every manifestation of life in the relatively little-known land so strategically juxtaposed to the Asian continent—topographic, climatic, geographic, cultural, political, judicial, economic, social and industrial—has been willfully ignored by Congress after Congress since its acquisition in 1867.

Three highly dramatic episodes mark the history of Alaska: the last voyage of discovery of the habitable world by Vitus Bering revealed that a narrow strait of thirty-six miles separates Asia from America; two years after the Civil War, William H. Seward committed what came to be known as "Seward's Folly" by purchasing the entire region for \$7,000,000; and in the last years of the nineteenth century the Klondike gold rush made Alaska the focus of the world's gold fever.

No one is better qualified than Ernest Gruening to relate the colorful story of Alaska's discovery and development and to marshal the evidence of its frustrations and deferred hopes. Because of the political vantage point from which he viewed the territory during the fourteen years of his governorship, he sees the eighty-eight-year

PUBLISHING

We publish, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form.

Send for free folder.

WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS

Pamphlet Distributing Company

313 West 35th St., N. Y. C. 1

history of the region enacted more frequently on the floors of Congress than in the actual locale of the drama—the growing cities, the sparse settlements and the far-flung tundras of Alaska.

DAVID RUDIN

GREAT RIVER: The Rio Grande in North American History. Two volumes. By Paul Horgan. Rinehart. \$10.00. *De luxe edition*, \$25.00.

Great River is the work of an amateur in the fullest sense of the word. Mr. Horgan's work is one of love, done with diligence and enthusiasm. It is notably successful in view of the difficulty of his chosen task. The Rio Grande itself does in some measure unify the country through which it flows, but otherwise its basin is not a unit either in physical geography, climate or history. To take its various parts, spatial and chronological, from before the coming of the white man through the days of Pancho Villa, and arrange them into a coherent and consistently interesting whole is a real achievement.

There are omissions: the Mountain Men are brushed off, the Apaches and Kiowas hardly mentioned; the fabulous agricultural development of the lower Rio Grande in this century is ignored. We may quarrel with interpretations—for instance, in the long conflict between church and state in Spanish New Mexico, Mr. Horgan leans too heavily to the side of the friars and paints them whiter than the evidence justifies.

This work misses being absolutely complete. We cannot call it definitive. It is, none the less, both valuable and a delight to read; and, regardless of omissions, it is thorough, deeply researched and finely interpreted.

OLIVER LA FARGE

THE SELF-MADE MAN IN AMERICA: The Myth of Rags to Riches. By Irvin G. Wyllie. Rutgers. \$4.00.

The chronicle of the self-made man, of his humble beginning, his ingenuity and shrewdness, his morality and his reward in the form of material wealth, is an important

Scarce scholarly books reprinted . . .



An Historical Sketch

Hinduism and Buddhism by Sir Charles Eliot

Originally published in 1921, this book has become a basic work in the field of oriental studies. A constant demand for it has prompted its reissue at this time when an understanding of Indian thought is of ever-increasing importance to the world. Included in Shaw's "List of Books for College Libraries." Original edition in the United States was \$30.00. Now—3 vols. only \$17.50

Mohammed and Charlemagne

by Henri Pirenne. Edited by Jacques Pirenne. Assisted by F. Vercauteren

This important treatise by one of the greatest historians of our era, deals with the influence of the growth of Islam on the transition of Europe from the type of civilization fostered by the Roman Empire to that of the Middle Ages. The Revolutionary ideas expressed here by Pirenne overthrew many of the most cherished concepts concerning the Middle Ages. According to *The Spectator*, "The wealth of proof and illustration with which Pirenne develops his positions is amazing." \$4.00

BARNES & NOBLE, INC.

Publishers & Booksellers
105 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3

and absorbing chapter in the history of America. It is the story of an idea which is primarily a native one, an idea which could find its nutrient soil only in a land in which the concept of equal and unlimited opportunity for all was the dominant factor in the mental climate. Irvin G. Wyllie's book covers the period from 1830 to 1914—the era in which the great dynasty of the millionaire grew to its maturity. He tells his story largely in terms of American business and its leaders; and in the pages of his book he challenges the idea that the get-ahead gospel, which was being preached not only from the trading stalls of Wall Street but also from the pulpits of the nation, had become more secular than religious by Franklin's time. His thesis, which he develops convincingly and often humorously, is that business leaders in the nineteenth century took their texts more from the Bible than from Darwin.

In tracing the course of the rise of the self-made man, Irvin Wyllie has in reality effected an exploration of the Great American Ideal—the ideal which took its tenor from the demands of a primarily materialistic society. The treatment of this idea is a study of the “gulf which exists between ideas and actualities, aspirations and opportunities.” While this is hardly a profound or significant work, it is an eminently readable one and, in spite of its somewhat limited scope, adds to our understanding of the American character.

ROBERT H. LYNN

MAIN STREET ON THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Lewis Atherton. *Indiana*. \$6.00.

This is a social history of the country towns whose culture—or relative lack of it if we restrict the word to its narrower meaning—has dominated the character of the entire Middle West. The result of extensive research by a University of Missouri professor, Lewis Atherton, who spent his own boyhood and youth in small Missouri towns like those for which he examined newspaper files and diaries, reminiscences, autobiographies and novels by variously prominent citizens, it covers the period from the Civil War to the present, concentrating on towns

of less than five thousand in twelve Midwestern states.

The evidence presented sometimes serves as a corrective to commonly held misconceptions. (Despite the ideal of a classless society and the fact that villagers actually have shared a remarkable “togetherness,” the record shows that class distinctions always existed—as Mark Twain and other articulate honest observers have known.) And the author is eloquent on one point: towns of the Midwest “are captives of their own past” to the extent that they continue to think of progress in terms of population growth and rising real estate prices. They must now seek more active co-operation with the surrounding farming community as evidence of maturity.

Not a great historical work in which such a concept as the meaning of the frontier emerges from the writing, the book probably is most rewarding in its wealth of detail evocative of a comparatively naïve and optimistic past.

JOAN E. EMMA

YOUTH'S COMPANION. Edited by Lovell Thompson with three former *Companion* editors: M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Arthur Stanwood Pier and Harford Powel. *Houghton Mifflin*. \$6.00.

On April 16, 1827, *Youth's Companion* announced its publication: “Our children are born to higher destinies than their fathers. . . . Let their minds be formed, their hearts prepared, and their characters moulded for the scenes and duties of a brighter day.” For one hundred years thereafter, the magazine was read by the adults as well as the youth of America, serving as the weekly record of the events, thoughts and tastes of four generations.

Lovell Thompson, whose father was the fourth editor-in-chief, wisely decided to present the selected pieces in a “backward arrangement,” beginning with the material which is chronologically closest to the reader. This, coupled with his running commentary, allows one to move easily from poem to story to article. The work of the unknown author is presented alongside that of his supposed “betters,” for, as Mr. Thompson points out, it is important to

"see how much too often the best work of the lesser-known man surpasses the careless moment of the master."

It is impossible to read selections from the early editions of the *Companion* without feeling a certain nostalgia for such naïveté and optimism, and wondering what became of the vision of a "brighter day."

BETSY SAUNDERS

MORALS AND MEDICINE. By Joseph Fletcher. Princeton. \$4.50.

Artificial insemination, sterilization, euthanasia and contraception are often discussed but rarely defended by cogent analysis of fundamental principles. The validity of the Reverend Joseph Fletcher's penetrating argument for these practices, long in disrepute, is initially established through discussion of the personalism inherent in the physician-patient relationship. The patient's right defines the physician's duty. The individual must be respected as a "rational being"—not regarded as a child or an idiot, incapable of the responsibility and dignity of intellect.

Although subject to Natural Law, man is granted partial power to determine himself—and consequently to determine Nature—through the exercise of intellect, Mr. Fletcher says. Reason establishes his freedom and generates his responsibility, which is enhanced whenever progress forces revision of the general body of knowledge. This implies that moral perspective is also constantly susceptible of reorientation. For example, "in the final stages of the Second World War the U. S. Army was giving out 50,000,000 individual prophylactics each month."

Mr. Fletcher considers sterilization, euthanasia, contraception and artificial insemination natural products of human activity which should contribute essentially to man's developing excellence. He therefore challenges the Roman Catholic stand on most of these issues, charging that Catholic interpretation of Natural Law can only mean a hopelessly involved labyrinth of static fatalism, ultimately producing a caccogenic decadence.

LEWIS A. FOSTER, JR.

ATOMS IN THE FAMILY. By Laura Fermi. Chicago. \$4.00.

As one of the world's foremost scientists, the late Enrico Fermi shared with a small group of colleagues the major technical responsibility for the release of atomic energy. During the 1930's he discovered an important secret of effective atom-smashing—the use of slow rather than fast neutrons in nuclear bombardment. Less than a decade later he applied his ideas to achieve the first self-sustaining chain reaction of uranium. *Atoms In the Family* by Laura Fermi, the physicist's wife, describes these and other projects in simple, informal language and presents an authentic account of how scientific advances are made.

But the book is a warm, honest biography as well as good popular science. It traces the career of a brilliant, self-confident Italian student who went on to win a Nobel Prize and, at the University of Chicago and Los Alamos, to be a leader in the race to develop the atom bomb. Fermi was noted for his clearly expressed and positive statements, which were usually—but not always—correct. Once he bet a dollar that the Mason-Dixon line had been named after two American senators; an Italian friend was convinced that Mason and Dixon were rivers. It turned out that they were actually British astronomers: "And so ended the myth . . . of Enrico's infallibility." Laura Fermi provides an intimate picture of her husband as a human being and a great physicist.

JOHN PFEIFFER

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL. Translated and edited by Robert Sage. Doubleday. \$7.50.

Ever since, as an adolescent in my father's library, I discovered *Souvenirs d'Egotisme*, Stendhal (Marie-Henri Beyle) has been one of my closest human contacts. I am on more intimate terms with him than with most living people. A small volume of one of the four collected editions which were published in Germany between the turn of the century and the nightfall of Hitler has been my steady companion.

through all these disastrous years. Once in a while one meets people who have been affected in a similar way by Stendhal, and it is always a safe introduction to friendship.

A distinct Stendhal revival started after the recent war, producing biographies and new editions. Among all of these newcomers, Robert Sage's translation of Stendhal's diaries is without doubt the most important contribution. This adaptation by the editor of the Paris *Herald Tribune*, who has been a collaborator of Henri Martineau, most faithful and famous of the many Stendhal scholars, is enviable for its literary taste and knowledge. The diaries, covering the years 1801-1814 and only a small part of Beyle's tremendous autobiographical effort, comprise his life story from the age of eighteen to thirty-one. They end in the year in which his first book—controversial, inept and brilliant—was published, seventeen years before *Le Rouge et le Noir*.

The diaries are the passionate and intense prelude to literary achievement and fame. Most of all they show a young man, drifting through the waves of the Napoleonic era, which was not less catastrophic, heroic and crooked than ours. Stendhal's participation in life, his curiosity, his search for understanding of himself and others, his ambitions and passions deeply impress the reader of 1955, who wonders whether any young man of our time anywhere on this earth is still capable of mirroring himself in similar ways.

MARTIN GUMPERT

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WALLACE STEVENS. *Knopf*. \$7.50.

This handsome volume contains the life work—with a few minor omissions—of the poet whose prestige stands on a par with T. S. Eliot's, or a mere step below. A brief review cannot do justice to Mr. Stevens' art. In his early work the poet captured attention with his unusual choice of subjects, the precise flamboyance of his style, his unwavering fidelity to his own vision of, or peek at, things. The word *imagistic*, were it not now so out of fashion, might suggest the

effect of much of his early—and, to my mind, his best—poetry:

Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan in caftan
Of tan with henna hackles, halt!

"Anecdote of the Jar," another anthology piece, stated the poet's fierce belief in the supremacy of the created, artificial world over the natural. In his earlier poems Mr. Stevens frequently placed a jar on a hill in Tennessee:

It took dominion everywhere.
The jar was gray and bare.
It did not give of bird or bush,
Like nothing else in Tennessee.

Mr. Stevens' poetry is that jar. It does not give of bird or bush, though it makes sounds that parody rather than imitate the natural. Sometimes it talks French; at other times, it goes *hoo-hoo-hoo* or *ric-a-nic*.

And it has grown barer and grayer, until austerity itself must wince. The later poems are concerned, above all, with the aesthetics of the jar. The jar talks to itself about itself, and the wilderness—an exciting one—in which it used to stand, is no longer visible:

The imaginative transcripts were like
clouds,
Today; and the transcripts of feeling,
impossible
To distinguish. The town was a
residuum. . . .

Things no longer simply are; they suggest, and are suggested by, other things, also uncertain. The above quotation is typical. It is unrooted; there are too many long, windy words; nothing really happens. It is like (Mr. Stevens' use of simile is catching) a man's telling you about what he means to do, and never doing it.

Mr. Stevens' book will be awarded prizes, and will be praised with few reservations by critics of poetry. The ordinary intelligent reader, who has long ceased to read poetry, much less judge it, will probably accept the prizes and reviews at their face value. In my opinion, Mr. Stevens would be better represented by a volume of selected poems.

LOUIS SIMPSON

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER AND THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By Wisner Payne Kinne. *Harvard*. \$6.00.

George Pierce Baker began his career in the Harvard English department rather conventionally; but in the first decade of his teaching, he developed a course in oral debating which was novel and effective. His studies in Elizabethan drama led him to an analysis of Shakespeare's technical development as a dramatist—a refreshing innovation. But his great innovation was the establishment in 1907 of a course in playwriting, which included as an essential element the production of student plays before an audience. There had been nothing like this in any university before. The course rapidly grew into the famous "47 Workshop," and absorbed all of Professor Baker's energies. Among his students it inspired almost fanatic devotion, but it met with small favor among the rulers of Harvard. In 1924 he left Harvard to head a new department of drama at Yale, a graduate department entirely slanted toward the attainment of professional skills. The conventional English instructor of the early 1890's had become a guide and inspiration to a better theater in America. His influence is still felt not only on Broadway, but in hundreds of colleges and universities where departments of drama now keep the art of the theater alive under educational discipline.

The story of Professor Baker deserves telling, and Professor Wisner Payne Kinne of Tufts has told it accurately and well. In but one respect, perhaps, has he failed: he cannot quite reproduce what it was in this man that inspired such devotion. Truth to tell, Baker and his students were stage-struck together.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A TREASURY OF IRISH FOLKLORE. Edited with an Introduction by Padraic Colum. *Crown*. \$5.00.

One-half of this 640-page book sparkles with Irish wit and Celtic fancy—the "Irish edge" of folk talk, jests, charms, prayers, riddles, sayings, oaths, curses, blessings, and the enchantment of sagas, saint's legends,

fairy, ghost, devil and trickster tales, ballads and love songs. The other half is divided between historical and biographical sketches of Irish leaders—chieftains, soldiers, poets, statesmen, insurrectionists—and descriptions and accounts of folkways, traditions, emblems, landmarks and landscapes. What unites these two is the "adventurousness and high-spiritedness" of the Irish character and experience through centuries of struggles and stresses and the peculiar combination of reason and imagination that distinguishes Irish discourse. Even the *shanachie*, or local storyteller, was a carrier of history, and a historical writer like Standish O'Grady was something of a *shanachie*. The research material inevitably dulls the folk edge of the vernacular tradition to which it gives background and perspective. The whole is an encyclopedia of the heroic, poetic Irish spirit, way of life and expression, put together with taste and insight by an editor who frankly admits: "I am not a folklorist. I am a poet and a teller of stories."

B. A. BOALIN

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES: A Facsimile Edition. Prepared by Helge Kökeritz with an Introduction by Charles Tyler Prout. *Yale*. \$15.00.

It is an interesting paradox of Shakespeare's popularity that the same people who want such thoroughly annotated editions as the Variorum also want the unadulterated Shakespeare presented by the First Folio, now handsomely reproduced in facsimile by the Yale University Press. The paradox is not new. As far back as the eighteenth century it was said that Shakespeare was being elucidated into obscurity. Today the informed and curious reader still wants to read exactly what Shakespeare wrote, unencumbered by the sometimes excessive yet often necessary footnotes.

The Yale facsimile was reproduced (from the excellently preserved Huth copy) by the most modern means, on fine, wide-margined paper. A useful introduction by Dr. Prout outlines the problems that faced the editors

and printers who prepared the plays for the press from copy differing in kind and quality. To facilitate comparative reading, Dr. Kökeritz has placed "modern" act, scene and line notations at the foot of each of the 889 pages.

Whether this or any facsimile brings us as close as is possible to what Shakespeare actually wrote, even for the 18 plays first printed in this volume, is a debatable question. For several years now, Charlton Hinman has been busily collating the 79 First Folios in the Folger Shakespeare Library with an elaborate instrument of his own invention and showing the extent to which the Folios were subjected to continual edi-

torial revision during the whole process of printing. Perhaps, when *all* existing copies—almost 250 of them—have been collated, we may find one of them more "definitive" than the others, but who will be satisfied? *De gustibus. . .*

That one day a facsimile may be made by reproducing the best "state" of each page is a remote possibility, but even then Quarto readings may be preferable and typographical errors will still exist. Meanwhile, the Yale facsimile should make a substantial and valuable addition to any reader's bookshelf, Shakespearean or otherwise.

LOUIS MARDER

On March 1, 1955,

the offices of *THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR* moved from Williamsburg, Virginia, to new quarters in Washington, D. C. All communications concerning editorial matters, subscriptions and circulation should now be addressed to:

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

1811 Q Street, N.W.

Washington 9, D.C.

..... *The Scholar's Scratch Pad*

SAUNDERS REDDING

The Good Old Days

There was a time when anyone who sighed for "the good old days" went down in my book as an old fogey, more unhappy and more bewildered than Prufrock—"I grow old . . . I grow old"—and less brave. In the first phase of those sad, drawn out ceremonies by which age relinquishes the right to make life what it can be, he was paying rueful tribute to youth. His blood was dried up surely, and there was about him an odor of the grave.

Lately I have revised my opinion about such fellows, for lately I am one of them. I have caught myself suspiring, "Ah, those were the days!" But my blood still flows, sometimes rambunctiously, and I have not yet been measured for a shroud. Perhaps I should be, I thought, when my changed opinion first struck me with surprise, for with a surge of self-pity it occurred to me that perhaps what was happening (or had happened) was one of those natural alterations by which the mind prepares to accept death. The mind "dies back," as the Overstreets would say, subtly and by subterfuge, and it takes a vigilant man to know when the process begins in him, and a brave man to admit it. Few of us are vigilant, and almost none of us is brave.

I should have been alerted by the usual warnings—testy impatience with the adolescent (my own included), increased circumspection, nervous hesitation on the threshold of an unfamiliar thought, wary suspicion of the future, and a growing

opaqueness to humor more subtle than Dickens'—but I was not. It is easy to overlook such commonplaces of middle-age behavior in oneself. I was not brought sharply up until I caught myself saying, "Ah, those were the good old days." Then I sat down to face them.

What were the good old days? One's memory of them—or of anything—is never completely shared by another. A thousand people of the same generation and of roughly the same social and cultural environment and experience will each mean something different and something private when he says "the good old days." As one grows older memory becomes less a function of the intellect than of the will: it becomes creative. It changes the shape and substance of things to make them congruous, or at least congenial, to one's hopes and pride and prejudices, to what one has become, and to the compromises one has made with life. When memory refuses to do this, we reject it; we forget—or we go mad, mildly or violently, according to our natures. To the extent that memory does not refuse, all the old days were good.

But there is another more absolute and less special sense in which the old days were good, else the phrase would not be the password to middle-age camaraderie for every generation. Forget the simplicity of those old, gone days, and the clarity and innocence of belief that prevailed, and the faith in humanity's moral initiative, and the absence of a compulsion to challenge choices and values by which one was told the *good life* could be attained—all these were something. But what I have in mind is something else again.

The gone years stretch out like an um-

♣ SAUNDERS REDDING, a member of the Editorial Board of *THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR*, is professor of English at Hampton Institute. He is the author of several books, including the recently published *An American in India*.

bilical cord, feeding the present from the past. The good old days—the years—make possible the uninterrupted persistence of those qualities which youth has not yet learned to know, much less respect, and which, but for the good old days, the present would obliterate: the quenchless dignity of man, the ceaseless questing for the stars. This active consciousness of the past, which need not rest in knowledge, is good. It is the good secret of maturity.

The Ultimate Machine

A small but varied company of folk was gathered recently for cocktails in the living room of a house in Jersey. There is no need, and it would take too long, to describe the company—a dancer, several male and female writers, a college professor or two, and a clergyman—though each member thought of the other as what is called “a character.” The room was not good for general conversation. It was large and baronial, without a focal point; dotted in the great expanse of carpet were little islands of chairs, sofas and love seats that invited tête-à-têtes. But the hostess, a very determined lady, tried everything to get a general conversation going. Time and again, lifting her voice to a half-scream or half-shout, she called across the room some question on some subject of no interest; or if the subject had interest, it lacked the possibility of disagreement. “That man McCarthy?”—A very large fly in a very small bottle of ointment, we all agreed; Marilyn Monroe—“Oh, that tyranny of flesh,” someone said; the Reese Report; security and loyalty. But no topic would take fire and draw all the guests to its roaring blaze. Such talk as there was remained aimless and detached, even after the second martinis went around. Discouraged, the host put a record on the phonograph. It was Edward R. Murrow’s “You Can Hear It Now.”

Whether it was the *idea* of the machine or the sound of those recorded voices or the sting of the martinis that started it, I do not know, but it began when someone voiced the fantastic thought that if our remotest ancestors had had all the present

means of preserving sights and sounds, life would now be wonderful. Of course, he said (he worked for CBS in an undefined capacity), there wouldn’t be much work for scholars, historians, philosophers and poets—“only commentators, technicians and scientists would have their occupations safe”—for the great truths would all be scratched immutably on tape, the great poems fixed in wax, and the great events etched on celluloid, ready for repeated playbacks.

The idea invited pursuit, and the company pursued it, though deviously, for some time. It was natural, for instance, for someone to argue that all the great poems were not written nor all the great truths discovered a thousand years ago. It was also natural for someone (I think it was one of the college professors) to inquire about the selective principle: Could we have trusted those remote ancestors to know what was worth preserving? Wouldn’t they have missed the boat, say, on those events which, when they happened, seemed unimportant and obscure but since have changed the world? Who would have known to record the trial of Socrates or the signing of the Treaty of Wedmore? (“Or photograph Moses by the burning bush, or Mary big with child?” the minister put in quietly.) Someone made the reply that we’d just have to trust the fellows who controlled the machines. But this brought the objection that the powerful and ruthless would have had control; that, for example, in his day Jesus wouldn’t have had a chance. The ruthless enemies of Christ would simply have kept him out of history. (Someone said, “Not so long as there was writing, and you can’t do better for records than writing.” But of course, if our remotest ancestors had had the machines, there would have been no writing.)

A silence fell—several separate silences, as twittery as birds uncertain where to roost.

Then someone said that actually the only machine that would be wonderful, and that we might have profited from our ancestors having had, was something he would call a “cosmovidaphon”—the ultimate machine

—one that sees all, hears all, preserves and communicates all. ("By all, I mean everything," he said, "the merest whisper of a beggar in the streets of Rome, and his most inconsequential act.") Someone interrupted to say that what came up in his mind was a ghastly image of Orwell's world of 1984, and the extreme pessimist, one of the female writers, replied that that was exactly the world we're creating now.

The cosmovidaphon man, possessed of a wild and fertile imagination, said that his machine would have dials, like a television set, and one could tune in to any time and place of his choice. Wouldn't it be wonderful? Naturally the question arose as to what times and places would be best looked into. Some said one, and some another, and there was no agreement.

Another silence fell.

Finally, the dancer stood up tensely, suddenly, and said, "No!" explosively, giving us all a start. "Try to conceive seeing all things and hearing all the sounds of any given time at once," she said, looking around challengingly and not intending either the beauty or the drama of her outflung arms. "No! No! It's beyond imagining. And it wouldn't be wonderful or profitable. It would be offensive," she added, kneading her fists into her waist. "The idea offends taste. It offends human intelligence. Don't you feel it?" with that same gesture of pain and revulsion. She let down then, and when she spoke again her voice was merely peevish. "Don't ask me why, because I don't know. It's stupid not to know why, but I don't."

Then the minister in the company said, "May I tell you why?" And the minister and the dancer looked at each other, and we looked at them.

"Because you're not God," the minister said.

There we let the matter rest.

Come-Up-Lately

Some sedate, well-established publishing firms, having tried to meet the threat of paperback publishers by joining them, may soon have to face another challenge. An

energetic, come-up-lately publisher has been making successful forays in the provinces and may soon extend the area of his activities. He has much ingenuity, particularly in the making of devices to draw attention to his wares. He is also a ubiquitous, active salesman, disdaining the usual marketing outlets—bookstores, which hardbacks dot on, and revolving metal racks, where soft covers are displayed like tiers of audacious burlesque queens in the finale.

The come-up-lately publisher's ingenuity is put to fascinating uses. Among the latest things is a very clever mechanism designed to advertise a book entitled *Knees I Have Sat On*. It came in the mail to me (through error, I'm sure) like an ordinary letter; but opening it and removing the rubber band which bound the contents permitted a set of coiled paper springs to activate a burlesque lady in the act of lowering herself to the knees of a corpulent, middle-aged and obviously wealthy gentleman. I never saw the book (which sold for seventy-five cents, the ad copy said), but I played with the gimmick until the springs turned to pulp.

Usually, though, this new publisher does not waste his time with anything so institutionalized as the mails. His approach is personal and direct. He sets up shop on the tailboard of a station wagon outside a chain grocery in the provinces on a Friday afternoon. Or one day he appears in the same station wagon on the quiet campus of a provincial college just as students are going to lunch. At first he is mistaken for a cigarette salesman, and, like the latter, he commends himself to favor by giving away handouts—fascinating gimmicks, tricks, devices. Nor are they all as simple constructions as the lady who sits on knees. Some are of an order of intricacy that frustrates mechanical imagination and leads inevitably to an examination of their innards. To call attention to a work called *Ruler of the Roost*, there is a small, box-like affair with the upper surface inlaid with sitting (or setting) chickens: when the box is pressed, the chickens jump up and, gargantuan in their midst, a paper-combed and paper-wattled rooster flaps his wings. It is

done by air pressure. Provincials love such gadgets. Since on any given campus the come-up-lately publisher will distribute only four or five of the elaborate devices, provincial collegiates scramble for possession. The device distributed, the salesman makes his pitch. He usually finds it profitable enough to stay until dinner time or, if the campus is denominational (where there is some concern to avoid corrupting the morals of the young) as well as provincial, until the college authorities shoo him off.

It may be that this come-up-lately publisher, who is certainly not lacking in boldness, will extend his activities to the cities, and this will doubtless constitute a challenge to respectable publishing firms. How will they meet it? One cannot entirely agree with those authors on their lists who say that the old, respected firms lack courage, perseverance and imagination. They must have at least some modicum of these, else they would not be old and respected. It is true that courage sometimes flags and they do not back their convictions with dollars; it is true that perseverance sometimes fal-

ters, and they withdraw a work from the "live" list long before it is dead; and it is true that imagination sometimes wanes, and they present a literary treat as if it were a treatise. But no derogatory assumptions should be drawn from these facts. After all, they did meet boldly the challenge of the book clubs and the paperbacks.

How will they meet the new threat if it comes? Broadway signs? Subway posters? Blurbs on billboards? People have a way of seeing these things without observing them. Will the old, respected firms fight fire with fire and create ever more intricate devices?

There would be some difficulty here, and I can imagine the tears shed and the blood given to create animated devices to advertise such titles as *TNT: The Power Within You*, *The Go-Between*, *The Female Approach*, *The Royal Box*, *Youth's Companion*, and *Free Love and Heavenly Sinners*.

Undoubtedly it would be difficult, but there's not a writer in America who would not cheer them if they tried—and writers are notoriously a morbid lot.

The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D.C., and should not exceed three hundred words in length except on request. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.

—EDITOR

A Few Bricks

Mr. Reginald Reynolds' statement in his article "Just a Few Bricks in the English Glasshouse" [AS: Autumn, 1954] that "some of the most intelligent American journals are unobtainable, or practically so" in the American Library is somewhat less than complete.

It is possible that his failure to obtain files of so many well-known literary quarterlies and reviews in the library can be explained by the fact that the titles of all the publications on hand are not known to him.

The library receives currently the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, the *Yale Review*, *Sewanee Review*, *Kenyon Review*, the *Saturday Review*, *Poetry*, the *American Scholar*, *Partisan Review*, *Hudson Review*, *American Literature*, etc., not to mention *Harper's Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly* and *Commentary*. Back copies are bound for reference use, in some cases dating from the library's inception in 1942. Regular visitors to the reading rooms are accustomed to seeing the current issues on display and asking for the back files of these and nearly four hundred other periodicals which can be brought from the stacks as required.

Since the library has been built up to serve the diversified interests of a wide section of the British public, it does not claim to have a comprehensive collection of any one type of periodical. History, government, finance, labor and industrial developments are all part of the contemporary American scene which the library seeks to present. Selection of literature is not con-

trolled by the dictates of a committee on un-American activities but by a panel of librarians and reviewers whose plan is to present the American viewpoint in world affairs and in the culture of Western nations.

Should Mr. Reynolds have occasion to visit the library again, he will find the staff glad to help him locate many periodicals and publications which may not be in sight—possibly because they are in use.

W. BRADLEY CONNORS
Public Affairs Officer
American Embassy
London, England

Pseudo-Conservative Revolt

Congratulations for publishing the article by Richard Hofstadter on "The Pseudo-Conservative Revolt" [AS: Winter, 1954-55]. It evidences good thinking, good perspective and is very valuable.

I hope you realize the unique position of leadership the printing of such articles gives to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

RICHARD N. TILLSON
Bedford, Massachusetts

★ ★ ★

When Professor Richard Hofstadter declares that the Bricker Amendment might be taken as one of the primary symptoms of pseudo-conservatism and that it is a dissenting movement which calls for changes in the United States Constitution of 1787, he is mistaken. In April of 1952, John Foster Dulles, now Secretary of State, warned: "Under our Constitution, treaties become

(Continued on page 256)

THE SCHOOL OF LETTERS *Indiana University*

Summer 1955

Courses on the graduate level in the theory and practice of Literary Criticism
Including work toward advanced degrees in
Criticism, English Literature, and Comparative Literature

SENIOR FELLOWS

JOHN CROWE RANSOM
LIONEL TRILLING

AUSTIN WARREN
PHILIP RAHV

ALLEN TATE

Courses to be given during the Summer of 1955:

Richard Chase, *Examples of the American Novel*.

Francis Fergusson, *Modern Poetry of the Theatre*.

Philip Blair Rice, *Aesthetics of Literature*.

Newton P. Stallknecht, *The Theory and Practice of Poetry in Wordsworth's
Earlier Work*.

Allen Tate, *Dante and Poe*.

Harold Whitehall, *Language and Literature*.

Address enquiries to NEWTON P. STALLKNECHT,
Director, The School of Letters, English Building,
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

Yale University School of Nursing

A Profession for the College Graduate

An intensive and basic experience
in the various branches of nursing
is offered in the program which
leads to the degree of

MASTER OF NURSING

A Bachelor's degree in arts, science
or philosophy from a college of ap-
proved standing is required for ad-
mission.

For Catalogue and information address:

THE REGISTRAR, YALE UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF NURSING
New Haven, Connecticut

The University of Chicago

The School of Social Service
Administration
Chicago 37, Illinois

TWO-YEAR PROGRAM

Leads to the A.M. degree. In-
cludes a basic first year and a
second year with specialization in
family case work, child welfare,
psychiatric social work, medical
social work, administration, com-
munity organization, or research
and statistics.

ADVANCED PROGRAM

For experienced workers with the
A.M. degree. A third year of
training and a two-year program
which leads to the Ph.D. degree
in any of the above specializations.

Scholarships and fellowships are avail-
able at all levels.

For further information write the Dean

COLLEGES

THE INDEPENDENT COLLEGE

The independent college belongs to those who believe in it. It can have no other ownership.

It has flourished through the centuries because every generation raises up people who understand its power for good.

Rooted in this faith, steadfast, humane, the independent college abides as a citadel of the unfettered mind and spirit.

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

Decatur, Georgia

An independent liberal arts college for women, of highest rank academically, located in the Atlanta metropolitan area.

ALLEGHENY

A CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE
OF LIBERAL ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1815

Beautiful Campus
126,000 Volume Library
Personalized Education
Continuous Counsel
Air Force ROTC

LOUIS T. BENEZET
PRESIDENT

MEADVILLE, PENNA.

ALBION COLLEGE

a four-year
co-educational

Christian liberal arts college

Pre-professional courses in dentistry, engineering, laboratory techniques, law, medicine, the ministry, nursing and forestry. Excellent equipment. Moderate tuition. Michigan's Beta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

W. W. WHITEHOUSE, Th.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Pres.
ALBION, MICHIGAN

DAVIDSON COLLEGE

DAVIDSON, NORTH CAROLINA

A liberal arts college for men. Fully accredited, ably staffed. Equipped for a superior service.

JOHN R. CUNNINGHAM, President

Augustana College

Rock Island, Illinois

Founded in 1860 by graduates of the Swedish Universities of Lund and Upsala, Augustana has throughout its history maintained a strong liberal arts tradition.

A college of the Lutheran Church, it believes genuine scholarship and Christian faith are essential elements in Western culture.

Its graduates are in leading positions in Church and State, in the arts, the sciences, and the professions.

CONRAD BERGENDOFF, *President*

Cornell College

FOUNDED 1853

MOUNT VERNON, IOWA

A fully accredited
co-educational
liberal arts college

Applicants for 1955-1956 should apply
for admission immediately.

Delta of Iowa

GRINNELL COLLEGE

Established 1846

GRINNELL, IOWA

Oldest college west of the Mississippi; more than 100 years of rich educational tradition have earned for Grinnell a significant place in the American scene. • A modern four-year liberal arts curriculum for men and women, with emphasis on development of the individual. • Freshman counseling preceding the opening of school insures a wisely planned social, cultural, and academic program. • Small classes provide a close and permanent student-faculty relationship. • Grinnell has Air Force ROTC. • Grinnell has the Rensselaer and Columbia University plans for prospective engineers. • Located in central Iowa on a beautiful campus of 90 acres. • No Greek Letter societies but the "Oxford Hall" residence plan of living. • Students from all states—all-inclusive fee.

For catalogue and information address:

DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS

GRINNELL, IOWA

Now enrolling for 1955-56 and 1956-57

Beta of Iowa

1776 HAMPDEN-SYDNEY 1955 COLLEGE

Notable Record of Service in State
and Nation Since the Founding of
the United States Government.

Time-tested Standards of Character
and Scholarship.

Personal and Vocational Guidance
for the Individual Student.

Write to

EDGAR G. GAMMON, *President*

HAMPDEN-SYDNEY, VIRGINIA

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE

*A Liberal Arts College
for Women*

Chartered in 1851

PHI BETA KAPPA
Delta of Wisconsin

A Small College with one of the
Largest Capital Investments per
Student in the Middle West

For Information address
The Director of Admissions
Milwaukee-Downer College
Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin

OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE

IN THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES
68th Year



Dedicated to
Scholarship
and Christian
Service

- A fully accredited College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, B.A. and M.A. degrees.
- Air Force R.O.T.C.
- Summer Session.

Excellent Facilities on 120-acre Campus

*For Information Write the Registrar,
Box R*

Los Angeles 41, Calif.

ARTHUR G. COONS, *President*

*Southern Methodist University at
Dallas, Texas, is a fully-accredited in-
stitution with modern facilities in a
moderate climate . . .*

THE UNIVERSITY INCLUDES:

The College of Arts and Sciences
The Graduate School
The Perkins School of Theology
The School of Music
The School of Engineering
The School of Law
The School of Business Administra-
tion

SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY

DALLAS

Willis M. Tate, *President*

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE

A Standard Liberal Arts College for Women

The only exclusively women's college
in the Twin Cities. Awards the B.A.,
B.S., and M.A. in Library Science de-
grees.

PHI BETA KAPPA GAMMA OF MINNESOTA
APPROVED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

For Information address the Dean
Cleveland and Randolph
St. Paul 1, Minnesota

The Catholic University of America

Washington 17, D. C.

Conducts a Liberal Arts College and Graduate School in Arts and Sciences, Social Sciences, and Philosophy. Professional work in Engineering, Social Work, Law, Nursing, and Ecclesiastical Studies.

—O—

National Pontifical University
Open to Laymen and Women

—O—

For full information write the Registrar.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOUNDED 1867

10 SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

UNDERGRADUATE • GRADUATE • PROFESSIONAL

GAMMA CHAPTER
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ROCKFORD COLLEGE

Rockford, Illinois, near Chicago

Founded 1847

A four year liberal arts college for women. Emphasis on the liberal arts.

Distinguished faculty, flexible program, small classes, discussion method, close student-faculty relationship.

Washington Semester, Off Campus Seminars, "Junior year abroad" and summer placement related to interests. Graduate degrees.

Illinois Eta chapter Phi Beta Kappa

For information write to Director of Admission

ST. OLAF COLLEGE

Northfield, Minnesota

A fully accredited liberal arts college.

Well equipped science laboratories.

Excellent library facilities.

Dormitories for men and for women.

Minnesota Delta Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa

CLEMENS M. GRANSKOU, *President*

SCRIPPS COLLEGE

Claremont, California

A fully-accredited residential liberal arts college for women. Distinguished for required humanities program. Academic and social affiliation with Associated Colleges at Claremont. Small classes, highly competent faculty. Excellent library facilities. Beautiful campus.

FREDERICK HARD, *President*

SOUTHWESTERN AT MEMPHIS

Coeducational

A four-year College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, offering a choice of courses leading to the Bachelor's Degree.

Schools of law, medicine, dentistry, engineering and theology regard with highest favor Southwestern's pre-professional training.

Tennessee's Gamma Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. Write for Information Office of Admissions, Dept. P

SOUTHWESTERN AT MEMPHIS

Memphis 12, Tennessee

QUEENS COLLEGE

Charlotte, North Carolina

Church-related, Liberal Arts
College for Women

Queens emphasizes basic liberal arts education and at the same time recognizes the need for economic security after graduation. A selected student body and the kind of teaching that can be done only in the small college characterize this college located in the center of the Carolinas.

EDWIN R. WALKER, *President*

FOUNDED 1827

Lindenwood College

For Women

ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI

Liberal Arts

A.B., B.S., B.Mus., B.M.E. Degrees

F. L. McCLUER, Ph.D., *President*

MONMOUTH COLLEGE



FOUNDED
1853

The Liberal Arts Ideal is pursued by Monmouth students under peculiarly advantageous circumstances. The wholesome friendliness of students, faculty, and administrators, working in a community of churches, attractive homes and alert civic organizations, offers ideal opportunity for cultivation of desirable intellectual habits and the qualities of character and leadership so needed in the years ahead.

Liberal Arts—Business Administration
Pre-Professional—Teacher Training

Robert W. Gibson, D.D., LL.D., *President*

MONMOUTH, ILLINOIS

WILSON COLLEGE

Founded
1869

Admissions based on:

1. 16 units and graduation from approved secondary school with principal's recommendation.
2. Personal interview.
3. Results of C.E.E.B. Tests.
4. Health record.

ΦBK

NU OF PENNSYLVANIA

A. B. DEGREE

FOR WOMEN

CHAMBERSBURG • PENNSYLVANIA

CEDAR CREST COLLEGE

Four-Year Liberal Arts Course

DALE H. MOORE, *President*

Founded in 1867

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

Fully Accredited

Liberal Arts Home Economics
Medical Technology Business Education
5-Year Co-operative Nursing Curriculum

Teacher preparation for elementary and secondary schools

Cedar Crest College has newly equipped laboratories. The ratio of teachers to students is about one to ten. The academic standards, both of admission and of graduation, are very high.

Located on a one hundred and four acre campus in Allentown, the college has an entirely modern plant, fire-proof dormitories, and many opportunities for outdoor life.

Rates are reasonable and scholarships and work aid are available.



DeLand, Florida

Stetson provides a liberal education in a small Christian university, where Truth is sought amid the small truths, and where the larger and long term meanings of life are pursued among the daily realities.

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
SCHOOL OF MUSIC SCHOOL OF BUSINESS
COLLEGE OF LAW
(St. Petersburg, Florida)

Accredited by

Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools

National Association of Schools of Music

American Bar Association

Approved by

American Association of University Women

Member of

Florida Association of Colleges
Association of American Colleges
Favored by the mild climate of Central Florida

UNIVERSITY OF SCRANTON

The system of education in force at the University of Scranton is in an established tradition, whose methods and objectives have been submitted to the acid test of centuries. Both in the courses it offers

and in the methods of teaching it employs, the University, like other Jesuit liberal arts colleges,

IN THE JESUIT TRADITION

believes the primary purpose of education is not so much to acquire a store of information as it is to train the various mental powers to correct habits of procedure and thereby to raise to the highest peak of efficiency the native powers of mind with which man is endowed.

The University is a Catholic institution conducted by the Society of Jesus, but in the admission of students no discrimination is made on the grounds of religious belief. Fully accredited and strategically located, the University is now in its sixth decade of service to the residents of Scranton and vicinity.

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

COLORADO COLLEGE

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

"At the foot of Pikes Peak"

Privately endowed, coeducational, non-sectarian liberal arts institution. Attracts students from forty different states and several foreign countries. Offers majors in the fields of Social Sciences, Humanities and Natural Sciences. Preprofessional training in medicine, law, theology, education, journalism, and engineering. Grants Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science and Master of Arts degrees. Has five-year engineering program. Also affiliated with Columbia University in engineering and with Duke University in forestry. Offers medical technology. Has Army ROTC (branch general). Numerous scholarships available. National fraternities and sororities and honorary Greek letter organizations including Phi Beta Kappa, well established on campus. Complete counseling system and small classes provide a close faculty-student relationship.

For catalog or other information, write:

H. E. MATHIAS
Dean of Admission

FISK UNIVERSITY

Founded in 1865

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

A fully accredited liberal arts college with an enriched program for selected "early entrants."

—O—

*Applications now accepted
for 1955-56 admission*

—O—

DELTA OF TENNESSEE

BOB JONES UNIVERSITY

Greenville, South Carolina

College of Arts and Science

School of Fine Arts

School of Education

School of Business

School of Religion

Stands without apology for the "old-time religion" and the absolute authority of the Bible.

BOB JONES, Jr., President

GEORGIAN COURT COLLEGE

Lakewood, New Jersey

1. Catholic College for Women. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.
2. Four-Year course Leading to B.A. and B.S. degrees in Arts and Sciences.
3. Fine Arts, Music, Business Administration, Home Economics, Teacher Training for Elementary and Secondary Schools.
4. Pre-Professional Training in Medicine, Social Work, Dietetics, Journalism and Personnel Management.



THE DANA HALL SCHOOLS

TENACRE COUNTRY DAY This school, kindergarten through the sixth grade, is prepared to accommodate 150 boys and girls. Small classes and high educational standards are maintained. A physical training program, including riding, is planned for students at this grade level. The school is well-equipped and has a highly trained staff of teachers. Students finishing Tenacre Country Day are prepared to enter any junior high school or Dana Hall Junior School. Miss Phyllis G. Scoboria, Head.

DANA HALL JUNIOR The Junior School for girls accommodates 50 boarding and 50 day students in grades 7, 8, and 9. Courses are planned to follow the best educational practices with excellent teachers. A home-like atmosphere and personal supervision of each student prevail. The physical education program consists of riding, tennis, hockey, baseball, skiing, and skating. Students are prepared for work at the secondary school level and particularly for the College Preparatory Courses at Dana Hall. Mrs. Werner Hegemann, Principal.

DANA HALL The scope of this well-known school includes not only a College Preparatory Course but a program of advanced studies for unusually gifted students. Its graduates are admitted without examination to all the leading colleges for women that accept students by certificate. A full sports program is offered including riding. Located on a country campus and conducted on the small house plan, the school is also able to take advantage of the cultural opportunities of Boston. Mrs. Alnah J. Johnston, Principal.

PINE MANOR JUNIOR COLLEGE This fully accredited junior college offers a well-rounded two-year experience in general education and transfer to leading major colleges. Individualized programs are made possible by the wide variety of courses offered in Liberal Arts and Fine Arts. The college is noted for its French Center. There are two third-year programs: one for study abroad and the other in the child study center on the campus. Its enrollment includes students from approximately 35 states and 10 foreign countries. Students are accommodated in accordance with the small house plan. Dr. Alfred T. Hill, President.

Catalogue and Circulars upon Application

DR. ALFRED T. HILL, DIRECTOR

WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY

Front Royal, Virginia

Military • Accredited • 64th Year

In beautiful Shenandoah Valley at northern entrance to Skyline Drive. Prepares boys for college through intensive study methods. Fireproof dormitory includes classrooms and swimming pool. Full athletic program. Beautiful, complete, new athletic field. Gymnasium. Visitors welcome. 68 miles from Washington, D. C.

For catalogue and folder address

COL. JOHN C. BOGGS, President, Box S

LAKE FOREST ACADEMY

Lake Forest, Ill.

Founded 1857



HAROLD H. CORBIN, JR.

Headmaster

Information and catalog upon request

FEATURES FOR THE FUTURE

The AMERICAN SCHOLAR will soon be presenting:

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| ★ <i>Jehovah's Witnesses as a Proletarian Movement</i> | Werner Cohn |
| ★ <i>Defense Means Protection</i> | Lewis Dexter |
| ★ <i>The "Merry Widow Waltz" in Colors</i> | Mark Harris |
| ★ <i>Liberalism</i> | Hubert Humphrey |
| ★ <i>The Olympian Cowboy</i> | Harry Schein |

(Continued from page 247)

the supreme law of the land. They are indeed more supreme than ordinary laws, for Congressional laws are invalid if they do not conform to the Constitution, whereas treaty law can override the Constitution—and cut across the rights given the people by the Constitutional Bill of Rights." The Bricker Amendment is designed to preserve the Constitution and its amendments from change by treaties, a method which the designers of the Constitution never intentionally planned. Their method was by a prescribed process of amendment. The Bricker Amendment is an affirming—not a dissenting—movement.

It is notorious that the government of the United States of America could be destroyed by the treaty power. How else could the statement that the United Nations is supreme and over that government—federal, state and municipal—found in a book, *Federal Textbook on Citizenship—Our Constitution and Government* (revision of 1951), published by the United States Executive Department in the administration of former President Harry S. Truman, be justified? How else could this superiority, intimated by the Secretary-General of the United Nations in his statement of October 11, 1954, on the "Report of Standards of Conduct in the International Civil Service Issue by the International Civil Service Advisory Board" of that international organization, be supported? Opposing this destruction of our government are patriots—both ancient and new in American origin—who voice the theme of the slogan of the United States Army in the American Revolution: "Perpetual and undisturbed Independence to the United States of America!" Among these patriots are most members of the S.A.R. and D.A.R. They, too, favor the Bricker Amendment. Their patriotism is not of the chauvinistic kind. If, perchance, these views, which they support, are classified as conservative by some, they should be classified as true conservatives and not slurred as pseudo. Would the professor advocate such destruction?

WILLARD L. DE YOE
Hewitt, New Jersey

Irwin Edman

Usually I look forward to receiving my copy of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, curious about its contents and well rewarded in reading them. It was in this frame of mind that I opened the Autumn [1954] issue. In but a few moments I wished that it had never arrived, wished that somehow your editorial on Irwin Edman's death had never caught my attention.

I never met Mr. Edman, never so much as sat in one of his classrooms or conversed with him in less conventional surroundings, and yet in learning of his death, I felt the loss and emptiness that one feels in losing a dear and close friend—a friend of silent, but nevertheless intimate communication. I have read and re-read and savored so much of what Mr. Edman has written that I have come to feel that we were friends of the best sort, sharing in the life of the mind and in the life of human feelings and human failings.

NORENE RIMER
Los Angeles, California

Fortuitous Caution

Mr. Wallace Douglas ["Souls Among Masterpieces," AS: Winter, 1953-54] should have been kinder to F. R. Leavis. He cites Mr. Leavis' sentence: ". . . I will record, without offering it as a checked and deliberated critical judgment, the remembered impression that her [Emily Brontë's] *Cold in the earth* is the finest poem in the nineteenth-century part of the *Oxford Book of English Verse*." Upon which he comments: "Here Mr. Leavis is expressing that moral struggle, that enormous effort of pain and plight and glorious discovery with which modern critics color the . . . business of talking about and explaining books."

More simply, Mr. Leavis is merely expressing a certain caution—a praiseworthy attribute in any critic, modern or otherwise—which in this case is a fortuitous one. You see, "*Cold in the earth*" does not appear in the new edition of the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

ARNOLD GOLDBURG
Princeton, New Jersey

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Volume 24

SUMMER, 1955

Number 3

CONTENTS

Cold War Troubles at Home	<i>Robert Langbaum</i>	265
The Success, <i>A Poem</i>	<i>Robert Pack</i>	280
Jehovah's Witnesses as a Proletarian Movement	<i>Werner Cohn</i>	281
Defense Means Protection	<i>Lewis A. Dexter</i>	299
The Olympian Cowboy	<i>Harry Schein</i>	309
	<i>Translated by Ida M. Alcock</i>	
POEMS:		
Two Poems for Irwin Edman Earth, Sea and Sky: 1919 In Memoriam: 1954	<i>Joseph Freeman</i>	321
The Eve of Capricorn	<i>Rose Burgunder</i>	323
Sleeping Beauty	<i>Louis Simpson</i>	324
Early in the Morning	<i>Louis Simpson</i>	325
News from Our Town	<i>Marcia Nardi</i>	326
Can These Stones Speak?	<i>William Croft Dickinson</i>	329
A Little Faith A Little Envy: A Note on Santayana and Auden	<i>Gerald Weales</i>	340
IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO	<i>Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	348
THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND		352
Reviews by <i>Asher Lans, Paul B. Sears,</i> <i>Robert N. Linscott and David L. Marks</i>		
Brief comments on nineteen outstanding books of the previous quarter		369
THE SCHOLAR'S SCRATCH PAD	<i>Margaret Mead</i>	378
THE READER REPLIES		383



BOLLINGEN SERIES

1955

XXX PAPERS FROM THE ERANOS YEARBOOKS

Vol. 2: THE MYSTERIES

Translated by Ralph Manheim and R. F. C. Hull. Thirteen distinguished scholars discuss various religious manifestations that may be characterized as "mysteries." 6" x 9", 600 pages. \$5.00

XXXIX THE ART OF INDIAN ASIA:

Its Mythology and Transformations

By Heinrich Zimmer. Completed and edited by Joseph Campbell. A comprehensive study of Indian art and its sources. With 662 photographs by Eliot Elisofon and others.

9" x 12", 450 pages of text. Two volumes, boxed. \$22.50

XL EGYPTIAN RELIGIOUS TEXTS AND REPRESENTATIONS

Vol. 2: THE SHRINES OF TUT-ANKH-AMON

Translated with introductions by Alexandre Piankoff. Edited by N. Rambova. The first translation of the texts inscribed on the four gold-encrusted shrines that enclose the sarcophagus of Tut-Ankh-Amon.

9½" x 12", 160 pages, 62 plates, 3 color plates. \$17.50

XLI CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Edited with introductions by Allardyce Nicoll. Two-volume edition of the George Chapman translations. Vol. 1: The Iliad. Vol. 2: The Odyssey and the Lesser Homeric.

6½" x 9½", 1600 pages, 2 vols., boxed. \$10.00

XLVII THE GREAT MOTHER

By Erich Neumann. Translated by Ralph Manheim. An analysis of a primordial image which finds expression in early man's myth, ritual, and art, and in modern man's dreams, fantasies, and creative work.

8" x 10", 400 pages, 246 plates. \$7.50

DISTRIBUTED BY PANTHEON BOOKS, INC., 333 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. 14
For detailed catalogue write to Bollingen Series, 140 E. 62 St., N. Y. 21



THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 24

Summer, 1955

NUMBER 3

.....

Cold War Troubles At Home

ROBERT LANGBAUM

SINCE IT IS PROBABLY IMPOSSIBLE to be too suspicious of Russian and Chinese intentions, a case might be made out that America, in being more suspicious than her allies, is more clearheaded than they are in dealing with communism abroad. But I am quite certain, after having returned from my third summer in Western Europe, that in dealing with communism at home, we are of all the democracies the most confused and bedeviled.

We are bedeviled, I think, just because, having mustered from our relatively clear view of the situation abroad the greatest amount of anti-Communist energy, we have the least considerable domestic enemy upon whom to expend it. We cope badly with the problem of domestic communism for the same reason that the large quadruped copes badly with the gadfly—our exertions are too large for the occasion. The more the horse or cow swishes its tail and bucks and kicks, the more it defeats itself until, if the fight goes on long enough, the big animal drops from exhaustion. The fight is all the more painful to watch because the disproportion in the size and substance of the antagonists renders it absurd.

Our fight is especially absurd and inefficient in that at least half of us, interrupted in our anti-Communist effort by alarm over the

✱ Critic and teacher of literature, ROBERT LANGBAUM has written on literary and political subjects for *Commentary* and other periodicals, and is the author of a forthcoming book on the Romantic tradition in literature.

excessive energies of the rest, must turn round and fight at the same time both Reds and Red-baiters. And we liberals, to tell the truth, fight the latter with a great deal more satisfaction than we fight the former. For in spite of all we have learned about Russia and international communism since the purge trials of the thirties, the fight against communism at home remains a thorn in the liberal conscience.

The fight requires that we stop at every point to test against the facts the axioms of our liberal faith. It brings us up against difficult questions—whether a man can be punished for what he thinks, whether Communists should be forbidden to teach, whether the leaders of the Communist party should be jailed, whether the Communist party should be outlawed. To all such questions, the liberal's impulse is to answer with an emphatic "No," just as we are predisposed to believe (with as much chance of being right as wrong) that a Hiss, a Lattimore, an Oppenheimer must be innocent because he is a "victim" of investigation. Most liberals have managed to hold their predispositions in check long enough to look at the facts; indeed, the whole arduous effort of liberal thought in the past decade has been devoted to just that, to building up a finely discriminated anti-Communist position. But the effort has taken a heavy toll in moral satisfaction. For the moral life does not proceed easily from finely discriminated ideas which each time have to be thought out again from the beginning, but rather from broad assumptions which can become emotional and even automatic commitments easily translatable into action.

It is, therefore, with a kind of war whoop of relief and exultation that liberals turn around from the anti-Communist effort to meet the threat from the right. And the more the anti-Communist effort worries us, the more savagely we lay into the attack on McCarthyism. For in this fight we are at home again, the old slogans serve, the old certainties seem justified. The old enemies are once again on the other side, the old friends are once again banded together. The fight against Communists opposes us to fellow travelers, who are the sort of people one understands and who seem, therefore, incapable of harm. But the fight against McCarthyism opposes us to the sort of people one doesn't know and who seem, therefore, ca-

pable of unlimited harm. Besides, unlike the Communists who are difficult to identify and have no political power, the right-wingers are substantially visible and substantial competitors for power, so the fight against them becomes more immediately necessary and more practically rewarding.

The right-wingers, for their part, not finding identifiable Communists enough for their excessive zeal, soon start pinning the Communist label on Pinks and liberals. And once they have begun, they find the latter game not only more absorbing but more rewarding. For again, the liberals are competitors for power, and a great many more legislative seats and government jobs are to be acquired through labeling them Communists than through dragging any real Communist out of his insignificant corner.

In other words, there enters into the routine contest between Democrats and Republicans a note of terrible urgency, accusations of treason, of communism and fascism, of selling out to the Reds or to Chiang—all conducted as though the fall of the H-bomb depended on the outcome. The result is an atmosphere of crisis and imminent catastrophe compared to which the European scene seems positively halcyon, a place where there is still time for debate before the Bomb falls and all voices are stilled forever.

Liberals see clearly enough, of course, how disproportionate to the actual danger is the right-wingers' fear of Communist infiltration. But we have not, I think, been sufficiently aware that we have poured into our own counterattack the same excessive energy, that we have used the McCarthy scare in the same way that the right-wingers have used the Red scare—as a quantity more psychological than political, as a projection of our fears and self-distrust before the vast responsibility of American power.

For the McCarthy and Red scares have this in common: In both cases Americans fear a loss of control over their own minds and wills and, consequently, over the forces at their disposal. In both cases, we know that the enemy is no match for us numerically or politically; yet when we express our fear of him, what we are saying essentially is that we fear he may be able to convert us without our wanting or even knowing it, that we fear in him a certain witchcraft power to infiltrate beneath our skins, making us be and do

something other than what we want. The fear that we will become Communists or Fascists matches, I think, the more fundamental fear of our own capacity for destruction, the fear that we will one day drop the H-bomb and destroy the world without wanting to.

Liberals will see what I mean when I describe as fear of witchcraft the right-wingers' fear that our society is riddled with Reds who are subtly stealing dominion over our minds and wills. But to show that we liberals have no cause to consider ourselves exempt from the fears that haunt our fellow-Americans, let me tell the story of my own surrender to the McCarthy scare.

Now that the Senator's political fortunes have entered a decline from which they have yet to emerge, it is easy enough to prove that he was not such a menace as we had thought. But since his career is by no means over and since the conditions which made him so effective are still with us, it is, I think, of more than historical interest to recall the atmosphere of that famous last week in February when he defied the Army, and the Army, after a brief show of resistance, capitulated. It looked at that point as though there was no stopping McCarthy and McCarthyism. I remember how alarmed I was by a warning in the *Nation* that such movements gain momentum so fast that you wake up one day to find it is too late to stop them. You can imagine, then, that it came as something of an explosion when, a week later, the news broke at the University at which I teach that the student Young Republican Club had invited Senator McCarthy to speak on campus.

True, the news did not come entirely as a surprise. The student newspaper had published a report that the invitation was being considered; it had come out editorially against the invitation; and the question had been debated in its correspondence columns. Still, no one had expected the invitation really to materialize, and to have it materialize at just this time was to have the whole ghastly Washington scene materialize before our eyes. It was as though we were to be the first victims of the newly won McCarthy triumph.

It is also true that after the vote to issue the invitation had been taken, the faculty advisor of the Young Republican Club read a letter of resignation in which he said that he could not associate

himself with the irresponsible remarks the Senator might be expected to make. And it is true that the Club itself issued the invitation with the proviso that the Senator was not to mention the University in his speech. As I had the story the next day, the overwhelming majority of the Club voted for the invitation. But most of the students who spoke for it expressed their abhorrence of the Senator and his ways; they simply thought it would be interesting and instructive to get a look at him and hear what he might have to say for himself. As one worried Young Republican tried to explain it to me, "We thought it might be interesting to hear his philosophy," and then, aware of my scorn, "if he has such a thing."

My friends and I were in no mood, however, to give weight to these mitigating circumstances. We talked each other into a fever. The student newspaper reported that the invitation had been inspired by the McCarthy organization itself; and we told each other that McCarthy's speech was to climax an exposé of communism in our area, which had been running for some time in the newspaper of a nearby city. We assured each other that if McCarthy bothered to come to our campus, it would be to blow off a very big lid, to name names here and at other universities—that he would use his speech here as another attempt (after his battle with Harvard) to gain a foothold in the universities. I, for one, could already feel the chill breath of fascism blowing down my overheated neck.

For me, the news came as a kind of personal accusation. I had been planning an article on campus thinking, and had in mind a flippant beginning: "Campus thinking is pretty much what you would expect—everyone is against McCarthy." Now, those complacent words shamed me. What was needed instead, I decided, was an article calling the liberals to arms; asking for an end to the period of liberal self-criticism; suggesting that we had sufficiently purged, reformed and renovated ourselves; and pointing out that if we didn't look up soon from our preoccupation with "new liberalisms" and "new conservatisms," we might find ourselves saddled with an old-fashioned despotism. In short, what was needed was action. The arduous intellectual effort of the past decade, the finely discriminated anti-Communist position, the need to remember that because McCarthy is wrong his enemies are not necessarily right—

all this was thrown out the window as I found myself seized by an irresistible desire to rush out and join something, to join up with anyone who would *do* something.

"The very thought of his coming so close," I said to an admirably sane conservative at the height of my fever, "the very thought sends the chills down my spine." He smiled benignly and asked if I had been equally disturbed when Howard Fast spoke here a few years ago. "No," I said, aware that he had me in a corner, "that was different. Fast was no threat." He didn't have to answer that one, he just smiled. The logical victory was his. Nevertheless, I was right.

The proof that I was right came once the wind began to blow the other way for Senator McCarthy, and on every side people began to turn against him. Once that happened, it ceased to matter whether he spoke here or not. We could afford now to hear his "philosophy." He was no longer a threat. We hardly noticed the news item in which the student newspaper announced that the Senator had been unable to accept the invitation to speak here. And once the televised Army-McCarthy hearings got under way, exposing to view the disconcerted bully who had committed a most incredibly foolish blunder, the McCarthy legend evaporated quickly. Crouched as I was for the spring, but now with nothing substantial to spring at, I found it difficult to remember how the mere prospect of his presence could have disturbed me so much.

Looking back now on that feverish week, I see that the thing we were afraid of was what polite people call a "scene," some subtle infection of atmosphere in the hall, some effluence which McCarthy in the flesh might project, against which our neighbors, if not ourselves, could not stand proof. A Young Republican suggested, I remember, that one of our professors might debate with McCarthy; the suggestion was greeted with wry smiles all around. For though we dared not admit it, we were afraid that logic and argument would be so much chaff in the wind before the brutal insistence of his mindless repetitions. Here was another autonomous force—like that of the bomb and the world events leading to explosion of the bomb, like that of the dark, unknown populace out there who were potential McCarthy supporters—unsusceptible to rational control. We were afraid to face McCarthy because we had

no confidence that reason would stand up against his sub-rational appeal.

That was our mistake, as it has been the mistake of liberals generally in dealing with McCarthy. For if it is dangerous to underestimate the enemy, it is at least as dangerous to overestimate him; since in politics, as elsewhere, "thinking makes it so." To lose the sense of one's power is in fact to lose one's power. To believe the enemy powerful is to make him powerful. If there is one lesson to be learned from the recent collapse of the McCarthy myth, it is that the inventors and sustainers of that myth have been not those who admired McCarthy but those who feared him. His admirers seem to have thought of him not as the invincible medicine man of the mob instincts, but rather as a counter-revolutionary underdog fighting singlehanded against the powerful forces of an entrenched radicalism. It is not these people who are likely to have deserted him, now that his reverses have made him more an underdog than ever, confirming their suspicions that the country is being run by left-wingers. The vociferous demonstrations against the Senate motion to censure McCarthy are a sign that the solid pro-McCarthy core will grow more solid than ever, provided the Senator continues to fight.

There were, to be sure, the good people who, still misled by McCarthy as late as last spring, were finally disillusioned by the revelations on their television screens. But I cannot believe that at so late a stage in the game their number can have been sizable enough to account for McCarthy's loss of prestige. No, the McCarthy myth collapsed when those people who had feared him were surprised and relieved to find how easily he could be punctured once anyone in authority cared to do it, and how ineffective, how even absurd the old threats and blusterings could look. The McCarthy myth collapsed when liberals came to feel that reason is still in authority in this country.

In the same way, the Red scare would collapse should conservatives learn to distinguish law-abiding citizens holding minority and even dangerous opinions, from "active" agents of a foreign power; and should they come to feel that the authorities are perfectly capable of dealing with the latter, as indeed they always have, through

police channels. Legally, it does not matter whether or not the person stealing government documents for the Russians is a Communist, whether he has acted for ideological or mercenary reasons. Our civil liberties would be safer if, in prosecuting him, we paid less attention to his politics, for which we have no right to convict him, and more to his crime, for which we have every right to convict him. Spies, after all, are not new on the international scene. Being more aware of this than we, our European allies make no political issue over Communist spies, but deal with them by means of long established machinery.

But the excessive energy devoted to the Red and McCarthy scares and our whole tendency on both the right and left to overestimate the domestic enemy are signs that we do not trust the established machinery to protect us. We do not trust it because we are less afraid of overt acts of treachery, with which the police can cope, than of something with which the police cannot cope—the theft of our minds and hearts. This lack of confidence in ourselves communicates itself to our friends abroad, and now that we have become the arbiters of their destiny, frightens them to death.

Over and over last summer, I asked Europeans why, having been so popular with them when we did nothing for Europe, we have become so unpopular now that we do so much. And always the answer was essentially the same—that the charming qualities of a child become frightening when the child turns master. I was told that Americans are too immature, too psychologically and intellectually unstable to be trusted with the bomb. It is always with the bomb in mind that Europeans watch the violent oscillations of American controversy; and it is the excess of motion that they fear. They watch us, I gathered, with the breathless panic of parents watching an overactive child playing among priceless teacups, or as the audiences of old slapstick movies used to watch the heedless comedian seesawing wildly over an abyss.

We object, of course, to such condescension from people who can hardly survive without our leadership. And yet if we are quite honest, we must admit that our friends abroad merely articulate what we feel about ourselves. For the thing that explains the fever of the American scene as compared to the European, is the fact

that, though we are in less immediate danger than our European allies, we are aware that the responsibility rests with us for the decisions that may lead to peace or war, victory or defeat, and we do not feel quite adequate to the responsibility.

Our sense of inadequacy has had its good results. It accounts, I think, for the remarkable growth of interest since the war in culture and travel. Prosperity alone will not explain the difference between the American in Europe these days and the American in Europe after the First World War. During the twenties, one gathers from written accounts, Americans abroad flaunted their provinciality, thereby charming the Europeans. These days, Americans aim to assimilate culturally, to be as European and as cosmopolitan as possible, thereby inviting the condescension of the Europeans. I remember thinking, as I saw last summer all the enthusiastic young Americans on the rampage for European culture, that after all they were performing a public service for their country. They were preparing themselves, at their own expense, for America's new position as leader of the Western world.

The bad results of our sense of inadequacy all stem from fear of America's new position—a fear which is boundless because it is only half conscious. In order to find an adequate objective counterpart for this fear and an outlet for the crisis mechanism which it sets working in us, we introduce into our political controversy the spirit of crisis, we exaggerate the malevolence and power of our adversaries. We are equally zealous in hunting down our enemies where they do exist and in inventing them where they do not.

What with the Communist leaders having been jailed and the Administration having assured us that all Communists, fellow travelers and remotest acquaintances of fellow travelers were now ousted from government, I spent last summer abroad, secure in the sense that the country was reasonably safe from communism. When I returned to find that the Attorney General was proposing a new system of legislation to "rid the country of subversives," my reaction was a European one: But wherever are they going to find any more subversives?

There are, I think, at least four reasons why the Europeans man-

age so much better than we to keep their equilibrium over the issue of domestic communism. First, they simply have less energy to expend upon it. Whereas Europe emerged from the last war drained of energy and aware of counting less in the world than before, America emerged feeling stronger than ever, flexing its new-found muscles and looking for new worlds to conquer. In fact, we emerged with more energy than we quite know what to do with.

Second, Europe has not been psychologically poised for war. Her posture has been not only defensive but prayerful. Things may of course change with the new European defense arrangement, but until now Europeans have not, I think, really *seen* themselves as resisting attack in any positive sense. On the Continent at least, they have rather imagined they would be swept into the war by whichever side managed to occupy them first. While such a position is unenviable, it does not call forth the energies and tensions that come with the will to win and the sense that the responsibility for victory rests with yourself alone. If the intellectual atmosphere of Europe seems freer than ours, it is because European intellectuals are less fettered by this sense of responsibility. The "neutralists" among them feel free to play at being pro-Communist and anti-American because they know that in any case the Americans are there to manage the practical exigencies of world politics—just as before the last war, Americans felt secure behind the imperial power of the British lion, whose tail they felt free, for that very reason, to twist.

Third, the French and Italians at least, have in their Communist parties an enemy large and real enough to absorb whatever cold war energies they have mustered. There are advantages, paradoxical as it may seem, in having a sizable Communist party with its place on the ballot, its acknowledged supporters and its deputies in parliament. The enemy does not take on metaphysical proportions; he is perfectly measurable and you have a ground on which to combat him. You do not have to confuse yourself by worrying about how much freedom to grant him, or whether he is real or phantom. You can neither invent him nor determine what is to be done with him since he is too substantial for the one and too powerful for the other. Best of all, you do not have to look around for ambiguous people upon whom to pin the Communist label when there are so

many self-avowed candidates for the honor. Because the energy the French and Italians expend against their Communists has its entirely adequate counterpart in reality, the fight is no different in quality from any other political fight. It is dangerous politically, but not psychologically and morally.

Compare our own domestic situation where, having caught our few spies, and jailed or exiled from public life our few outstanding Communists, we now have to expend our vast capacity for belligerency on worrying the distinction between liberal, Pink and Red. Or consider how curious it is that we should worry so much about unanimity of opinion on an issue (resistance to communism) about which the country is united as perhaps never before in its history. Certainly, we are more united against communism than we were against nazism, or against the Germans in the First World War, or even against the South in the Civil War, or the British in the Revolutionary War. If war with Russia broke out tomorrow, it would probably be (with the possible exception of the war against the Japanese) a war unique in our history for the negligible opposition to it. Indeed, it is just because dissenters are so hard to find that we seem to need a witchcraft enemy, an enemy who is at once everywhere and nowhere and can bend us to his will without our realizing it. For in the absence of substantial dissent, it is only an enemy of such unlimited proportions who can account for our unlimited anxieties.

The fourth reason for our domestic disequilibrium underlies the other reasons and does us credit by refuting the idea that our troubles come from immaturity. For it is just to the extent that our foreign policy has been lucid and mature that our domestic situation has been difficult.

American diplomacy, more successfully than that of our European allies, has managed to resist the Communist analysis of the cold war as a struggle between rich and poor, exploiters and exploited. The French and British, perhaps because of a sense of guilt about their imperialist past, are more subject to the "neutralist" prejudice that it is somehow the side of reaction to be opposed to communism and that our side are the counter-revolutionary aggressors who can have "peaceful coexistence" if we will

but grant it. The Americans, on the other hand, have since Truman's time refused to allow the Communists an ideological foot in the door as representatives of reform and progress.

The task has been easier for our diplomacy because, rightly or wrongly, Americans do not feel guilty about their social arrangements past or present. They even feel that their society comes as close as any has yet come to being just. Our friends abroad smile at such crude self-righteousness; yet it has given us the moral strength to organize their resistance to communism. It has given us a strength simple and crude enough to match that of the Russians—a strength unique in the non-Communist world which has been for the most part too aware of its own shortcomings to defend itself with any conviction against the brash certainties of Communist slogans.

The practical advantage of the American non-ideological analysis of the cold war is that we do not weaken our resolution with misgivings about suppressing native insurrections in backward areas. In a place like Indo-China, we recognize not a Communist insurrection but a Communist invasion usurping for its own purposes a nationalist insurrection; so that we see ourselves saving genuine nationalism—as when we co-operated with the Vietnamese nationalists in breaking the hold of French colonialism.

We are able to maintain such a position because we see operating not a Marxian law of class war but the older, more fundamental law that in politics, as elsewhere, nature abhors a vacuum. We see such areas as vacuums which the Russians and Chinese must inevitably fill unless we fill them first by making them self-sustaining. We have no misgivings about filling in the vacuums because we have sufficient confidence in the gifts we have to offer to feel that in making backward countries both economically and militarily viable units, we are bringing them the only beneficial kind of revolution. At the same time, our non-ideological view of the cold war enables us to block Communist advances while maintaining perfectly correct relations with the Russians, and without committing ourselves *on principle* to any holy war to the death. This is the policy of "containment," a policy we still follow, though the present Administration prefers not to use the name.

But effective as such a policy is internationally, it is almost im-

possible to maintain domestically. For it requires of us two opposing postures. On the one hand, we need a vast mobilization of moral and physical energy in order to organize the resistance to communism. On the other hand, we dare not use all the energy we have mustered. We dare not use all our military strength for fear of upsetting our policy of carefully limited belligerency. And we dare not follow our moral principles to their "logical conclusions."

We dare not conclude that because it was right to fight in Korea, it was therefore right to fight through to total victory; or that because Red China has been criminal, it would be legalizing crime to grant her recognition or a seat in the United Nations. Those extremists who would have us walk out if Red China comes in would wreck the UN and our whole system of collective security in order to preserve our moral consistency on this single issue—a kind of right which would create many wrongs. Consistency with our foreign policy would dictate that we not tie our hands in advance, that we grant or withhold recognition and our consent to a UN seat as best suits our advantage, and that we drive a hard bargain exacting the best possible price for any such concessions.

The need to be both crusaders and pragmatists puts us in the position of a high-spirited horse whose rider simultaneously gives him the spurs and reins him in. And like such a horse we buck frantically, we exhaust ourselves with useless motion. The dangers are obvious. Internationally, too much moral momentum at home could plunge us into war. Domestically, the need to find an outlet for excess energy, to find enemies adequate to our capacity for belligerency, has already given our discussions an apocalyptic tone which is dangerous ultimately to our political freedom and immediately to our cultural freedom.

We see signs of the latter danger in what the liberal journals are calling the "new conformism." But the conformism I have in mind is not simply that conformism of the right of which liberals complain; it is a conformism of right, left and center—a need to think in blocs, to line up on either side of the barricades, to turn ideas into slogans, and commitments, even artistic commitments, into programs. The immediate danger to our cultural freedom comes

not from any deliberate suppression of unpopular ideas (there are still platoons of the opposition one can join), but rather from the big noise of combat, the noise of the big certainties, of the ideas organized for action. The danger is that the din will drown out the thought too precise, the perception too fastidious, to be translatable into action; that without anyone planning it, there will simply be no ear left for the only kind of culture that is *free*—quiet culture, the still small voice of reason.

What, then, is to be done? The sheer understanding of our predicament would seem to offer the best hope of solution. If we understand that our dual role of crusader against and negotiator with communism is essentially contradictory, we are less likely to make the false step in either direction which could cause trouble. And if we understand that our contradictory needs both to muster and to suppress moral energy are causing our tensions, the understanding should help to diminish the tensions.

Beyond this, we must stop granting the enemy a greater victory than he himself would dare to hope for. Conservatives should stop proclaiming that Communist masterminds are making a tool of our government. Liberals should stop proclaiming that they no longer dare speak freely, subscribe to left-wing periodicals, sign petitions, or place their names on lists; their "discretion" may create, without a struggle, the situation they fear. Above all, men of good will, liberals and conservatives alike, must stand firm on the principle that no idea, no intellectual commitment whatever, can be criminal, that only actions against the law can be criminal. One way of giving effect to this principle would be to reaffirm as a rule of intellectual procedure that a man may take any position whatever without having his motives impugned, that we refute arguments with arguments, not with pejorative labels. Another way would be to commit ourselves as openly and indiscreetly as possible, to refuse to preface a statement of opinion with the assurance that of course we are good Americans. We are good Americans if in our actions we obey the law, and in our beliefs, our conscience. It is only by insisting on that prerogative, and by exercising it as much as possible, that we can keep it alive.

COLD WAR TROUBLES AT HOME

But we need something more than the mere negative avoidance of excess. We need a positive self-confidence, a confidence in the moral and intellectual soundness of ourselves and our neighbors, and in the capacity of our political institutions to represent that soundness. It is time to reverse the direction of our domestic exhortations. This is no longer the time to worry about complacency, to whip ourselves up by telling each other that we are at war and that at home we are threatened from the right and left. That job has been well done.

Our job now is to tell each other that we are not at war, that we are in a state which may last for fifty years, and that our democracy and culture will never survive those fifty years if we must consider ourselves for all that time at war. It is time to remind each other that there are few Communists among us and that the McCarthyites, sizable minority that they are, at least are no new minority among us—we knew them as America-Firsters and Coughlinites before the war. It is time to remind each other that nobody, neither Communists nor McCarthyites, can steal our freedom from us as long as we want it. It is time not so much to minimize the danger at home (nobody could do that who has seen the still formidable support McCarthy was able to muster for his Senate fight) as to maximize our capacity to meet it, to make sure we do not forget that reason and good will are still in the saddle in this country.

Only with this kind of self-confidence, a self-confidence characteristic of the English-speaking peoples and probably responsible for the success of democracy among them, can we feel sufficiently secure to allot to the suppression of traitorous activity only our police strength, while reserving our moral and intellectual strength for our own self-cultivation. This self-cultivation would have to proceed from a core of identity so secure that we could afford to entertain and, in some cases, absorb foreign and even apparently dangerous ideas. For it is by turning to its own account the ideas opposing it that a culture continues to live and grow.

The Success

ROBERT PACK

There is no luxury in accomplishment.
The winds move by me as they did before.
I watch the sparrows flit from tree to tree,
And with such sights prepare my mind for sleep.
Nothing in the city beckons me,
Not friends, nor my success. Though I am nothing
But the things I see, the people met
Or watched, lived with, imagined, dreamed of, known—
Because all work is done in solitude—
Their old inscrutable delight seems gone.

Now my mood is rich in melancholy.
I find it also in the thundering clouds,
Hysterical leaves, and in the little noises
Of the grass, the silence of light on stone,
The silence of my thoughts that pass. The air
Is filled with all the perfume of despair,
And I would eat the warm sad bread, drink deep
The waters of the tragic rain until this pain,
Because it has no enemies, only the burden
Of family and friends, might bring me sleep.

Success is failure, for we start again;
Accomplishment, the mark where one has been
Among the many places unexplored.
As with old pleasures, we tire of old despairs—
Like such an argument, the dawn appears,
Proclaims: to be content, be not content,
Luxury is a joy as you watch it go.
I rest, yet feel the changing day disclose
(While I think of love and all its wild reward)
That nameless anxiety in repose.

⊗ ROBERT PACK, poetry editor for *Discovery*, teaches at The New School. His first book of poems, *The Irony of Joy*, will be published by Scribner's in September.

Jehovah's Witnesses as a Proletarian Movement

WERNER COHN

OF ALL THE NUMEROUS SMALL RELIGIOUS SECTS in this country, that of the Jehovah's Witnesses is possibly the best known. Its members are seen proclaiming the Kingdom of God on the street corners of all our cities and towns; the United States Supreme Court has had occasion to consider the Witnesses over and over again since the First World War; international Witness conventions, held in New York's Yankee Stadium in 1950 and again in 1953, have astounded the press and the public by their huge attendance and their superb organization; and the Witnesses, partly as a result of such aggressive slogans as "Religion is a Snare and a Racket," have often been the object of intense hostility and mob violence.

The most usual immediate response toward the Witnesses touches also, in my opinion, that which is sociologically most important about them: people feel that here is something very "curious." Whether one is attracted toward them or has one's hostility aroused, one cannot help noticing that the Witnesses are *different* and that they do not seem to fit into the patterns of our everyday lives. As I will try to show, the Witnesses are actually separated by an almost airtight spiritual barrier from the rest of American society; the organization is truly a universe unto itself.

A close study of the Witnesses has convinced me, now, that the

❖ WERNER COHN, the recipient of a fellowship grant from the Conference on Jewish Material Claims against Germany, is now working on a study of the political attitudes of Jews. For documentation of the present article, he refers interested readers to his article on Zionist youth groups (*Student Zionist*, December, 1950) and to his master's thesis on Jehovah's Witnesses (New School for Social Research, 1954).

organization is typical of a certain sociological type which I call "proletarian," which includes not only the radical religious sects but also such other fanatical movements as the traditional German youth movement *Wandervögel* (literally "roaming birds") and some of the Zionist youth groups. Most important of all, it also includes the Nazi and Communist movements. Following Toynbee, I use the term "proletarian" to describe a movement which lives in, but is not of, a given society. I take this to be the original meaning of the word in our modern languages. When Marx described the working class as "proletariat," he wished to indicate that it lives and works in, but does not partake of capitalist society. He spoke of the worker's "alienation" from the conditions of his work; he advocated a workers' organization that would function within, but look beyond the present society. A radical version of this precept is the program of all proletarian movements.

I should emphasize in the beginning that their common quality of being proletarian does not make very different groups identical in other respects. In my own estimation of them, there is a tremendous difference between Zionist youth groups, which arouse my interest and sympathy, and the totalitarians, whom I abhor. While I believe that totalitarianism is an extreme consequence of all proletarian movements, I also realize fully that one cannot judge things simply by the extreme consequences to which they might lead.

It is not difficult, now, to recognize a proletarian movement intuitively by its aura of social estrangement: these movements do not participate in the charitable, religious or political activities of the community—they have a profound distrust for social institutions. They might, of course, utilize institutions; the Communists utilize parliamentary institutions and trade unions, and Jehovah's Witnesses utilize the courts to protect their organization. But utilization is not participation. The distinction is perhaps best illustrated by the Communist role in the European parliamentary institutions. Non-Communists who participate in these institutions deal with legislative proposals as important in their own right; proletarians, on the other hand, can deal with such matters only as maneuvers

to further aims which are essentially outside parliamentary competence.

Still on the level of an intuitive recognition of the proletarian character of fanatical movements, we invariably find a number of "separation rites"—demonstrative practices by which the proletarians set themselves apart from everyone else. For one thing, there is always a peculiar jargon of the proletarian group; Arthur Koestler, in *The God That Failed*, tells the story of how the Gestapo was able to spot German Communists by the way they turned a phrase even when speaking about the most non-political subject, and I myself shall never forget a fellow-traveling acquaintance who remembered the title of Ribble's classic *The Rights of Infants* as *The Democratic Rights of Children*. "Zionese," the jargon of extreme Zionist youth groups, mixes Hebrew phrases with English in such a manner that the language becomes altogether unintelligible to the outsider, as in this passage from a journal published by one of them, Hashomer Hatzair: "And so, the moshavot ended, the tents folded, the songs died out in the machaneh, and against the darkness of the night a shura at attention was silhouetted. . . . The degel came slowly down. . . ." Jehovah's Witnesses, finally, boast that their "ability to speak a 'secondary language' . . . unites them far more effectively and completely than a language such as English unites all English-speaking peoples."

I

Examination reveals that, despite their many obvious differences, the ideologies of the various proletarian groupings show the most striking resemblances: invariably they emphasize eschatology. A cataclysmic end of the world, with a millennium following, is prophesied by all the movements.

The proletarians, of course, are not alone in holding eschatological views. All believing Christians do, and, as I have indicated, all the denominations that issue from Marx do too. But it is the radical sectarians among the Christians, and the Communists among the Marxists, who *emphasize* eschatology. This "doctrine of the last days" is central to proletarians (and only peripheral to non-

proletarians) because it says, in effect, that nothing that is going on now is really very important, except insofar as it destroys the status quo; it allows proletarians to reject responsibility for, or interest in, any of the affairs of "this world."

Proletarian eschatology typically contains a particular esoteric knowledge system, a doctrine of rejection of the world, and a description of the millennium. It is these elements to which I refer collectively as the proletarian ideology.

Esoteric knowledge is most familiar to us in its Communist and Nazi forms; the Communist view that dialectics form a superscience and invalidate "bourgeois" science and the Nazis' theories on race are the most immediate examples. Proletarians feel that they—and they alone—have access to certain facts and to a body of knowledge which are infinitely superior to the common sense of the larger society: its truths are by definition esoteric since they are not accessible to anyone outside the proletarians' universe.

All religious belief, in a certain sense, partakes similarly of the esoteric, since it always requires a believer's faith to appreciate the truly religious; and it is also probably true that ultimately elements of faith are necessary for an acceptance of what is now known as the "scientific method." But there are degrees, not only of reasonableness itself, but also of the proletarian tendency. As will be shown later, our social structure everywhere has proletarian elements; and as everyone knows, the most reasonable has its unreasonable sides. But the fact remains that there is a fundamental area of common assumptions, that is to say, a *common* sense, which is accepted alike by American Protestants and Catholics, by Democrats and Republicans, and (for a European example) by all the Anglicans and Catholics and Nonconformists and Laborites and Conservatives in England—and that Jehovah's Witnesses and other proletarian groups stand outside this common sense.

The esoteric belief subscribed to by the Witnesses is especially instructive for a study of proletarian movements in general. It has all the essential qualities of proletarian ideology without evoking the tense emotional reactions which nowadays make objective discussion of the totalitarians so difficult.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES AS A PROLETARIAN MOVEMENT

According to Witness doctrine, the Kingdom of God began in 1914. Since then, God and Satan have shared in the rule of the world, as they will continue to do until some time in the near future. This joint rule is very unstable and will terminate after the coming battle of Armageddon, at which time Satan will be defeated in a bloody war and the theocratic millennium will begin.

Human beings are divided into two classes: the "heavenly class," consisting of 144,000, and the "other sheep," consisting of all the rest. The heavenly class will share governmental power with Jesus during the millennium; it will reside in heaven, and from there direct the theocracy. Many of the other sheep will perish during the battle of Armageddon; the rest—presumably those who accept the teachings of Jehovah's Witnesses—will live on this earth forever. "Millions now living," say the Witnesses, "will never die."

Most of the heavenly class died during previous generations, and they will have to be resurrected immediately after the battle of Armageddon. But there are some—estimated by the Witnesses to number 20,221 as of 1952—who are still living and functioning in the Witness organization. This "remnant" will ascend from the earth directly to heaven after Armageddon.

Witness esoteric knowledge is quite exact when it comes to dates and figures. It has definitely established that Adam was created in the fall of 4025 B.C. The year 1914—the beginning of the Kingdom—was arrived at by the most painstaking computations. A short quotation will give the flavor of this research:

From Genesis 7:11, 24, 8:3, 4, we learn that five months are exactly 150 days, thirty days to a month, thus giving us 360 days for a year according to Bible reckoning. Further, in Revelation 12:16 we have a time period of 1,260 days, which in verse 14 is also referred to as being "a period, periods (that is, two periods) and a half a period of time," or three and a half times. So our seven times or years would be seven times 360 days or twice 1,260 days for a total of 2,520 years.

. . . Since those nations began trampling Jerusalem underfoot in 607 B.C., then 2,520 years later, or A.D. 1914, would mark the coming of him whose right it is and the restoration of sane, divine dominion over mankind.

I have purposely selected this passage because it contains so much that is typical of all proletarian ideology. First, there is the close, mathematical reasoning; the argument is presented in a manner that appeals to our most rational faculties. Second, the argument is completely esoteric, for ordinary reasoning power alone is of no help in trying to understand it. For those equipped with no more than the common sense (i.e., for those lacking the esoteric insights), the passage contains at least two unbreachable barriers: (1) The word "periods" that appears in Revelation 12:14 is immediately followed by the Witness interpolation "that is, two periods." But if we do not take it for granted that "periods" means "two periods," the whole calculation topples. (2) The date 607 B.C. is not entered in any of the standard secular or religious histories as the year in which "nations began trampling Jerusalem underfoot," so far as I can tell after considerable research. The date is unique to Witness historians; they do not bother to discuss just how it was arrived at, but flatly attack all criticisms of their historical method with the remark that they "are not called upon to harmonize these [chronological computations] with the tangled records of secular history."

The proletarian doctrines of rejection are almost identical in the various groups. Everything in this world is wicked; the values of society are superficial, hypocritical, false; in fact, there are no meaningful ideological differences in the world except those that exist between the inside (the given proletarian movement) and the outside (everyone else). Furthermore, the present order is doomed, and will presently be replaced by a new and absolutely perfect one. Obviously no interest should be taken in any of the affairs of this world, since such affairs are destined for an early, complete and violent termination.

To Jehovah's Witnesses, the worldly institutions—governments, religions, international organizations—are all involved in a vast Satanic conspiracy against the Kingdom. The United Nations is described as a "many-membered beastly association of nations," as "the disgusting thing of Matthew 24:15 and Daniel 11:31." The government of the United States, that of Russia, the various Prot-

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES AS A PROLETARIAN MOVEMENT

estant denominations, and especially the Roman Catholic Church—all these are “tools of Satan” without any important differences among them. After a simple change of its terms, this doctrine becomes identical with that of the Communists, to whom democratic liberalism and nazism are twin aspects of the same capitalist evil; it becomes identical also to Nazi doctrine, which saw no essential difference between believing Catholics and Communists, between democrats and bolshevists.

The proletarian doctrine of rejection is in a sense—certainly in a formal sense—the very core of proletarianism itself. As I use the term here, proletarianism *means* isolation from the world and spiritual detachment from society and its institutions. But as we shall see again and again, proletarians have more than a merely formal opposition to worldly institutions; theirs is a deep-going alienation from the ways of the world, which expresses itself most revealingly in their contempt and mistrust of the ordinary and everyday concerns of society.

Along with a fanatical rejection of the present world, the proletarians present us with visions of a millennium. The Nazis referred to the “Thousand Year Reich”; the Communists invoke “Socialism.” “The New World” is the millennium as predicated by Jehovah’s Witnesses. The Witnesses describe their utopia as follows:

Then, with the end of worldly warfare, freedom in the full sense of the word sets in. Freedom from fear will be there, for no more will atomic or hydrogen bombs or the devilish demonic heavens hang like a threatening cloud over the people. Gone will be the need for armed troops . . . or even a local police force. . . . Lawlessness and vice, together with casualty-producing accidents, fires and floods, will be things of the old-world past. Neither will there then be millions of unemployed or displaced persons wandering aimlessly from one city to another. . . .

Famine and drought, together with rationing and black marketing, will cease for all time. . . . The terrestrial globe, free of those who ruin the earth, takes on a new appearance, developing into a place of Edenic grandeur. . . . Then even

the beasts of the field will be at peace with one another and their guardian, man.

The visible part of the new world will be a diseaseless "new earth." . . . Aches and pains will die out, as radiant health, unmarred by cancer, influenza, or even a toothache, implants itself in every soul. . . . This means the vanishing of old age, with its wrinkled skin, its gray hair, its feebleness. It means that vigorous, energetic youth, so fleeting today, will be the eternal lot of every faithful human. . . . No dream is this, nor propaganda scheme to solicit for a man-made "better world," but it is the truth.

These utopian visions interest me mainly because they reveal the more subtle and the less conscious difficulties which the proletarian finds in this world. The New World is seen without such everyday hazards as accidents, fires, disease—without even a toothache. It is such things, however, that reality is inevitably made of, and the Witness vision of a world without any kind of grief suggests an underlying inability to come to terms with the risks and dangers inherent in life itself. Freud, in *Totem and Taboo*, had already touched upon the real core of proletarianism when he declared that "the rejection of reality is at the same time a secession from the human community."

The most astounding of all passages that I have seen in the literature of Jehovah's Witnesses deals with survival after Armageddon. It compares the fate of the righteous with that of the rest of humanity:

The survivors of this "war of the great day of the Almighty" will be his lovers, the New World Society. After the battle they will go forth and look upon the carcasses of those whom Jehovah has slain, unburied, the food of worms that will not die or cease from swarming over the odious carcasses until they have eaten the bones clean, the food of fire mixed with sulphur that will not be extinguished until it has completed the consumption of all remnants of the carcasses. . . .

Those who happen to be outside the "New World Society" (i.e., the Witness organization) clearly do not have much to hope for. But even the survivors of the terrible battle of Armageddon must

watch their step! Those that are found wanting in obedience will be executed:

those refusing to keep the Kingdom sabbath [i.e., honor the millennium] by faith and by ceasing from selfish works of sin and false religion will be executed by the Lord of the sabbath and be destroyed eternally.

Speaking even of the children who will be born during the millennium, the Witnesses warn that:

Every child, reared in the discipline and authoritative advice of Jehovah, will have full opportunity for life through Christ the King. Any not desiring to serve Jehovah will be executed, rightly.

The meaning of the proletarian secession from society lies largely in the escape from the conflicts and ambiguities of reality. Proletarian ideology seeks to end these by forbidding all controversy, and the proletarian's millennial dreams can be interpreted, I think, as fantasy fulfillments of the wish to abolish all the difficulties inherent in ordinary life.

The totalitarians have explored the more horrendous possibilities of proletarianism by acting out these fantasies. Their concentration camps became the grounds where the supposedly unfaithful were "slain," while the righteous were able to "go forth and look upon the carcasses." And not only were the unfaithful slain and executed, but they were destroyed "eternally"; the totalitarian history books do not mention them, for their names have never really existed.

Proletarian ideology fights a constant battle to abolish reality; but the battle now is full of compromises. So long as the movement cannot transform society in the image of its own fantasies, the stubborn material demands of reality intrude at every turn. Once society has been transformed into a totalitarian universe, however, reality can be abolished to a very significant extent. Since men can be made to believe ideology in preference to truth, many of the demands of science and consistency can be overcome. Since terror can be made almost absolute, the most primitive sadistic fantasies

can be acted out upon prisoners in concentration camps. And since, above all, fanaticism can take the place of self-interest, grandiose and fantastic military campaigns can be carried out without the benefit of military science. These are the extreme consequences of proletarian ideology.

II

Proletarian organizations show highly interesting similarities in organizational structure. In her *Origins of Totalitarianism*, Hannah Arendt describes most of these features as they appear in the Nazi and Communist movements; I shall try, with special attention to Jehovah's Witnesses, to show here how her observations might be applied to all proletarian movements. The features to which she directs attention—specifically, irregularity of organizational form, the "onion" form of organization, and underlying mystification—seem to be not only characteristic of the totalitarians, but natural concomitants of proletarianism as such. One more such concomitant is charismatic leadership, which I shall also consider.

The proletarian principle of irregularity rejects all formal organizational structure. Proletarians do utilize these structures, but only for purposes of hiding the actual authority relationships; the classical case is the file clerk in the totalitarian embassy who gives orders to the ambassador. The irregularity in the totalitarian countries becomes most obvious by the fact that the various ostensible lines of command are ill-defined and have a tendency to become tangled. Not only is there a constant rivalry between such structures as army, party and state (or party and espionage machines in the Communist movements outside of Russia), but the line of command within any one of these is unstable and varies from moment to moment. And then there are personal cliques everywhere, cutting across all other allegiances. The result of this kind of arrangement is a situation in which no individual can ever be sure of his status for long; the highest official can become a slave laborer overnight.

Youth-movement organizations are perhaps the prototype of proletarian irregularity. In its revolt against parent domination,

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES AS A PROLETARIAN MOVEMENT

the youth movement presents the youthful charismatic leader as the only acceptable guide for the adolescent. And while a youth movement often shares many characteristics with such adult-sponsored "youth-serving" groups as the American Boy Scouts or Young Judea, the charismatic quality of "youth leading youth" constitutes an invariable distinction. The youth-movement leader has grown up in the movement and perpetuates the spirit of defiance against authority and regularity; the youth-serving leader, on the other hand, is appointed by the adult authority, is generally paid for his efforts, and tends to give the youth-serving organization a stamp of subservience to authority and of regularity.

As in totalitarian organizations, the principle of irregularity is carefully covered by formal trimmings among Jehovah's Witnesses. Witnesses have three distinct legal corporations: the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society Incorporated, and the International Bible Students' Association. But all three corporations have a total membership of only about 500, whereas there are over 150,000 Witnesses in the United States. Supposedly there are no membership rolls of rank-and-file Witnesses, though the organization keeps very exact statistics of the number and the activities of these people. The work of each Witness is carefully controlled and directed by a central authority; this authority is very real, but it is in no way accounted for by any formal plan of organization.

The top Witness leader—at present N. H. Knorr—is the president of the three legal corporations; he has no other official title. His actual status in the organization, however, is no more defined by his title than was Stalin's. And neither can the status of the secondary Witness leadership be measured by titles. I have found that the most reliable method of establishing the standing of any particular Witness leader is to observe how often his name is mentioned in the Witness publications, and to see how closely it is connected with that of Knorr.

Proletarian groups typically consist of various layers of differing degrees of initiation. At the center are the leader and the elite, at the periphery is the casually associated individual, the sympathizer,

the fellowtraveler; in between are the ordinary members, who are again stratified according to how far they have gone—or how far they have been permitted to go—into the proletarian universe. This structural characteristic of proletarian organization is called the “onion” form.

The onion form has a direct relationship to the esoteric knowledge of the movement; since the requirements of everyday life make it necessary to maintain a certain minimum of common sense, the proletarian core surrounds itself with layers that increasingly compromise with ordinary reality. While for the Communist elite the products of “bourgeois” science are unacceptable, the Communist movement has a place for “innocents” and “progressives” who are allowed to play with the community’s common sense and even with the common science. But these outer peels of the onion do more than merely protect the inner ones from the unfriendly environment of common sense; they also have the function of creating a special aura which, as it emanates from the husk of the proletarian movement, can give rise to social regions in which differences between the common sense and the movement’s esoteric knowledge—between sense and non-sense—become obliterated. Such regions have at various times existed in some parts of the liberal sections of the American academic world and in some parts of the European labor movement.

The onion form of Jehovah’s Witnesses is almost an exact duplicate of that of the totalitarians. There are the leader and the elite that surround him; there are various classes of field officials, and various classes of rank-and-file members. Some of these classes are institutionally recognized—there are “pioneers,” “special pioneers” and “company publishers” (the lowest grade)—though the stratification system as a whole is neither institutionalized nor at all stable. It will be remembered that though there were various official strata of Nazi members—the S.A., the S.S. and its various special formations, among many others—the total stratification system of the Nazis depended on the momentary relative standing of party, state, police and army, as well as on identification with a particular personal clique. The Witnesses’ arrangement is similar.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES AS A PROLETARIAN MOVEMENT

Witnesses publish two kinds of periodicals. One, *The Watchtower*, deals with the esoteric knowledge system and is almost incomprehensible to outsiders. The other, *Awake*, gives the impression of an interest in the everyday affairs of the world. *The Watchtower*, printed on good bond paper, is the technical journal of the insider; *Awake*, printed on cheap newsprint, is for the sympathizer. Witnesses do not try to hide their opinion that the contents of *Awake*—while necessary to hold the interest of the innocents—are ultimately of an order inferior compared to those of *The Watchtower*. This attitude is typical of proletarians on all levels toward the thinking of those whose place in the onion is more peripheral than their own.

In addition to the marked irregularity of all proletarian organizational life and its onion form, there is an invariable tendency toward deliberate mystification. This is perhaps most obvious in the peculiar addiction to exact statistics from which most of the groups seem to suffer. Historians of Nazi Germany were surprised to find a wealth of Nazi statistics on such matters as the number of Jews killed on any one day, and the number of gold fillings in the teeth of these Jews. The production statistics from the Soviet Union are equally fascinating; while a multitude of exact figures and percentages are presented by the government, they give no important clues to the realities of Soviet economic life.

Jehovah's Witnesses have an equal interest in numbers and exact statistics which is matched only by the exactness with which they tabulate the history of the universe (Adam's creation took place "in the fall of 4025 B.C."). In reporting on their 1953 convention in Yankee Stadium, the Witnesses present figures of attendance, broken down for each day, and for "stadium proper," overflow, and the Trailer City which the Witnesses had established in New Jersey. Looking up the figures for the sessions I attended, I was interested to learn that those present at the morning session of the eighth day numbered 72,469 persons in the stadium and an "overflow" of 14,368. Now there were no tickets, ticket-takers or turnstiles of any sort at the stadium, and, like everyone else in sight, I walked in and out of the stadium several times during the

session without molestation. I saw nobody counting with hand-counters. While anyone experienced with large crowds could certainly have ventured an estimate of the attendance, one would need truly to have had divine inspiration to come up with a figure like 72,469. Furthermore, Witnesses do not stop at a mere reporting of the figures; various percentages and increases are computed. The increase of total attendance of the first day of the convention over the first-day attendance at the 1950 convention, to pick a convenient example of Witness statistical science, amounted to exactly 47,113.

The most amazing example of Witness statistics that I have seen, however, is the report of Witness activities for the year 1953. Two and one-half pages of closely printed figures are presented, informing us, among other things, that in the United States a total of 12,978,943 pieces of literature were sold during 1953, and that in Sierra Leone the Witnesses spent a total of 28,772 hours working for the "Society." Similar figures are given for countries all over the world, including such far-off places as Israel (21 Witnesses there), Senegal, Hong Kong, Okinawa, Southern Rhodesia and Swaziland. But the truly striking thing about these figures is that they could all have been published in the January 1, 1954, issue of *The Watchtower*—I received my copy a few days before New Year's Day. The accompanying article, it is true, sometimes refers to the "1953 service year," but no indication is given that this is different from the calendar year; more often than not, the article uses the phrase "during 1953" when discussing the figures.

These three typical proletarian mechanisms—irregularity, onion form and mystification—are indications of the proletarian's instability and his profound distrust of order. In the same way in which the proletarian's eschatology serves to place him outside the concerns of ordinary men, so do the proletarian organizational principles separate him from the responsibilities of everyday life. To have an orderly, rational organizational life within the proletarian movement would be self-defeating, for all the social responsibilities against which the proletarian revolts on the outside would then crop up right at home in the form of humdrum organizational housekeeping.

The complete lack of inner order and organization, to be sure, frequently shows itself in very desperate attempts at precision and superb organization. The exactness in dates and in statistics illustrates this tendency; but this exactness is really all a house of cards—the figures which are later so carefully tabulated and manipulated with all the sophistication of modern statistical techniques are simply invented to begin with. And, thus, all the exaggerated efforts at achieving exact order merely result in compounding the disorder. The fanatic is typically doctrinaire: what are absolute certainties on the surface can hide the tremendous underlying uncertainties he feels.

As in all cases of an essential separation from the community's common sense, of course, proletarians find it necessary to make certain substantial compromises with reality. They run business enterprises, deal with money, come to temporary agreements and understandings with other social forces. But these compromises with reason—always relegated to the outer layers of the onion—are but subordinate parts of a larger pattern that is dominated by fanatical disorder and complete contempt for reason.

What has here been discussed as the principle of irregularity in proletarian organization is in many ways similar to what is technically known as "charismatic" leadership, an arrangement whereby leaders have followers not because of any formally acquired status, but because of a personal "gift of grace." A man like Father Divine is a good example of a charismatic leader. He is followed not for any tangible achievement or any special preparation; his followers, rather, attribute a very personal and extraordinary power to him—one that cannot be duplicated by anyone else. Charismatically led groups, through their rejection of institutional stability, are thus certainly irregular. But the question is whether it is necessary for all irregular groups—e.g., proletarian movements—to have charismatic leaders.

The classical interpretations have made a great deal of the personal importance of Hitler and Stalin in the totalitarian movements; some writers have even held that the worship of leaders constitutes the core of the totalitarian phenomenon, and that, once

the totalitarian leader dies, the movement that has been connected with his name will necessarily crumble.

Quite aside from the fact of the post-Stalinist existence of communism—which by itself is enough to refute this view—it seems to me that one would seriously (and perilously) underestimate the social importance of proletarianism if one were to limit it to the reach of personal magnetism. Proletarian movements have found means—notably the apparatus of organization and esoteric ideology—of transferring the charm of the charisma from the person of the leader to the movement as a whole. As will be shown, it is certain social conditions and certain kinds of personalities that determine the existence of proletarian movements; the charismatic leader alone certainly does not.

While proletarian movements can exist without such personages, there is, nevertheless, a basic ambivalent attraction to charismatic leaders from within these movements. On the one hand, this type of leader threatens the very existence of the movement by his inescapable quality of being mortal; on the other hand, there is a great psychological need on the part of the proletarian for such a person. Jehovah's Witnesses—and apparently the Communists too—now have an arrangement whereby there is a charismatic leader in principle though not in practice. The name of Knorr is constantly mentioned in connection with all Witness activities, and he is spoken of as if he were the equivalent of the early leaders of the organization, who really did exercise charismatic powers. But when Knorr appears in public, Witnesses greet him with no more than a polite applause; his speeches are carefully read by him, and verbatim printed versions are distributed the moment he finishes. There is absolutely none of the real excitement that surrounded the early leaders, none of the ecstasy with which followers greeted Hitler.

The dilemma of needing a charismatic leader and not being able to afford one is the sort of thing Marx called an "internal contradiction"; it remains a source of potential crisis for any proletarian movement. How well a given group can deal with this danger depends in large measure on how much need there is for the move-

ment within the society in which it functions. Where the surrounding society is well integrated, all the internal troubles of the proletarians have a tendency to multiply. Where the society is beset by forces of disintegration, the proletarian movement can overcome its own difficulties much more easily.

III

It is interesting, finally, to look at the social and psychological origins of proletarianism.

It has been frequently noted that there is an adolescent quality about proletarian movements: there is a romantic selflessness that has contempt for the grownup's concern over economic security; there is an all-important "cause" whose internal life takes the place of family relationships. It does not surprise us, therefore, that youth movements—the organs of adolescent social revolt—are a prototype of all proletarian movements in psychological atmosphere and organizational structure. The untranslatable German word *bündisch* expresses these adolescent qualities; it is a term, interestingly enough, which the Nazis took over from the *Wandervögel*. If we had to summarize the psychological origins of proletarianism in a single phrase in English, that phrase would be "adolescence fixation."

If we borrow a term now from Durkheim, *anomie*, we also can identify the main social conditions that foster proletarianism: material insecurity, a lack of spiritual cohesion among the various elements that make up society, and a feeling that social disputes can no longer be arbitrated through a common governmental institution. Perhaps the most striking recent example of these conditions is the Weimar Republic, in which setting all proletarian movements flourished. The *Wandervögel* became a mass movement in the early days of Weimar; the Nazis grew spectacularly in the late twenties and early thirties (partly because they knew how to utilize *Wandervögel* traditions); and the German Communist party became the largest outside of Russia.

We may generalize, I believe, that both adolescence fixation and anomie are causal conditions for proletarian movements. Their

relative importance seems to vary inversely. Where—as in England and the Scandinavian countries—anomie is at a minimum, the proletarian movements are small and are composed of individuals whose personal difficulties loom exceptionally large; where social anomie is dangerously acute—as it was in the Weimar Republic and is now in France and Italy—the rank and file of proletarian movements are not restricted to the emotionally disturbed. But even in these countries, we have evidence that the proletarian inner elites consist almost exclusively of perpetual adolescents.

I cannot close without warning that in actual life the proletarian cannot be as neatly distinguished from the non-proletarian as it might appear in this article. For the sake of simplicity, I have dealt mainly with groups in which proletarianism has been brought to an extreme; this is particularly true of Jehovah's Witnesses and of the totalitarian movements. But if we stop to consider that emotional immaturity comparable to that of adolescents is not restricted to members of proletarian movements, and that elements of anomie exist not only in Europe but also in this country (especially, I would say, in the South), it should not surprise us to find potential proletarian leaders and followers in a great many places indeed.

Ultimately, the roots of all proletarian movements lie in contemporary society. We might speak of the proletarian's desire to secede from the community, but we know that this desire is always conditioned by spiritual and material deprivations. The strength of proletarian movements within a country is a good barometer of the cohesion and permissiveness of its social structure. Instead of merely hating and despising these movements, we might take them as a challenge to reorder things so that none will need to take flight into proletarian fantasies.

Defense Means Protection

LEWIS A. DEXTER

BROADLY SPEAKING, WE HAVE IN THIS COUNTRY no grand strategy of defense. Defense means protection—for our basic war-making strength, our industry and our lives. We have provided effective measures of tactical defense for our air force and ground troops; we have given some thought to strategic defenses, once campaigns have been launched; but where is our grand strategy of protection?

In the past, great nations have had such a grand strategy. The British fleet, for at least two hundred and fifty years, protected the British people and industry from any serious threat of destruction. From Pepys to Admiral Lord Fisher, from Charles II to George V, the fleet served by design as a guarantee that England would still stand. For a considerably longer period of time, the Roman legionnaires on the frontiers made sure that the great metropolitan cities of the empire could not be attacked effectively by barbarian invaders.

The only grand strategy of defense which we now have in the United States is the grand strategy of *deterrence*. This means either that we hope we can frighten the enemy away by "massive retaliation"—if he does not get his punch in at our glass jaw first—or that we hope we can, by a well organized system of continental air defense, make the cost of getting his bombers through on target very high.

Informed estimates, however, are in complete agreement that continental air defense under present or probable future circumstances cannot prevent some bombers from getting through on target. General Hoyt Vandenberg estimated in 1951 that 70 per cent of an attacking enemy's planes could accomplish their mission. If a few score planes could get through and deliver atomic or

❖ LEWIS A. DEXTER, political scientist and sociologist, is co-author with Congressman R. W. Bolling of "Safety Against Atomic Attack," which appeared in the *New Leader*. He was formerly Public Opinion Analyst for the Democratic National Committee.

hydrogen bombs, or if these bombs could be exploded in various other ways, *the greater part of the industrial productivity of the United States would be disrupted, and a very substantial number of us would be killed.*

There seems to be no real hope of using the air arm as a means of defending ourselves from air attack, except to make it very unpleasant for the attacker. The approach, most recently put forward by Mr. Finletter, that we should deter the Russians by saying "You can hurt us, but we can hurt you too," sounds as though it has much to recommend it. We say "You can kill a quarter of our people and destroy half of our war-making power. So what? We can kill as many of your people and destroy more of your war-making power."

But, by itself, this policy is essentially unrealistic. Obviously, as writers like Walter Millis have pointed out, we are not going to run the risk of all-out atomic war if the Russians decide to occupy all of Vienna or to seize Sweden's mineral resources, because we are too clearly aware of how they might retaliate. Presumably the Russians realize this. Is the bombing of Russian cities for the purpose of protecting Swedish resources worth provoking what could be the vaporization of Chicago or Detroit?

In any case, all our talk of retaliation leaves the timing up to the Russians. If they attack us, atomically, at the moment they choose, we shall answer back. But if they take the initiative, they can offset any advantages we may have, for in this kind of war, initiative is a tremendous value. It enables the attacker to exploit any weaknesses of his enemy. A vividly remembered recent experience serves to illustrate the point. If the Russians had attacked the cities that actually did give aid to areas damaged by hurricanes Carol, Edna and Hazel, they would have compounded the effect of their attack.

Of course, all plans for continental air defense ought to be, and probably are, under constant re-examination. Improvements in warning systems, interceptor devices, capacity of fighter planes, and similar means of protection are greatly needed. However, there is one grave limitation in all apparent plans for continental defense. They accept as a basic hypothesis that decisions will be

DEFENSE MEANS PROTECTION

made both instantaneously and correctly, allowing no margin for error. Yet a few seconds snafu or a few hours delay, such as that which occurred at Pearl Harbor, would give the Russians all the leading time they need for decisive destruction.

Inevitably, human nature being what it is, delays and blunders can take place. Folly in higher command was not abolished after Pearl Harbor; inefficient commanders, delays in communication, fatigue, failure to define responsibility, and such will remain with us. Thus, a system of protection which assumes that everybody will act correctly, quickly and wisely is not an effective shield. Any effective system of protection must allow a fairly large margin of error. This is a somewhat different situation from that which confronted the British navy for several generations. It is true that Admiral Lord Jellicoe, like several of his predecessors, "could lose the war in an afternoon" by a wrong decision; but at least that decision had to be a positive one. Jellicoe had to be taunted or cajoled into staking everything on an attack which might fail. He could not lose the war in an afternoon merely by inaction. The American continental air defense system may be ineffective simply because somebody *fails* to do something quickly enough. This is certainly not an argument against continental air defense. On the contrary, it suggests that there is a great need for discovering more nearly foolproof methods for defending the continent. Incidentally, one of the advantages a democracy enjoys over a totalitarian regime with ideological motivations is that in a democracy, it is much easier to plan a program which can anticipate folly and inefficiency at command levels.

There is another approach to the problem of real defense which may give us a large measure of protection, an approach which will not be invalidated by bungling or venality of normal proportions. This approach goes back to a basic, and usually overlooked, question: *Why are we unsafe?*

Note the formulation of the question. *Not*: Why can the Russians attack us effectively? *Not*: How many Russian planes can get through? How can we prevent them from getting through? These

questions are vital, but they are secondary to that first asked: *Why are we unsafe?*

We are unsafe because (1) we are gathered in a few metropolitan concentrations; (2) we have developed an economy which is organized in terms of geographical specialization and division of labor; and (3) we have an elaborate network of communication and transportation, dependent on all kinds of delicate interrelationships, which underlies this system of geographical specialization and urban concentration.

By way of contrast: except by sheer luck, atomic warfare would not profit anyone trying to conquer the wandering Indians of South America who live off the countryside, have built no artifacts, no canals, railroads or factories. In other words, they offer no targets.

In China today the Communists have developed a mass army and guerilla techniques of warfare. They certainly would suffer from the devastation of some targets; but after an atomic attack, their basic military economy would continue to be more nearly capable of vigorous effective action than would ours.

Compared with today, towns in the United States in 1819 were relatively self-sufficient. They could keep going under their own steam for a long time. If Boston had been destroyed in 1815, Worcester, Nashua and Providence could have continued to feed, clothe, govern and even arm themselves with reasonable effectiveness. All over the eastern United States, small, deserted "furnaces" exist. These were once metallurgical plants which could provide locally some of the weapons of war. During the War of 1812, when the British occupied Washington, how many producers were left without needed guidance? Very few. Today, in the age of the telegraph, government contracts, railroads and airplanes, how many industries would find it possible to make their own decisions if Washington were vaporized? Yet even Washington does not provide indispensable machinery parts like Detroit, Chicago or Toledo, parts without which factory wheels all over the country would stop moving. To be sure, the Federal Civil Defense Administration in Battle Creek supposedly has plans for such an emergency, but the vast and sublime indifference of almost everyone to its efforts has meant that there are many holes in its program.

DEFENSE MEANS PROTECTION

Today urban specialization, this setting up of targets for the enemy to destroy, *is quite needless*. Nineteenth-century technology may have made the big city essential for big industry; the pasteurization of milk, the purification of water and the development of effective methods for sewage and garbage disposal made the big city livable for millions in the 1870-1900 period. The big city had for many an appeal which the smaller town did not have. For those to whom "variety is the spice of life," the city became the place to live. As most readers will realize, it is in the big cities that groups of like-minded people can find the supplies and companionship they crave. The scholar who needs a constant supply of new books, the medical researcher who must have a constant supply of new patients, the artist who simply seeks the company of his fellows—all these have for the most part flocked to the large cities.

But automobiles, airplanes, helicopters, the development of electricity and of natural gas pipe lines, telephones and the two-way radio—all mean that the big city is no longer a technological necessity or a unique source of social satisfactions. The advantages of a city, with the possible exception of certain economic advantages of seaport cities in handling heavy goods, are not now particularly great. In fact, traffic congestion and the difficulty of building heliports in large cities mean that from an economic standpoint a ring of smaller cities could do business more effectively than large metropolitan areas. The constant push to the suburbs, migrations to Florida and to smaller towns show that in terms of pleasantness and attraction the metropolitan cities "have had it."

There is now no economic or social need for us to stay collected like so many lambs ready for the slaughter. We can spread out and thus very much reduce the danger of being crippled or destroyed by the vaporization of a few target cities. This was recognized on paper by the President's National Dispersion Policy, announced in 1951, but there has been little attempt to put that program into effect. Among many reasons, one of the most important is our intellectual and imaginative failure to grasp the fact that there can be a grand strategy of protection. American children shoot their playfellows when they play wargames, but they devote little thought to shielding themselves. Grown-up Americans often protect them-

selves from the reality of the current threat by thinking in terms of millions killed—sometime in the future—in Moscow or New York. While talking in such terms, they are indulging in political speculation without an uncomfortable sense of personal involvement and fate. No matter how learnedly they discuss the politics of the situation, they are exemplifying Riesman's description of political apathy.

The threat of war becomes immediate, however, if we start to plan the removal of our company or research project, or even work of literary criticism, from Boston or Washington to Canton, New York or Cumberland, Maryland. We will then no longer think of the threat in terms of science fiction. Moreover, the consequent uprooting creates a problem for any individual or family. I tried to persuade a friend who teaches literary criticism that it would be desirable for his and his children's safety to take a job which he had been offered at a small college some distance from a target area instead of remaining in the big city where he now works. His immediate response was, "Well, they have no library there that specializes in my field; I'd have to do without books or borrow them on inter-library loan, and that's a nuisance. People like you who try to get people to disperse are a menace." And his wife said, "Oh, I couldn't live in a small college town; I'm sure people gossip about you more there."

Of course, most people cannot automatically move to a town which is safely outside the target area. For the last two years I have been seeking suitable employment in fields in which I am capable, where I can be outside the target area. While I have heard of some forty or fifty attractive openings in the heart of target areas during this period, I have not been told of one in a relatively safe city or town. Individual situation-wanted advertisements do not meet this problem, because in many types of activity almost all desirable jobs are concentrated within target areas.

For individuals to move out, institutions and industries have to move out. The fact that a large number of people in every institution and industry is reluctant to think about moving means that dispersion is likely to be put off, even though it is thought to be desirable academically. It is ridiculous in terms of the national

DEFENSE MEANS PROTECTION

interest for some of our great technical research agencies to be in the heart of probable target cities. The men who work there cannot be replaced. However, even if these men can be persuaded to take themselves and their families out from under the gun, the schools and institutions which support them cannot afford the loss of plant and equipment involved.

So, for a dispersion policy to be effective, there must be compensations and inducements to the vital institutions, industries and people to duplicate their facilities or spread themselves out. Necessarily, such a program will cost a good deal of money, though probably less than an atomic armament, massive retaliation program carried to extremes. Certainly it would cost a lot less than the vaporization of big cities.

Nobody has appropriated any real money for a national dispersion policy yet. Aside from some pressure exerted on government contractors and the removal of the Federal Civil Defense Administration from Washington to Battle Creek, nothing significant has been done by anybody anywhere to promote dispersion. The problem is to determine who must be moved outside target areas, how this can be done, what sort of inducement shall be offered and where facilities need to be duplicated in case of destruction. In the *New Leader* of November 29, 1954, Congressman Richard W. Bolling and I discussed some of the inducements necessary to get industries and institutions to spread themselves out. Basically, however, what is needed is a careful investigation of these problems, the establishment of priorities and development of precise inducements. Congressman Bolling, in a resolution introduced into the House, asked that a Joint Committee on the Economics of Atomic Defense investigate these issues. Senator Humphrey has introduced a similar (though not identical) proposal in the Senate. Undoubtedly, such a Congressional exploration of the situation is imperative, but research by private institutions and agencies and by the executive departments is also to be hoped for.

Such research presumably should focus on issues like those just listed, but there are important additional ones. For instance, subsidization of the helicopter truck and bus industry might speed up materially the process of dispersal and make industrial spreading

out very much more feasible; yet, so far, the federal government has been fairly timid about backing this industry. Similarly, the probable development of guided missiles with atomic war heads might change the problem of dispersal to some extent, just as the hydrogen bomb forced a radical revision in the early postwar industrial dispersion program which had assumed that everyone could move within the same market area. (The wider range of hydrogen-bomb destruction makes that assumption extremely dubious now.) Even so, we would be infinitely safer than we now are if the federal government had declared in 1946 that all new buildings must be outside the probable range of destruction of the atom bomb. If even this had been done, the Russian threat to us *now* would be far less than in fact it is.

Just as it would have been wiser in 1946 to take the development of superbombs into account as a possibility, so today it would be wiser to plan our programs of dispersion not only in light of what we know today's weapons can do to us, but also in view of what we may reasonably have to fear from those of tomorrow.

Perhaps, and this can never be answered certainly, tomorrow's weapons may really be "absolute." In the history of organized warfare, men have forever been discovering weapons which puzzled and horrified them until they discovered some way of circumventing or partly circumventing their effects. Greek fire and gunpowder and even the Yankee habit of shooting directly at a man as a target were regarded as the most wicked possible military developments. Some people thought Napoleon could not be resisted, and the West waited for the grandsons of Genghis Khan very much as a rabbit waits for a boa constrictor.

The scientists who popularized the notion of the "absolute" weapon were utterly unfamiliar with the history of warfare and of military doctrine and were appalled by their own brainchild. Those who report today that atomic blasts may upset the genetic structure of the human race had their forerunners in the fearful men who foresaw the railroad as forcing women to beget monsters or miscarry.

All the ills and dangers we fear today may come to pass, but they are certainly less likely to take place if we attempt to find out how

grand strategy and military common sense may help us. Conceivably, it might be an argument against proposals which of themselves are unpleasant and disruptive to say, "After all, there is so little reason to hope, let's eat, drink and pass social security laws, for tomorrow we die." But, by and large, a program of national dispersion would permit us to catch up with twentieth-century technology.

Once we write off the dead hand of the past in the form of antiquated buildings and plants, city debts, obsolete roadways, and all the other things which keep us in cities, the spread-out population which is now possible could really enjoy life more. Almost every vital scientific research laboratory in a metropolitan university, for instance, could be rebuilt somewhere in the country and become a more pleasant and effective place to work. Once the difficulty of moving from one place to another is over, most scientists would find better living conditions for themselves. For one thing, they would rid themselves of the strain of traffic or the daily journey by public transit systems; for another, they could eliminate metropolitan noise.

"War," said Clausewitz, "is a continuation of politics." Defense and protection in twentieth-century America are also a continuation of politics in the widest sense—politics in terms of rural and urban redevelopment, national land use, helicopter transport subsidies, tax rebates and the like.

If the reader has noticed that this article was written before the most recent announcements about radiation effects and the superbomb, I would like to point out that this new information does not, of course, alter at all the general point that defense means or should mean protection. Nor, in fact, does it alter the arguments for much dispersal. It seems to be the case that there is still a substantial possibility of securing survival through building shelters for those fifteen to twenty miles beyond the point where the superbomb hits; but present expectations that each man will build his own bomb shelter involve a fantastic disregard of the advantages of mass production and co-operative action. However, there is at least a possibility that the best way to deal with the superbomb may be dispersal, on the one hand, for those who are not prime objects of

enemy attack; and on the other, concentration for a small number of especially important military or productive factors—following in this instance the analogy of the castle town of the ninth century which served as a protection against viking sea raiders. Concentrations for particularly important factors might be rendered *especially* defensible in various ways, provided that the rest of the population and of industry did not seek the same degree of protection. But in the absence of information, such possibilities are to be regarded as speculations. A major point for consideration is that there is obviously good reason for concealing from potential enemies the weapons and techniques for attacking them. But is there any good reason for concealing from ourselves what we must do—on rather a large scale—to protect ourselves? Would we not be able to figure out much better what kind of defense would protect us, what degree of dispersal is necessary, what sort of concentration is possible, if we had the information and background for continuing and widespread analysis of the system of defense and protection? In other words, if defense means protection, and protection means public participation and co-operation, perhaps defense also means public access to knowledge about protection.

The Olympian Cowboy

HARRY SCHEIN

Translated from the Swedish by Ida M. Alcock

WHEN MIDDLE-BROW PEOPLE want to express their utter contempt for films, they often cite the "Western" as typical of the idiocy they wish to deprecate. Actually, the Western is the backbone, not the tail, of the art of the film.

The Western, for that matter, is much more than a film. It offers us the opportunity to experience the creation of folklore, to see how it grows and takes form. The roots of the mythology of Europe and the Far East are hidden in the past, and today can be only imperfectly reconstructed. But the white man's America is no older than the Gutenberg Bible. It attained economic independence and, therewith, cultural independence about the time the novel achieved its artistic and popular success. It is no accident that James Fenimore Cooper's work stands as America's first significant contribution to literature. It is just as natural that the film, at its very beginning, seized upon the Western motif. In the life span of less than one generation, it has developed from an apparently innocent, meaningless form into a rigidly patterned and conventional mythology, into one body of young America's folklore.

Of course, most of the Westerns of silent films were substantially sideshows performed by puppets. But somewhere between William S. Hart and Hopalong Cassidy, a change occurred. The simple, upright and faithful cowboy became more and more decked out with silver spurs and guitars; he sang much and drank little; he never

✱ Besides being a film critic for BLM, an outstanding Scandinavian literary magazine, HARRY SCHEIN is a chemist and president of one of Sweden's leading engineering firms. Mr. Schein, long a devotee of the cinema, claims to be the only film critic in the world who was caught by the police—and expelled from the Boy Scouts—for breaking into a movie theater. This claim to fame is based on a thirteen-year-old's determination to see "Frankenstein," reserved in Sweden "for adults only."

worried about women even while protecting them. Almost imperceptibly he was changing into an omnipotent father symbol whose young attendants consistently avoided heterosexual and other traps of an unmanly nature.

The child is father to the man. The Western of the days of the silent film already contained the material and the tendencies which, little by little, as the element of sound consolidated the form of the film, were deepened and rigidified. Folklore demands a rigid form. If one is to feel the power of the gods, repetition is required. It is precisely the rigid form of the Western which gives the contents mythological weight and significance. This requires a ritualistic handling, with a rigid cast of characters similar to that of the *com-media dell'arte* and a strict orthodoxy like that of the Japanese Kabuki Theater.

Several years ago, when the Swedish state film censorship bureau wished to demonstrate the justification for its existence by showing what erotic and brutal shocks we escaped because of the intervention of the censor, it was found that these consisted to a great extent of saloon fights in the Westerns. The similarities among these fights, taken from perhaps ten different films, were astounding: the same bar counter, the same supernumeraries, the same groupings, the same choreography in the fights themselves. And when the Czech puppet-film director, Iri Trnka, decided to produce a satire on American films, it was natural that he chose the Western. It was simple enough to use puppets instead of human beings to make the rigid form and strict convention appear grotesque.

The movement in a stereotype is as obvious as the ticking of a clock in an otherwise absolute silence. The postwar shifts in perspective which the Western underwent did not disturb the mythological stability, but gave it a profound meaning aside from its aesthetic value. The genre has produced several good and many bad films, but even the stuttering priest can speak about God. Naturally, the Western does not lack aesthetic interest. Even in its role of nursery for American film directors it has a certain aesthetic significance. Moreover, the rigid form requires speed, action and movement, and, in propitious circumstances, can contribute to a dramatic

THE OLYMPIAN COWBOY

conclusion. In addition, it creates an enormous demand for freshness within the limitations of the stereotype, an aesthetic stimulus as good as any.

Also characteristic of the Western is the public's relationship to it. The desire to experience the same thing time after time implies on the part of the public a ritualistic passivity similar to that which one finds in a congregation at divine service. It cannot be curiosity which drives the public to the Western; there is no wish for something different and unfamiliar, but a need for something old and well known. One can scarcely talk about escape from reality in the usual sense; it is a hypnotic condition rather than a complicated process of identification. The Western has the same bewitching strength as an incantation: the magic of repetition.

The Hero and Women

In the center stands the hero. He is always alone in the little community. He often lacks family and, not infrequently, is one of those exceptional human beings who seem never to have had a mother. Opposed to him are the bandits (there are always several) and their leader, an older, rich, often to all appearances respectable man in league with corrupt political bosses. The bandit, too, usually lacks a wife and only now and then does he have an unfortunate daughter. Finally, there is the little community itself—respectable, timid and neutral in action.

The action often takes place in the period immediately after the Civil War. In such cases, the hero is often a Southern officer and his opponents are Northerners. The struggle between these two elements is an epilogue to the war, often with a reversed outcome. Uncle Sam is like a father figure, powerful and hateful, but at the same time filled with guilt feelings toward the ravished Southerners. Although the Western apparently takes revenge for the defeat of the South, the revenge is still illusory, a rebellious gesture which culminates in loyal submission and father-identification.

The hero is surrounded by a good woman and several bad saloon girls, who later either sing about love or dance the cancan. The

good woman is usually a blonde and a specialist in making apple pie. The bad women are the kind one goes to bed with. Although the beds rarely appear in Western interiors, there is reason to assume that the saloon ladies are supposed to suggest those prostitutes who, during the enormous woman shortage of the eighteenthundreds, were imported into the West and, through their kind actions, saw to it that not all the men shot one another to death. Of course, in more advanced films, the typical mixed-figure appears: an apparently bad woman who seems to be on the side of the bandits but who gradually shows herself to be innocent and finally helpful in their destruction.

The hero's relationship to women is very subtle. He shields them without actually being involved. In more and more Westerns a direct enmity toward women is displayed. Sadism is directed most often toward the bad women, but now and then even toward the mixed-type. "Duel in the Sun" offers the best example of this. Often a triangle drama appears (a woman and two men) which ends with the men becoming good friends and arriving at the realization that the woman is not worth having. In "The Outlaw," the young man, after prolonged abuse, humiliates the woman by choosing, in a tossup between her and a fine horse, the horse. In a priceless homosexual castration fantasy, the father figure of the film shoots off the ear lobes of the young man when he dares to defend himself. The pistol in Westerns is by now accepted as a phallic symbol.

In a series of films, the weapon stands in the center of the action—a bowie knife, a Winchester rifle, a Colt revolver. He who owns the weapon is unconquerable. The good men are the rightful owners from whom the bad men are trying to steal potency. To own the weapon is much more important than to own the woman. It is important how one draws the weapon. Bad men draw it too often but too slowly. Like Casanova, they shoot in all directions without finding their mark. The hero, who defends family and home—as an institution—draws his weapon quickly. He shoots seldom, but never misses. As protector of the community, he cannot afford to be promiscuous. There must be an outcome of the

shooting. A strong man is able to fire six shots without reloading.

So much for the rigid Western pattern, familiar even to the more occasional moviegoers. It may be of interest to determine what variations this pattern displays and particularly those tendencies that have been most pronounced since World War II. The question, in other words, is this: Is there a relation between America's politically dominant situation in the postwar period and a new arrangement of luminaries in its mythology?

The Three Modern Variants

Accepting the usual risks of generalization, one may speak of three basic elements in the Western: the symbolic, the psychological and the moral. If one bears in mind the fact that the Western is usually a mixture of these elements, it will not be too gross a simplification to discuss each of these factors separately.

It is said that Chaplin never had any inkling of his profundity until he began to read what various intellectuals wrote about him. Then he himself became intellectual. That is, of course, sheer nonsense. If, however, this kind of reasoning is applied to the symbolism of the Western, it probably has a certain correctness. In other words, the Western seems to have become conscious of its symbolic purport and, as a result of this consciousness, has become quite dreadfully symbolic.

That unconscious enmity toward women, formerly expressed more indirectly, with lipservice paid to chivalry while actions denoted inner indifference (placing on a pedestal always implies humiliation), now finds stronger and more direct expression. The hatred of women has become so obvious that it must give rise to speculation. Their ill-treatment in a physical and often purely sadistic sense is an increasingly common element not only in the Western but also in other American films such as "Gilda." "Winchester 73" is an outstanding example. "Colt 45" is a symbolic parody of this motif. Not only must the pistol be regarded from a symbolic point of view—it goes off with a louder bang than the rifle—but the villain in the film has a favorite position, teetering

on a chair, half-sprawling, with his hands on his hips and the pistol profile following a naturalistic line. Even if this conscious smuggling in of symbols never can take in an artistically interested customs officer, it indicates an ambition to make more than a classical spectacle of the Western.

This ambition is made even clearer through the psychological element. Though Westerns are undoubtedly unpsychological for the most part, they have a predilection for dealing with the psychology of the villain. Even this is refreshing to an eye that yearns for some gray oases in the black and white desert.

Through trying to clarify the villain's behavior, the films muster a certain sympathy for him. He becomes a product of unfortunate circumstances, orphaned at an early age and brought up in a loveless milieu. He has, as a rule, suffered injustice and seeks revenge in a certain criminal but, in the deepest sense, forgivable way. Often, as stated before, he is a Southern officer whose home was devastated. The villain, of course, must die, but as a rule he dies happy, in a redeeming self-sacrifice through which the blessedness of the final kiss acquires a charmingly melancholy background.

These psychological efforts can give rise to important thematic rearrangements. A few years ago two films were made about Jesse James—a legendary Western figure who is well on the way to becoming America's Robin Hood. In one of these films, "The Great Missouri Raid," the James brothers are formidable enemies, but chivalrous supermen of steel, dutiful toward their mother. They are, of course, Southerners, and their enemy is a Northern general modeled after a hateful Gestapo type. The film is very well made, and belongs to the classical Western pattern. The other film, "I Shot Jesse James," seems more unpretentious. It concerns a man who shot his best—and oldest—friend in the back in order to obtain amnesty for himself and be able to marry a saloon girl (cf. Freud). The victim is the bandit sought by the law, the murderer the one who is protected by the law. The psychological complications caused by this rearrangement of boundaries between the territory of the villain and the hero are dealt with in two sections. The murderer is certainly free, but he is detested by public opinion. Even the girl

is unkind enough not to trouble herself about him after the treachery which has been committed for her sake. The murderer, desiring to defy public opinion, accepts an offer from a traveling theatrical troupe to appear on the stage and show how he shot James in the back. In another part of the film, he forces a singer to render the ballad of the murder of Jesse James. Thus, as his crime is repeated again and again, the murderer returns to the mental scene of the crime and suffers an inner decay which leads to a new crime, this time unprotected by the law.

"I Shot Jesse James" is not the only Western which sets friend against friend. Very often the motif is family; now and then brother stands against brother, father against son. As a rule it is a woman who divides them. Something like Biblically elemental conflicts are deftly extracted from, or themselves extract, a taken moral stand. When form and conclusion are rigid, a fundamental moral problem can have some of the simple, primeval strength of the drama of fate, and thus prevent the repetitions from becoming mechanical.

These moral conflicts are undoubtedly the most interesting elements in the modern Western. They are evident in "The Gunfighter," a very fine film with far from ordinary psychological creativity, and in "High Noon," until now the genre's most outstanding artistic success.

"The Gunfighter" deals with a middle-aged and unglamorized gunman. No one in the entire West can handle a gun as he does. He is, therefore, challenged by all the young fighting cocks who wish to take over his reputation for being invincible. He is forced to kill them in self-defense. He flees from his home, but his reputation is swifter than his flight; he is always recognized and the killing is repeated time after time. Though he is fed up to the gills with it, there is always someone who will not leave him in peace. Finally there comes a man who draws the gun a fraction of a second more quickly than he. The gunfighter dies with what is almost relief, but at the same time he is filled with pity for his murderer: now it is *his* turn to take over this reputation as the

foremost gunman of the West, his fate to kill and never to be able to flee from killing until he himself is killed.

The Western's moral problem revolves around the Fifth Commandment. One can understand that a country traditionally pacifist but suddenly transformed into the strongest military power in the history of the world must begin to consider how, with good conscience, it can take life. In somewhat awkward situations it is always good to take shelter behind the lofty example of the mythological gods.

I see "High Noon" as having an urgent political message. The little community seems to be crippled with fear before the approaching villains; seems to be timid, neutral and half-hearted, like the United Nations before the Soviet Union, China and North Korea; moral courage is apparent only in the very American sheriff. He is newly married; he wants to have peace and quiet. But duty and the sense of justice come first, in spite of the fact that he must suddenly stand completely alone. Even his wife, who is a Quaker and opposed on principle to killing, wishes to leave him, and only at the last moment does she understand that her duty to justice is greater than her duty to God. The point is, of course, that pacifism is certainly a good thing, but that war in certain situations can be both moral and unavoidable.

"High Noon," artistically, is the most convincing and, likewise, certainly the most honest explanation of American foreign policy. The mythological gods of the Western, who used to shoot unconcernedly, without any moral complications worth mentioning, are now grappling with moral problems and an ethical melancholy which could be called existentialist if they were not shared by Mr. Dulles.

The Suffering God

This conscious symbolism, these psychological ambitions and moral statements of account give both color and relief to the mythological substratum. The anchorage in realism, for example, in the historical characters like Billy the Kid and Jesse James, or in the more and more ambitious and thoroughly worked out descriptions

of milieux, contribute toward the creation of an impressive space before the footlights of the mythological scene. The native strength and possibilities of the Western are developed in the counterplay between American film production and American film critics. As witness thereof, take that farfetched but characteristic comparison between "High Noon" and "That Old Game about Everyman" of which Howard A. Burton is guilty in a recent number of *The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television*. His puzzle certainly does not fit together, but one still discerns an Olympian landscape-model, the Rocky Mountains—saturated with divine morality. Even satires on the Western, such as Bob Hope's "The Paleface," indicate a growing consciousness of the genre's true function.

An awareness of the mythological element is thus found not only among talentless writers, but also among talented directors like George Stevens. According to a statement in the English film magazine *Sight and Sound*, he is reported to have expressed his desire to "enlarge" the Western legend and to have said that the pioneers presented in the Western fill the same role for the Americans as King Arthur and his knights hold in English mythology. In Stevens' film "Shane," that ambition is entirely realized. As a matter of fact, the film incorporates the complete historical development of the Western, including the protest against the father and the identification with the father. It is, to be sure, an imperfect attempt—but still an attempt—at synthesis of the classical pattern, enriched with the three modern variations: symbolic, psychological, moral.

A large and fertile valley in the West is ruled by a powerful and greedy cattleman. With the help of his myrmidons, he carries on a private war of attrition against a handful of farmers who are struggling to bring the grazing lands under cultivation. To one of these small farms, Shane comes, dressed in romantic garb of leather, cartridge belt and gun. He takes a job there, becomes good friends with the farmer, his wife and their twelve-year-old boy, Joey. Shane has a mysterious past; he has been a gunman who now is trying to begin a new and peaceful life. He manages, for the longest time, to avoid being provoked by the cattleman's hirelings, but the terror

of the farmers becomes unbearable. When one of them is shot down by an imported murderer, the others are willing to give up and move away. No one dares to meet terror with terror. Then Shane takes off his blue work-clothes and puts on his old leather outfit. He gets out the gun which he hoped he had laid down forever, rides forth to the saloon and kills the murderer. He has tried to begin a new life, but he has not succeeded. He has killed again and must ride away to the unknown from which he came.

"Shane" cannot, from an artistic point of view, be compared with "High Noon," possibly because it has not an equally emphasized main point. It deals, as a matter of fact, with two motifs: Shane and the little family, and Shane and the community versus the dictatorial cattleman and his band. But the film is obviously strongly influenced by "High Noon." The tempo is equally slow and heavy with fate, the portrayal of the milieu equally penetrating. The action is one unbroken loading of a charge up to the climax. This is unusual for a Western, with its generally very rapid changes of scene.

Like the gunman in "The Gunfighter," Shane is the man marked by fate, he whom the gods set out to kill. The distance between him and Mr. Babbitt, the farmer, and the small-town dweller in "High Noon" is as great as the distance between Brooklyn and Korea. Only the woman lacks perception of the hovering air of fatefulness. She sees only what she can touch. Between Shane and her the atmosphere is tense with fear and eroticism, but only her husband can give her security.

The really original element in "Shane" is the relationship between Shane and the little boy, Joey. Joey cherishes a boundless, completely hysterical admiration for Shane, for his skill with the pistol. He himself is still not permitted to play with loaded weapons, but they occupy his imagination. He smacks his lips to imitate the sound of shooting; he catches sight of game without being able to press after it; he shoots imaginary enemies with imaginary bullets. His confidence in Shane is upset a trifle when Shane knocks his father unconscious. However, when the boy understands that Shane has not robbed his father of life, but only of potency (Shane wants

THE OLYMPIAN COWBOY

to prevent him, less experienced in the art of shooting, from risking his life, and takes away his pistol), the boy identifies himself completely with Shane. He follows him to the saloon, witnesses the battle, and afterward takes leave of Shane, prepared to become his heir.

Shane, more than any other Western hero, is a mythological figure. This is partly because the film sees him so much through the eyes of Joey, looking upward. Shane's entry is as godlike as his exit; it is a higher being who comes, driven by fate-impregnated compulsion, to fulfill his mission. Shane is more than Robin Hood, more than Cinderella's prince. He is a suffering god, whose noble and bitter fate it is to sacrifice himself for others.

"Shane" is distinguished by a realism seldom worked out so thoroughly in Westerns. The film takes the time to portray the people in the valley, their everyday lives, their little festivities. A series of impressionistically bold details gives the production a sensitive and fine-grained texture. Its world is familiar and close to reality. Only Shane is alien. He is not Zeus who, disguised as a human being, visits the earth to cavort with its women, but an American saint, the cowboy who died in the Civil War and sits at God's right hand. He is a leather-bound angel with a gun, a mythological Boy Scout, always ready to keep the hands of true believers and the community unsullied by blood.

A Bloody Future

As a rule, of course, it is meaningless to discuss the degree of individual vision behind a work of art or a film with a mythological purport. Mythology rests on a collective foundation which also includes the creative artist.

When creative vision is expressed in the form of satire, it has quite obviously freed itself from the mythological substratum, but at the same time it strengthens the existence of that substratum—a puppet show which does not concern itself with the obvious is a paradox. As far as the Western is concerned, Bob Hope and the Marx Brothers demonstrate a blasphemous emancipation. Large

sections of the American public, through television's mechanization of the Western, have become surfeited with the genre. Since "Shane" is neither mechanical nor satirical, it ought to be reckoned as the first offspring, and, through Stevens' statement, the first "documented" offspring of the new vision.

The question remains: Is this newly awakened mythological vision going to sabotage mythology itself by dispelling the cloud which carefully used to conceal the summit of Olympus? It is not altogether certain, since vision in and of itself does not preclude piety. Probably, however, these films are going to have a more and more strongly motivated central idea, whereby the distance between the hero of the Western and the rest of its cast is going to increase in proportion to the square of its consciousness. Most interesting, though, will be the future attempts to cram more and more current morality into the mythological pattern. When Shane's little Joey grows up and gets ammunition, he is not going to lack a target worth shooting at.

POEMS

by JOSEPH FREEMAN

Two Poems for Irwin Edman (1896-1954)

Earth, Sea and Sky

1919

Earth, sea and sky; the proud and patient stars;
The gradual rainbow with its flags unfurled,
These are but golden unrelenting bars
Upon the secret edges of the world;

We move in beauty and are touched to tears,
Wakened to wonder and made clean with peace,
But guarded by a thousand unseen spears
Like royal captives; there is no release.

The moments mutiny, the days rebel,
The passions clamor. Better to be still,
Seek long bright spaces for a magic spell,
Kiss lips across a tender book until

The last rains falling on the final leaves
Beat down the darkness on the broken sheaves.

In Memoriam

1954

Platoons of dogma raid our zone,
We follow the fighting house to house;
Each gunner is Napoleon

Stomping his foe, Dostoyevsky's louse.
The magic lamp has spent its force,
Aladdin too is dodging shells;
The plane exterminates the horse
And Cain survives these miracles.
We've heard the gospels, read the tracts,
Grown cautious in this recurring scene;
Pitiless, face the pitiless facts:
What are we now and where have we been?

Quicker, quicker clicks the clock;
Death has kidnapped one more friend;
The lights blow out along our block;
We know and doubt and resist the end
Until it trips us unaware;
Meet me, comrade, there below
The golden green Elysian stair
Where Charon's immortal waters flow;
Across, we shall resume our walks,
Once more young and confident;
I'll tell you about the Rappallo Talks,
You'll tell me what Dewey and Plato meant.

Vain metaphor! We know and doubt
And still resist the pitiless pain;
You cannot hear my broken shout,
I shall not see your face again;
But in this darkness there is light
Because you passed among us once;
The truth you taught us, and the right,
Outlives the dictatorial dunce;
Platoons of dogma cannot kill
The laughing wisdom that was yours;
Its temple on the simple hill
Outlasts the conceited murderous bores.

Farewell, then! We may join you soon;
But others, confident and young,
Shall turn this nightmare into noon
And climb the sky that Whitman sang;
And those to whom you passed the torch
That Homer and Isaiah lit
Shall raise their own triumphal arch
Upon whose crown your name will sit;
While angry leopards came and went
You held the garden of thought and art,
And this shall be your monument
Forever high in the reverent heart.

by ROSE BURGUNDER

The Eve of Capricorn

Forever the eye of the sea
Lord torn of meridians
Masting the white sand's image
At midnight, Hell's Heaven Eye, guardian
Of tides arrayed in her summerfall kings
Who broken brim-tossed laughed
For the shore's brief baubles,
Gone, nor sign nor scepter stay
O early dark

Liege earth shadows, shy in the sun
The vermilion spilling November sun
Unleafed at the last autumn star,
By gull told winter-clocks armor the air's
Descent, clamping their
Iron legs ironwings
Ironmouths over the moon . . .

In the long dark, treason
Of time, day's demon, known
Moonlash dungeoned
Blue tongue of dawn
Thonged under the sea rim in dream buckled
Horns, wrung ravening rocking
Roaring in temple-false
Serpents of memory rising
The catafalque tide,

Nightsand, softer than naked nun
Slips on petticoats, sea silk, one
By one, unshrouds her innocent ears
Buries shell heart with a sinner's care
And woman wakes to hold on her
Sea breast beachbreast
Sundiamond swelled, the noon.

by LOUIS SIMPSON

Sleeping Beauty

Where is your lady
When she's sleeping
With the pale charms
Of stillness on? .
She walks with Helen,
Perhaps, and Thais—
Where is she now,
The vanished one?

The calm and quiet
Of sleeping faces

Is like the silence
Of Babylon,
And she may wander
The strange world under
With many a pale
Companion.

Her star enchantments
Are strong and holy,
Her far enchantments
Are weird and wan—
And only music,
Immortal music,
Will reach your lady
Where she has gone.

Early in the Morning

Early in the morning
The dark Queen said,
"The trumpets are warning
There's trouble ahead."
Spent with carousing,
With wine-soaked wits,
Antony drowsing
Whispered, "It's
Too cold a morning
To get out of bed."

The army's retreating,
The fleet has fled,
Caesar is beating
His drums through the dead.
"Antony, horses!
We'll get away,

Gather our forces
For another day. . . ."
"It's a cold morning,"
Antony said.

Caesar Augustus
Cleared his phlegm.
"Corpses disgust us.
Cover them."
Caesar Augustus
In his time lay
Dying, and just as
Cold as they,
On the cold morning
Of a cold day.

by MARCIA NARDI

News from Our Town

He had not lived long in our town
But those who never knew him closely
Knew closely those who did—
So that his death
Of the night before through every door
Had by the next night crept.

There was no dog whose bone
Lacked meat upon it, no cat whose bowl
Lacked cream,
And every lawn for days to come
Had crumbs for robins,

And every ear long deaf
Heard how the sweetest bird of all
Sang when the sun had set.

Before one worm had brushed him,
While still his limbs were neat
As seeds in packages,
Out of his death no sooner had it reached
Each home, there marvelously leaped
That marvelous flower of which each leaf
Is a human heart perfected—

Wives that had long been neglected
Had arms around them, the idler of our town
Had kind words said about him,
Our drunkard was defended,
And letters unanswered from parents far away
Were suddenly remembered.

But he took his death,
When they placed him underground—
He took his death with him.
He needed his death no doubt for his new living
And for the spinning
Of other flowers,
Because the first before a week had passed
Was gone . . . its leaves pulled off
Its petals torn,
While every dog whose bone
Would tease *our* hunger, and our women grown
Too fat or thin or old
For arms around them—
Oh all for whom our thrushes' songs
Are sung—await now
Another death to mend it.

The Poets

✧ JOSEPH FREEMAN is a graduate of Columbia University, where he studied philosophy with Irwin Edman. He has published poetry, fiction and criticism and has written for radio and the screen. He is the author of two novels, *Never Call Retreat* and *The Long Pursuit*.

✧ ROSE BURGUNDER holds degrees from both Wellesley College and the Johns Hopkins University. Another of her poems, "Penny-Wise," appeared in the Summer, 1954, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

✧ LOUIS SIMPSON is an instructor of English at Columbia University. He has published poetry and reviews in leading periodicals. A selection of his poems entitled *Good News of Death and Other Poems*, several of which first appeared in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, will be published by Scribner's in September.

✧ The poems of MARCIA NARDI have appeared in *Commentary*, *New Directions*, *Poetry* and *Botteghe Oscure*. A volume of Miss Nardi's poetry will be published by the Swallow Press in the fall of this year.

Can These Stones Speak?

WILLIAM CROFT DICKINSON

WE HAD GATHERED ROUND THE FIRE in the Smoking Room of the University Club. Outside it was a raw, wet day with a laggard fog, and there was every inducement to linger in the enjoyment of an easy chair, a cheerful fire, and the pleasure of good company. Moreover, the talk had turned to the interesting subject of coincidence.

"In my own case," said Robertson, taking up the talk, "the queerest coincidence I can remember came with a telephone call. I had left the Mathematical Institute fairly early, intending to come here to read the papers before lunch. By pure chance I had turned eastward in Chambers Street, so that my way took me by the more roundabout route over the North Bridge and along Princes Street, and there, again by pure chance, I suddenly decided to drop into Purves' to buy myself a new pipe.

"Almost as soon as I had entered the shop, however, one of the assistants came up to me to say that I was wanted on the telephone. Now that, you'll admit, was strange; for no one knew of my sudden impulse to buy a pipe. How then could I be wanted on the telephone?

"Well, to be brief, I went to the telephone at the back of the shop, only to find that the call *was* for me and (and here comes the queerest part of it all) the caller had been put through to Purves', instead of to the Mathematical Institute, by a *sheer mistake* on the part of the operator."

Robertson paused impressively. "And I should say," he continued, even more impressively, "that in Edinburgh the mathemati-

❖ This story by WILLIAM CROFT DICKINSON, professor of Scottish history and palaeography at the University of Edinburgh, is the first piece of fiction to be published in *THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR*. It is a selection from *The Sweet Singers*, published in Edinburgh by Oliver and Boyd in 1953.

cal chances of being given a wrong number, and a particular wrong number, just at the time when a particular individual is present to answer the call at that particular wrong number, must be, let me see . . ."

"Yes, yes," put in several of us at once, for Robertson's informal lectures on the theory of probability were well known. "An extraordinary coincidence! The chances against it happening must be enormous."

"And yet," came the quiet voice of Henderson, our medieval historian, "I can tell you of an even stranger coincidence—if that is the right word—and one also connected with a call on the telephone, but one which I think even Robertson will admit is beyond all reckoning."

Something that would defeat Robertson's mathematical genius seemed likely to be a "tall story," but we sat back indulgently, ready to listen. It was a day for listening to stories.

"As you know," began Henderson, "the University Court of one of our sister universities has long made a practice of purchasing old and historic houses within the town which, after careful restoration and the sympathetic addition of modern conveniences, it makes available as residences for the members of its staff. Thus the University, in addition to acting as an energetic Ancient Monuments Board for the town, also exercises a maternal care for its supposts and provides them with lovely and interesting houses at rents within the reach of an academic purse. And in one of these lovely old houses (called "The Monal"—and the name was later to prove significant) lived my good friend, Alexander Lindsay, the University Librarian.

"At the time the Lindsays moved into their new, or perhaps I should say their old, house I had been making regular visits to the University Library in order to transcribe one of its manuscripts; and I well remember the excitement with which I was shown over "The Monal" and asked to admire its fine ceilings and fireplaces, the thickness of its outer walls, the sweep of the staircase, and (at the

special prompting of Mrs. Lindsay) the splendid way in which the domestic quarters had been rearranged, and a bathroom and a cloakroom installed.

“ ‘And it isn’t haunted?’ I asked, playfully.

“ ‘Well, if it is, we haven’t noticed it yet,’ was Lindsay’s laughing reply.

“The manuscript upon which I had been working (and this is not wholly unconnected with my tale) was a local account of local affairs at the time of the Reformation. It was an excellent account and, to my mind, almost as valuable as the well-known *Diurnal of Occurrents*. It contained, for example, a detailed description of the skirmishing between the army of the Congregation and the French forces of the Queen Regent; and it had a graphic relation of a visit and a sermon by John Knox, followed by the ‘purging’ of the local ‘monuments of idolatry’. But the Lindsays had moved into “The Monal” just about the time when my work on the transcript was coming to an end, and as a result I was out of touch with them for about a year.

“Then came Lindsay’s letter—reproaching me for not having visited them, reporting an interesting manuscript discovery, and making a strangely guarded offer of hospitality for any weekend I might choose. Lindsay, it appeared, had been making a new catalogue of the manuscripts in the University Library, and had discovered several folios of a burgh court record which fell within the period of my own particular manuscript but which, having been bound up with a lawyer’s collection of styles and statutes, had hitherto escaped notice. “There are one or two entries which will interest you almost as much as they interested us,” ran his letter; and then came some such sentence as this—‘We will gladly put you up for any weekend next month, though I should warn you that we can offer only the “pillared room,” and this house, it appears, is not without its ghost, and a ghost, moreover, that can now be identified.’

“Naturally I replied at once, accepting their kind invitation (with some light remarks about the ghost), and a fortnight later—on a Friday night in June—I was making my way toward “The

Monal" through the cobbled streets and narrow wynds of the town.

"The Lindsays were delighted I had been able to come and, after the usual greetings, Lindsay himself escorted me to my room. I looked round it with interest but, to my casual glance, the 'pillared room' revealed nothing unusual apart from two massive stone piers complete with their capitals, which had been built into one of the walls and which were clearly of much earlier date than the house itself.

" 'So this is the haunted room?' I said.

" 'Yes,' he replied. 'But I'll tell you about it later. There's a meal waiting for you downstairs, so don't spend too much time knocking on the walls or looking for secret passages. The bathroom is just across the landing.' And with that he was gone.

"During dinner neither the room nor the ghost was mentioned and, after coffee, Lindsay at once invited me into his study to look at the newly discovered burgh records.

" 'Here's the manuscript,' he said, handing to me a heavy quarto. 'I'll confess I've broken every library rule by bringing it here, but you'll find the burgh records at the very end—the last ten folios.'

"I took the volume eagerly and, turning to the end, found there a number of folios in a typical clerk's hand of the sixteenth century and with the usual rubrics of a burgh court:

*Curia burgi de S. tenta ibidem in pretorio ejusdem per
Alexandrum Bannerman et Johannem Blar ballivos dicti
burgi. . .*

" 'The most interesting entries are those under the dates 17 November 1573 and 20 April 1574,' he continued.

"It did not take me long to find the first entry to which Lindsay referred, and at once I realized the reason for his own interest in this record of the past. Couched in the legal phraseology of the time, I read that the Nunnery, which had been 'unoccupeit sen it was last purgeit' was now 'much decayit and abil hastilie to fal down,' and that therefore the provost, bailies, dean of gild and town council had given permission to Andro Black, mason, to 'tak the stanes thair of' at the 'sicht of the dene of gild' for the 'bigging' of a house on that piece of land . . . and thereafter followed the 'gate'

and the boundaries of the land to east and to west.

"I looked up and caught Lindsay's eye.

" 'That's your house, all right,' I said. 'The boundaries are quite definite. That is, if Andrew Black did take the stones and build.'

" 'Oh, he took the stones, right enough,' Lindsay answered, 'and he built. Hence "The Monal," in which you can now recognize the Latin *moniale*, or nunnery. But read the other entry, for 20 April 1574, and then you'll see why we have a ghost.'

"Quickly I turned the leaves to the entry for 20 April 1574. But this time the passage I was meant to read lay not in the formal record of the sitting of the court, but in a scribbled memorandum made by the clerk at the foot of the page. And there, in a couple of lines, the clerk had noted that 'intimation' was to be made to the minister anent the bones found by Andro Black between the north wall of the Nunnery and two of the pillars there.

" 'You see what that implies?' queried Lindsay.

" 'You mean that Black had come across the remains of a nun who had been immured?'

" 'I'm afraid so. For although part of the north wall and some of the piers are still standing in the ruins of the Nunnery, it would appear that Black did not hesitate to use at least two of those self-same piers and part of the wall. In fact he seems to have used them for one of the walls of your room, and the stones and piers he used must have been those where the remains were found. The bones of an immured nun never troubled that thrifty builder. But they seem to have troubled our last two visitors, both of whom slept in your room.'

" 'Queer sounds?' I asked.

" 'Yes. Nothing serious. Just a faint insistent knocking that defies identification and that gradually grows fainter and fainter until it dies away.'

" 'Well, that doesn't sound too bad,' I replied. 'And I'm quite ready to sleep in your pillared room. A ghostly tapping will be a new experience, and especially so now that I know the whole history of the knocking ghost.'

" 'Good,' answered Lindsay. 'I had an idea you would be inter-

ested; though naturally I thought it best to word my letter as carefully as I could.'

"We left the study and joined Mrs. Lindsay in a small drawing room that overlooked a long, restful garden similar, I thought, to that of the house in St. Andrews where the ill-fated Mary Stewart was said to have drawn her own bow in an archery contest with one of the *douce* citizens. As we entered, Mrs. Lindsay said the one word—'Well?'

" 'Well it is,' I replied. 'Your spectre seems to be no more than a knocking on the wall; and I'm ready to listen to most things once.'

" 'That's all right then,' she answered. 'But neither Sandy nor I could be absolutely sure. And although this seems a big house, actually the pillared room is the only room we can offer to our guests.'

"Our talk drifted to other topics, and for a while the pillared room was 'clean forgot.' But about half-past eleven, when I rose to retire for the night, Mrs. Lindsay gave me a quick, questioning glance.

" 'It's all right,' I assured her. 'Tomorrow you shall have my own version of the knocking nun.'

"As I slowly undressed, I wandered round my pillared room examining its walls, and aimlessly testing here and there the paneling or stone. For when the house had been taken over and restored by the University, the plaster had been stripped from the walls and replaced by some lovely old paneling which ran all round the room, save on the one side where the two piers with the stone wall between them stood uncovered and bare. 'Strange,' I remember murmuring to myself, 'it almost looks as if the workmen themselves knew the story of the nun immured.' And with that, I climbed into my bed, switched off the bedside lamp and, untroubled by midnight fancies, was soon fast asleep.

"What first awakened me I cannot say. Indeed I cannot say whether I was awake, or whether all that followed was merely a dream. All I can tell you is that, awake or dreaming, I heard *the noise*. To call it a knocking would be misleading. Rather it was a

steady scrape and tap-tap exactly similar to the sounds a blind man would hear were he to stand by a bricklayer at work. And the pauses were the same—the same scrape of the mortar gathered up, the same tap-tap on the brick to seat it firmly in its place, and then the same scrape of the trowel to remove the mortar from the outer face of the wall. So it went on: scrape, tap-tap, scrape. But brick by brick? No! With a sudden surge of horror I realized that I was listening stone by stone to the immurement of the nun; listening to a grim entombment of the living flesh, conjured up from some dark shades beyond the fathoming of man. And as that harrowing noise went on I felt my nerves beginning to give way. That inexorable scrape, tap-tap, scrape, which meant so much and yet which left so much more to be imagined, was too horrible to be endured.

“Then, just when my nerves seemed stretched too far, a bell began to ring, sharp and shrill. Strangely enough, the new and wholly different sound seemed to bring immediate relief: partly, perhaps, because it took my mind from that other and more awful sound; partly, perhaps, because I realized that although the bell was ringing somewhere in the house, it was not ringing within my room. Urged by some impulse which it is impossible to explain, I slipped out of bed, made for my bedroom door, opened it, and felt my way on to the dark landing outside. The bell was ringing downstairs—strident, persistent, demanding immediate answer. And suddenly, all at once, I realized it was the telephone. The telephone and nothing more. But, instead of the normal double-ring and pause, the bell was ringing continuously as though its summons were too urgent to allow for any intermission.

“Moving as quickly as I could in an unfamiliar house, I descended the stairs and felt for the table on which I had noticed the telephone when I first arrived. I took up the receiver and at once the ringing ceased. Bending down, I said, ‘Yes. This is Dr. Lindsay’s house.’

“But through that instrument came no normal and reassuring voice. Instead there came the sound of a voice, far distant or strangely muffled, intoning some phrases in measured and sonorous Latin. Then came recognition! I was listening to the concluding

dread sentences of an excommunication: '*And as this candle is now extinguished so may her light be extinguished before Him who liveth for ever and ever. May her soul be sunk in the nethermost pit of Hell ever there to remain. So be it. So be it. Amen.*'

"Again so much was heard but so much more was left to be imagined. Nor did the horror end there. For, as my mind took in that awful scene, there came through Lindsay's telephone a sound such as that which might be made by many candles dashed to the ground and so extinguished, followed at once by the slow tolling of a bell, deep-toned and relentless.

"Had I really *heard* that grim echo from the past? Had those sounds really come to me through the telephone in my hand? Fumbling to replace the receiver in the dark, I dropped it on the table, and there I let it lie. I stood trembling, my lips still repeating the closing sentences of the excommunication, my ears still ringing with the tolling of the bell. I turned, and struggled painfully back upstairs, only to halt, with renewed fear, as I reached the threshold of my room. Suddenly, I felt cold, bitterly cold, and I realized that I was shivering from head to foot. I must get back into my bed at any cost! With something between a stumble and a rush I reached my bed and hastened to draw the blankets round me—and perhaps over me! But somehow they seemed perverse and obstinate, and I was shivering more violently than ever. I sat upright in my bed and strove to gather the sheets and blankets into some sort of order. And then I felt the wind! It was blowing hard outside, almost a full gale, and strong gusts of wind were beating upon me from the open window. I was certainly awake. Awake, and sitting up in bed; holding the blankets in front of me, and shivering with cold.

"Had I dreamed it all? Time to think over that later. Quickly I slipped out of bed and across the room to shut the window. And there was *the noise* again! Scrape, tap-tap, scrape. For a second I stood paralyzed. But now came an overwhelming surge of relief. The scraping noise came from the window—the catch was giving slightly to and fro with each gust of wind; and the tap-tap came from something loose outside, something that was tapping against the window, likewise with every gust of wind. So *that* explained it

all! I shut the window and went back to my bed, calling myself every kind of fool. But just before a refreshing dreamless sleep intervened I remember asking myself, 'But what of that telephone call? How does *that* fit in?' "

Henderson leaned back in his chair, and the tension relaxed. Yet before any of us could speak he continued:

"I said there was a coincidence, however; and here it is.

"We were having breakfast next morning and I had just finished the story of my dream.

" 'How horrible!' exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay. 'What an awful night!'

" 'Not a nice dream, by any means,' added Lindsay. 'Yet it fits in with all the usual theories. We had been discussing the immurement of the nun and Andrew Black's use of the piers and the stones. It only needed the scrape of the window-catch and that tapping noise—and there's your dream.'

" 'All of it?' I asked quietly.

" 'Why? . . . What? . . . What do you mean?' asked Lindsay.

" 'I suppose it's only an adjunct to the dream,' I answered, 'but somehow or other I can't fit in that telephone call. Why should I dream that? The continuous ringing of the telephone bell, instead of the usual short double-ring and pause; the concluding sentences of the excommunication; and then the extinction of the candles and the tolling of the bell. There could be no association of ideas there. We had not mentioned excommunication, and the thought of excommunication had never occurred to me.'

"A slight cry escaped Mrs. Lindsay, and she put her hand up to her mouth.

" 'Why, my dear . . .' began Lindsay.

" 'I've just remembered,' she said, almost in a whisper, and with a startled look in her eyes. 'When I came in to prepare the breakfast this morning, I noticed the telephone receiver was lying on the table, and I replaced it. I wondered then who had left it like that. But *in your dream*,' she continued, turning to me, 'you fumbled with the receiver, you dropped it on the table, *and you left it there!*'

"And as the three of us sat at the breakfast table, each battling

with the impossibility of every strange surmise, a bell rang, sharp and shrill.

"I think we all jumped, involuntarily. But it was only the bell of the front door. The bell rang again. Mrs. Lindsay rose to answer it, and, as she left the room, she left the door ajar. We heard her open the front door, and we heard a voice:

" 'Good morning, ma'am. I'm from the Post Office. Your telephone wire is down. Came down in the night with the wind. But we'll soon connect you again. The men are on the job now, though there's a fair stretch of it to be repaired.'

"There was a murmured reply from Mrs. Lindsay. Then the voice began again:

" 'No! It won't be a big job. But it's queer the way it came down. You won't believe it ma'am, but the wire from your house was blown clean off its course; right across the ruins of the old Nunnery; and queerer still, it was coiled there so tightly round one of the old pillars by the north wall that we had quite a job to get it free again.'

"I looked at Lindsay, and our eyes met. *Trailing across the ruins of the old Nunnery, coiled round one of the piers so tightly that it could hardly be released.*

" 'And that's the explanation of your tapping noise,' said Lindsay, striving to sound as matter-of-fact as he could. 'I wondered what could be loose outside your window. And of course it was the telephone wire. It's connected to that corner of the house.'

"I didn't answer, and I had a shrewd suspicion that Lindsay didn't expect me to.

"Then, literally, I could see him pulling himself together. 'And I suppose a broken wire like that might easily lead to some kind of short-circuit which would give a continuous ring. That's possible, isn't it?'

"Still I didn't answer him, and still he persisted. 'Yes, it all fits in now. Just a dream, my friend, just a dream. A damned bad one, I'll admit. And this business of the wire stretching across the ruins of the old Nunnery, and tightly coiled round one of the remaining columns there, is simply a strange coincidence. Coincidence and

nothing more. After all, haven't we all rather jumped to conclusions about those bones found by old Andrew Black? There's nothing to prove they were the remains of an immured nun. And would a sentence of excommunication be pronounced before or during an immurement? More than that, is there a single recorded instance in Scotland of the immurement of a nun?" "

Again Henderson moved in his chair.

"I didn't answer him," he continued. "I didn't ask him how he would explain that telephone receiver which Mrs. Lindsay had found still lying on the table. I didn't ask him if that also was a coincidence. More than that, I'm certain he was relieved that I didn't ask. Perhaps there are some questions it is better not to ask. Perhaps there are some experiences into which we should not inquire too closely. And perhaps because of that, I have never sought to know whether a sentence of excommunication *would* be pronounced at the time of the immurement of a nun."

A Little Faith, A Little Envy:

A Note on Santayana and Auden

GERALD WEALES

IN THE PROCESS OF REVIEWING George Santayana's *My Host the World* for the *New Yorker*, May 2, 1953, W. H. Auden extends his remarks into a general statement about Santayana and belief. Odds should have been with Auden in any contest between the two. He is, after all, clothed in the strength of his relatively new belief, and the Santayana that he deals with is the somewhat garrulous, sometimes picayune author of the last of the autobiographical volumes, and only by occasional implication the philosopher of *Scepticism and Animal Faith* and *Realms of Being*. But no real encounter ever takes place; it becomes apparent after the first few paragraphs that Auden will, as he so often does, talk about himself.

The greater part of the review treats that quite irrelevant matter—Auden's dislike for Santayana. It is easy to be in sympathy with Auden, for Santayana can be annoying as he walks through the world, picking and choosing persons and places as though he were furnishing a sitting room and with just the degree of emotional involvement that such a chore demands. It is obvious that he has preferences in friends—Stanley Russell—and in places of residence—Rome. Yet when the friendship with Russell wears itself out, he appears to be suffering more from regret for a comfortable relationship that has gone than from the sadness that Auden finds in his description of those last days. Santayana so withdraws himself from those with whom he associates that he becomes merely an observer, incapable of meeting the demands that a deep personal

❖ GERALD WEALES, a member of the department of English of the Newark College of Engineering, is now at work on a book dealing with religion in modern drama. He has published poetry in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *New Republic*, articles and reviews in *Commonweal*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, *Nation* and *Hudson Review*.

relationship would make. He is even less capable of a social or a political loyalty or allegiance, a fact that he makes quite clear as he explains why he did not let himself be trapped by Robert Bridges' insistence that he should stay in England because the English needed what he had to say. Auden is particularly irritated that this book, which covers the years between 1912 and 1942, should do no more than mention the two world wars and should completely ignore the other political happenings—such as the Spanish Civil War—which are generally considered the major events of that period. Each of us, depending upon the degree of his social involvement (and it would take a Santayana not to be involved), finds this attitude of Santayana's wrong, the wrongness covering a spread from unpleasant to criminal. Irwin Edman, who was more sympathetic to Santayana, reviewing the same book for the *New York Times*, calmly pointed out that "he will inevitably reveal the littleness that limits the largeness of his vision, and the lack of sympathy that makes him indifferent to the fate of his contemporaries and his world." So we understand Auden's statement, "You know, I don't think I really like him"; yet, as Santayana would never say, but as his whole philosophy implies—so what? The validity of his philosophic position certainly does not depend on Auden's liking him, nor on whether or not he takes the trouble to notice a world political situation which has made life increasingly difficult for the past two decades.

Auden is operating on more relevant ground when he attempts to take those facets of the philosopher's personality which he dislikes and to extend them into an explanation for Santayana's scepticism. He draws a picture of a Santayana who is too fastidious, too genteel, too much of an old maid to get his hands dirty by grasping a good honest dogma, too much afraid that the dogma will be false and he will be caught in public error. Santayana would be the first to admit, although not perhaps in those terms, that there is some truth in this explanation. He says in *Scepticism and Animal Faith*: "It was the fear of illusion that originally disquieted the honest mind, congenitally dogmatic, and drove it in the direction of scepticism." Auden, in his interpretation, then, is saying no more than Santayana has admitted often enough before, and the

tone of his statements tends to reveal more about Auden than it does about Santayana.

There is nothing wrong with Auden's interpretation of Santayana's personality; his error lies in the use of dogma. There appear to be at least two kinds of dogma in the world—that of the absolutist, of the Catholic or the Communist, for instance, which is not only right for the believer, but for everyone else, and by which everyone else must be judged; and that of the relativist, which is suitable for him, though perhaps for no one else, and makes him operative in the world. Auden's new Christianity appears to be nearer the first. He admits that he has seen the light and that those who have not yet seen it are in darkness; he is kind enough, however, to promise not to torture anyone into believing his truth. Yet *his* truth, he implies, is *the* truth. Thus when he attacks Santayana's statement that possessions are a burden by saying that "it is only through such possessions that most men can learn loyalty and responsibility," he is positing those two qualities as virtues, not only for himself, but for Santayana, whose dogma has just allowed him to reject them. Auden is obviously not really concerned with whether or not Santayana is or ought to be dogmatic, but with the fact that Santayana's scepticism allows him at the same time to accept and reject the Christian dogma by treating it as myth.

Santayana's is an operative dogma which allows him to come to terms with his material surroundings, since he accepts matter through animal faith, while he refuses, as a sceptic, to accept the final truth of his belief. "My dogmatism asserts that, in an observable biological sense, knowledge is possible, and on the same biological grounds, that knowledge is relative," he says in "Apologia Pro Mente Sua." Here, too, he tries to correct the misapprehension that equates scepticism with disbelief; he says that the sceptic "would not be a sceptic if he pretended to have proved that any belief, much less all belief, was *wrong*." And in *My Host the World*, he repeats much the same thing: ". . . the movement of my mind among various systems of belief has tended merely to discover how far my vital philosophy could be expressed in each of them." This expression is implemented by the recognition or the intuition of

essences within these beliefs; the essences, as he seems to say in *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, become ideas, separated both from the accident of existence and from the experience of the perception of them. This would appear to be an attempt to free the essence of the illusion of truth dependent upon an immediate situation, to place it so that its moral or aesthetic quality may be recognized. But finally, his decision as to the goodness or the badness of the essence lies within his mind, is subjective. When he begins to find his divine essences temporarily in material or human associations, Auden asserts that "none of us has a right to frown on Santayana for being episodic in his affections for persons or places, but one has a right to object to the platonic window dressing." Certainly Santayana would not mind his objecting, but he might be amused at his assumption that he has a "right." Santayana also says, in *My Host the World*, "Only for me transcendentalism was a deliberate pose, a way of speaking, expressing a subjective perspective." Santayana has his dogma certainly, and it involves the recognition of and the delight in certain essences; but as a sceptic, he knows that this dogma is merely his own myth, no more true than any other of the myths. However, it allows him to operate with a degree of comfort in the world, which is at least a modest end for a philosophic system and an attainable one. In "Apologia Pro Mente Sua" he says of his dogma, "It enables me to believe in common-sense and in materialism and, like Landor, to warm both hands before the fire of life; and at the same time it gives me the key to the realms of dialectic and fancy, which I may enter without illusion."

Not only is Santayana able to construct his particular dogma, but in action he becomes his own absolute. He is like Antonio in Auden's "The Sea and the Mirror," who cannot be enclosed in Prospero's final frame, who is outside the faiths of all the other characters. He is interested in the magic that Prospero has worked on them and on himself:

given a few
Incomplete objects and a nice warm day,
What a lot a little music can do.

But Antonio remains untouched by it. Just as Santayana says,

in *My Host the World*, "Nothing in me called for any conversion . . .," so Antonio says:

Your all is partial, Prospero;
 My will is all my own:
 Your need to love shall never know
 Me: I am I, Antonio,
 By choice myself alone.

The result of this personal absolutism is a tremendous assurance, toward which Auden seems to be yearning. Despite Caliban's long Jamesian speech which seems to indicate that Antonio's way is one of those "by which the human effort to make its own fortune arrives all eager at its abruptly dreadful end," despite Prospero's renunciation of art to face the necessity that "this journey really exists," it is Antonio and his certainty that carry the most strength. Auden, of course, is Prospero, now intent on traveling a difficult way, but one which, for all that it must be unique for him, has been laid down before. So Antonio's assurance, which he seems to admire, must within the poem become false assurance. And Santayana's assurance (which is apparent in the casual way that he can dismiss Bertrand Russell or the North of England, or in his calm assumption that the reader will be as fascinated as he is by the dull, if complicated, sex life of Stanley Russell, which could only be interesting if treated by S. N. Behrman in the spirit of his early plays) raises Auden's resentment. In a sense Auden tries to dismiss Santayana as cavalierly as Santayana dismisses others, but his style, now needling, now free-swinging, is plainly on the defensive.

An examination of Auden's career, a look at the changing intellectual allegiances that have been his since the thirties, suggests that he has been looking for just such a certainty as Santayana's. The dogma that he wants—and which he now thinks that he has found in Christianity—must be an operative tool; it must be the certainty that will let him pass through a dark room without falling over the furniture. Obviously it cannot be the same personal dogma that is Santayana's—for their minds and their worlds are not furnished in the same way. Auden, from the beginning, has been preoccupied with society as well as with the individual; he is

incapable of the withdrawal that allows Santayana to get along with such ease. Perhaps the resentment that his review holds lies simply in his realization that Santayana has found what he seeks, but in terms that he, Auden, could never accept. The difference between the two is apparent in the central metaphor that each uses. Santayana calls himself a traveler; the very title of *My Host the World* indicates that he considers himself a stranger stopping at an inn. Auden speaks continually of a necessary journey which must be made, not only in "The Sea and the Mirror," where Prospero must make it, but in *The Age of Anxiety*, where four characters start on a journey together, but end, out of necessity, traveling each alone. The difference is, of course, that a journeyer is always going some place; a traveler always *is* some place. A journeyer must have a goal; a traveler does not need one.

The journeys that Auden has gone on have been various; he has still to reach a destination. Richard Hoggart in his book on Auden says, "He is, indeed, an incorrigible and energetic optimist, always setting off for frontiers or sailing for islands or heading for mountains." The particular nature of the goal that lay always before him grew out of his view of the world around him, formed during the thirties. The world he saw as sick, and the individuals within it shared its sickness. Auden was intent on curing both—and still is, although the emphasis has changed. His diagnosis made, Auden looked about for the cure-all, the dogma, and found it first in political action; he shared with Stephen Spender, Louis MacNeice and other young poets of the thirties the vision of the poet as soldier, perhaps as leader, who, locking arms with his fellowmen, might march on to the newer, brighter world, might redeem the human condition. In "Spain, 1937," he wrote:

And the life, if it answers at all, replies from the heart
And the eyes and the lungs, from the shops and the squares of the city:
.
"What's your proposal? To build the Just City? I will.
I agree. Or is it the suicide pact, the romantic
Death? Very well, I accept, for
I am your choice, your decision: yes, I am Spain."

The poet had to make the decision and, at this moment, Auden knew what the decision was. He drove his ambulance in Spain. But

strangely, for a man so in search of dogma, Auden has a strong strain of scepticism, or at least of doubt, and the political emphasis, the Marxist orientation, was not really a solution. In "New Year Letter," writing in 1940, Auden says:

We hoped; we waited for the day
The State would wither clean away,
Expecting the Millennium
That theory promised us would come,
It didn't.

Psychological truth, too, had its day with Auden; he flirted with Freud, strangely enough, in the same years that he flirted with Marx. Here he hoped that, if the individual were cured by psychotherapy, the social neurosis might finally be laid to rest. Even in a comic song, the one that begins, "Let me tell you a little story/About Miss Edith Gee," in which the too virginal lady develops a cancer in place of the baby she needed to have and finally has her privacy completely violated by having her body hung in a dissection lab, the psychological solution is evident. Of course, Auden is not so facile, except when he is joking, but the doctrinaire is present under the laughter. Now that Auden's faith in psychotherapy has given way to the necessity for moral choice, his admiration for Freud, which he still retains, must be expressed differently. In an essay in the *New Republic* in 1952, he praises Freud for having rescued man from the dehumanizing hand of science; Freud's insistence on the peculiar nature of each case becomes a restatement of the individuality of the human personality contrasted to the scientific-statistical approach which necessarily sorts men into identifiable categories.

Briefly Auden appeared to withdraw into art, to find the salvation for the individual there, but the act of Prospero and the speech of Caliban in "The Sea and the Mirror" discard that position; the identification of morality with aesthetics, which would have put him closer to Santayana than any other of his temporary allegiances, is no longer possible to him. Auden is now a Christian, or is trying desperately to be one. As Hoggart says of his present work, "... whatever his ostensible subject, he discusses religious belief." The belief seems to be strongest in "The Sea and the Mirror"

and "For the Time Being." In this last one, the meditation of Simeon ends with:

And because of His visitation, we may no longer desire God as if He were lacking: our redemption is no longer a question of pursuit but of surrender to Him who is always and everywhere present. Therefore at every moment we pray that, following Him, we may depart from our anxiety into His peace.

The Chorus ends the poem, "He is the Way. . . . He is the Truth. . . . He is the Life." Yet in both these poems the emphasis is often on the struggle to believe, to find the right way, to reach the right goal. These poems were followed by *The Age of Anxiety* in which, despite Malin's last speech in which God appears to be salvation almost against the wishes of the saved, the emphasis is on the confusion, the uncertainty, the age of anxiety. None of the poetry of *Nones*, the volume published in 1951, indicates any new certainty that Auden has received from his new truth. Yet in the Santayana review Auden insists that he has found his way.

On the basis of his old disenchantments with Marxism and Freudianism, Auden appears to be a man who reaches anxiously after dogma to fulfill a quite sincere need. His final quarrel with Santayana lies in his inability to accept the concept that a man can be intellectually self-sufficient. He senses that Santayana is capable of personal certainty, but his perception turns to annoyance, even to anger. He says in the review, "Santayana's besetting sin, both in life and in his thinking, seems to be a refusal to take risks, an abnormal horror of being 'had.' " By positing that his own search is a universal one, Auden is able to transfer his needs to Santayana; Santayana's scepticism then becomes cowardice and Auden can use the accusation to shore up his new faith against any doubts that may be wearing it down. It would be comforting for him, and perhaps for everyone, if he had found the real thing at last, but the tone of his treatment of Santayana makes him appear to be still sadly on his journey and to be indignant at a man who apparently is secure enough to sit at the door of the inn and watch the uncertain pilgrims hurry by.

If You Don't Mind My Saying So

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Everybody seems to be interested nowadays in what is called "communication." The lowest of the low-brows dropped radio for television because they recognized TV as "a new medium of communication"—even if they did not call it that. The highest of the high-brows go in for semantics because that is the most esoteric aspect of the same grand subject. Meanwhile, all the in-betweens who busy themselves with World Problems talk about nothing more earnestly than "mass communication."

There are, they will tell you, good reasons for all this. Never before were there so many things which the world needed to know. Never before was it so important that everybody should understand what was once the business of "the ruling class" alone. Intellectuals must study semantics so they can communicate with one another. Educators and publicists must study "mass communication" so they can reach the Common Man. And if you object that the quality of the thing communicated seems to vary inversely with the ingenuity of the means used to communicate it, they reply that it need not be so.

Perhaps television drama is not so good as legitimate drama or, for that matter, so good as the movies. In fact, perhaps it has nothing to recommend it except (a) its accessibility and (b) the charm of novelty plus the wondering admiration which the invention arouses. But, they say, it *could* be first-class. There is no reason why Sophocles instead of Milton Berle, and Plato instead of Arthur Godfrey, should not be piped into every home.

"Propaganda" and "Advertising" are sometimes recognized as dangerous influences. They employ the Techniques of Communication to serve the selfish interests of individuals and groups. But that, we are told, is merely because the propagandist and the advertiser have got way ahead of everybody else when it comes to understanding how to communicate. The educator must wake up and catch up. He must take the instruments away from his opponents. They sell tooth paste and soap. They boast of creating "psychological wants" which nobody had until he was taught to have them. It is up to us to sell tolerance, good will, the scientific attitude and even, perhaps, wisdom itself by similarly proved methods.

That there is a catch in all this, nobody seems to be very much aware. But there is a catch, and the catch is this: The methods of the advertiser and the propagandist are not really usable for any purposes other than their own. They want their audiences to be as passive and uncritical as possible. Their methods are calculated not merely to make that audience believe what it is told, but also to believe just because it has been told. Their aim is to hypnotize and condition. The last thing they want is any thinking-for-yourself. Like the Bellman who went hunting for the snark, they have almost convinced even themselves that "what I tell you three times is true." Hence, what they are engaged in is not a kind of education but the direct opposite of education. The end result of their skill in one kind of communication is a group of listeners and

"viewers" who are less than ignorant; it is a group which knows things that are not true and has become increasingly incapable of learning anything.

Nothing more clearly distinguishes a method of education from a technique of indoctrination than the fact that education demands from the subject some effort, especially some effort of attention, while propaganda does not. The advertiser will go to any length to make everything easy. The educator will see to it that something is expected of his pupil. He knows that no one can learn anything worth knowing unless he is willing to learn, as well as willing to be taught. He knows that learning how to learn is more important than any specific thing he can "communicate." And the grand question has now become whether or not the new techniques of mass communication inevitably and by their very nature weaken the power to learn at the same time that they make being taught so easy.

What so many enthusiasts of communication will not realize is that there is a point beyond which everything should not be made varied, vivid, picturesque, dramatic and "interesting." A time is sure to come when something which needs very much to be learned cannot possibly be made as vivid, picturesque, dramatic and interesting as certain other things. And when that time comes, only the individual who can turn his attention to what is most important, rather than allow it to be captured by what is most interesting, is capable of being educated.

Some years ago Mr. Clifton Fadiman used—and for all I know may have invented—the phrase "the decline of attention." Nearly everyone seemed to recognize its aptness. It covered everything from the school teachers' complaint that children would no longer take the trouble to learn arithmetic, to the publishers' discovery that "condensations" sold better than original masterpieces and that pictures which could be glanced at were increasingly preferred to articles which had to be read. The college student plays the radio while he studies because he cannot keep his mind on his

books; vacationers at the beach take along a phonograph, a deck of cards and various other pieces of paraphernalia because neither the sea itself nor any one of their other versions can hold them for long. Even the magazines which professedly address the more intellectual audiences find it continually necessary to become more "striking." The newspapers' discovery that big headlines paid off was followed by the magazines' discovery that only an arresting make-up would enable them to survive. No one can be expected any longer to open a monthly simply because he has learned from experience that it will contain something interesting. His attention has to be caught by a snappy title, a striking picture, a teasing promise held out. Even among more intelligent and better educated people can no longer be assumed that they will give their attention. It has to be caught.

Some who are mildly disturbed by the phenomena explain them by saying rather sourly that we all "have too much," and that we are like a spoiled child who can never be entertained because he has too many toys. Others, refusing to be disturbed at all, explain rather complacently that ours is merely a world which is richer, livelier and more vivid than it used to be. But is it? Do a child who comes home from a school where he has had his "natural interests" nervously catered to, who then goes out to the movies and comes home again to a television set (this is precisely the usual routine of my friends' children) really lead a richer life than the nineteenth-century child who had nothing to do after school except read *Robinson Crusoe*? Does the adult who glances through a picture magazine, skims a news-weekly, watches ten minutes of Senate investigation on TV, and then hears the scherzo movement of a symphony or the "Ford Hour" really live a richer life than his grandfather who actually read the *Atlantic Monthly*? It is not what you have available but what you take in that counts. And there are a great many adults, as well as a great many children, who don't seem to have time to take anything in.

Recent advertisements of a well-known

encyclopedia make their pitch on the number of illustrations which that still valuable work contains and on the fact that it is "as interesting as a picture magazine." Perhaps it is. Perhaps it ought to be. But that isn't and ought not to be the most important thing about it. What kind of public buys an encyclopedia not because it is full, authoritative and accurate, but because it is "as interesting as a picture magazine"? It is more expensive than a picture magazine, and to buy it for the pictures is a waste of money. Is an encyclopedia wise to enter into such competition on such terms? Should a college compete with TV on approximately the same level? Or should colleges and encyclopedias alike assume that there still exists some audience for what only colleges and encyclopedias can give? Just how much should either know or care about certain techniques of communication?

Many of those who are advocating fuller use in education of "the mass communication media" seem ready to accept not only the limitations of those media, but the very techniques which most outrageously pander to those who cannot or will not really attend to anything.

Suppose we listen for a moment to a spot commercial. Our advertiser knows that his hearers cannot be expected to listen for even thirty seconds while being told about the wonderful new tooth paste which, for the tenth time during the past decade, has "revolutionized tooth care," and which is now urged upon him "for your tooth-brushing pleasure." Since thirty seconds is too long for the audience's span of attention, the message must be broken up thus: Three seconds of instrumental music followed by some odd sound, preferably one never heard before; ten seconds of a jingle set to nervous music; then a male speaker who makes one of the large claims which Dr. Johnson already knew as the essence of advertising. He is interrupted by a female voice which gurgles "Yes siree, that's true. That new element Abradabracan really did make my teeth sparkle." Then the male announcer

takes over again, and there is a reprise of the jingle.

Now take a step up to one of the semi-serious commercial interview programs. Stripped of the various announcements and commercials, it may last ten or possibly even twenty minutes. Yet the chances are that there will be at least two visiting celebrities as well as the interviewer. Move another step up to one of the longer, more ambitious entertainment programs. It may be studded with "names," but no one stays on much longer than is necessary to prove to the listener that he was actually there. Turn finally to a serious noncommercial discussion program. The chances are three to one that it will present a "panel." But why? Is it primarily to promote an exchange of opinions, develop the sharpness of debate, et cetera? Perhaps. But isn't it also because no one speaker could hold the attention for that long? It takes at least two to tell about a tooth paste in thirty seconds; it takes quite a group of contrasting personalities to hold a "serious" audience for thirty minutes.

It seems to me (if you don't mind my saying so) that we have reached a point where "failure to communicate" is more often the result of a failure of attention—which no one seems to think we can do anything about—than of those imperfections in our techniques of communication which everybody seems determined to remedy, even if it means teaching patriotism through comic books, mathematics by moving pictures, and the principles of ethics as they can be expounded in a jingle set to music. Though most educated people seem to have agreed some years ago that the "commercial" is one of the ugliest and most humiliating phenomena of our civilization, some of these same people do not seem to realize how close they come to wanting to make what they call "popular education" one long commercial designed to sell science, culture, and right political thinking to people less and less willing to make any effort of attention.

Are what our school principals grandly call "audio-visual aids" usually anything

more than concessions to the pupils' unwillingness to make that effort of attention necessary to read a text or listen to a teacher's exposition? Can anything be said in favor of most of them except that they are, at best, a surrender to the delusion shared by children and adults alike that the mechanical techniques of communication are interesting in themselves, no matter what (even if it happens to be genuine information) is being communicated? Are they not, at worst, merely devices for "catching" an attention which can never be given freely or held for long? How often can it be said that any movie, film strip, or recording teaches the so-called student—who has dwindled into a mere listener or viewer—more than could be learned in the same time with a little effort, or that the mechanical method has any virtue other than the fact that such effort is not required? Is there anything a picture can teach the pupil which is worth as much as that ability to read which he stands in very great danger of losing?

What those who so earnestly discuss the problems of communication seem to forget is that its success depends upon the sensitivity of the listener as well as upon the efficiency of the transmitter. Or as Shakespeare knew, the prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of him that hears it. What is the use of trying to make the jests simpler and simpler if the ears for which they are destined are to grow duller and duller? It is not a little learning but a little capacity for learning which is a dangerous thing.

At the moment, various educational institutions are making a new effort to use

radio and, more especially, television for their own purposes. Perhaps, if it is not too late, they may succeed. But if they do succeed, it will be because they are more interested in what they have to communicate than in what it seems easily possible to communicate within the limitations the medium imposes. To those interested in the method itself there is nothing less suitable than a mere lecture. For purposes of true education it may very well be that there is nothing better. Fewer people will listen, but those who do will actually be getting what they might get at the college itself. On the other hand, try to use either radio or TV not as a mere mechanical means of diffusion, but as an institution which has developed its own methods, standards and techniques, and you will get a substitute for instruction as obviously inferior to what it has replaced as most TV drama is inferior to the stage play and most radio concerts inferior to what could be heard in a concert hall.

Colleges are among the few surviving institutions which sometimes put quality above quantity, which are not yet quite convinced that when you spread something wide that is all to the good, no matter how thinly you spread it. They may make use of the media of mass communication, but it is at least as likely that these media will make use of them. I am not at all sure that we ought to take the instruments of mass communication away from the advertisers. Perhaps we should let advertisers keep them. Perhaps we should have a little more faith in the media which are our own and which we know how to use.

.....The Revolving Bookstand.....

Mr. Lippmann and Natural Law

ESSAYS IN THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY. By Walter Lippmann. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown and Company. 189 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ASHER LANS

At the beginning of 1919, writes Mr. Lippmann, the states of the Atlantic community seemed at the zenith of their powers. The world was at peace and democracy was triumphant; a better world was in birth. The appearance, however, was more illusion than reality. For the totalitarian counter-revolution which erupted in the ensuing decades now threatens to destroy our traditions of civility. This disastrous reversal, it is suggested, largely results from the triumph of Jacobinism and legislative and popular irresponsibility in politics, and of relativism and Godlessness in philosophy. We are betrayed by what is false within.

Mr. Lippmann's solution proceeds along several levels of discourse. Initially he considers the "functional derangement" of the democratic states, largely through analysis of their diplomatic failures. "The people have acquired power which they are incapable of exercising, and the governments they elect have lost powers which they must recover if they are to govern." This sonorous apothegm leads to the conclusion that the conduct of foreign affairs must be restored, under constitutional order, to the experts of the foreign offices and to the legitimate executive. The voters must content themselves with electing public officials; and legislative bodies must, through a process of self-abnegation, relegate their role to the occasional questioning of policy. For public

• ASHER LANS practices law in New York City. He was formerly a lecturer at Brooklyn College, Hunter College and the College of the City of New York.

opinion (which exerts an excessive influence on legislators) is congenitally uninformed, resistant to change, inclined to the negative and to the hyperbolic portrayal of the enemy as the "Hun."

The author is not content to rest his case on pragmatic grounds. He resurrects, with insufficient acknowledgment, the political gospel of Edmund Burke. *The People* are defined "as a community of the entire living population, with their predecessors and successors. It is often assumed, but without warrant, that the opinions of the people as voters can be treated as the expression of the interests of *The People* as an historic community." If an ordinary plebiscite will not permit us to discern the magic link between past and future, how then are the interests of *The People* to be determined? While this question is never explicitly answered, it is inferred that the solution is to establish a strong executive, free of pressure from special interests, restrained and guided by tradition and natural law.

In Lippmann's presentation, natural law is the elixir which resolves all problems. One of its most remarkable attributes is that it is capable of definition in a variety of ways. Sometimes natural law is a body of doctrine, immanent in the "external" world, which is "not the willful and arbitrary positive command of the sovereign power," but which is subject to verification and discovery "by any rational mind." Simultaneously, however, it is the consensus of the divergent views of the community of well-intentioned, disciplined thinkers, based upon scientific investigation as filtered by free and honest debate. In another formulation, natural law becomes a metaphor whose intellectual content is the sum of the "traditions of how the good life is lived and the good society is governed."

In a slightly rephrased formulation of the traditional conservative argument, it is suggested that liberty and "mass" democracy

Princeton

UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Life and Art of Albrecht Durer

By ERWIN PANOFSKY

To meet a wide, popular demand, this fourth edition of a standard art classic has been reduced to one-volume size, making it possible to lower the price from \$25 to \$10 while including the complete text and full number of high-quality illustrations. Only the Handlist and Concordances have been eliminated from the original two-volume work, called by *Time* "the art book of the year" on its first appearance in 1943. This present edition offers some of the most exciting reading that anyone interested in art could possibly look forward to.

320 pages. 148 plates. 9x12. \$10.

On Authority and Revelation

The Book on Adler, or a Cycle of Ethico-Religious Essays

By SØREN KIERKEGAARD, translated by Walter Lowrie

The first English translation of one of Kierkegaard's most important works—*The Book on Adler*, a penetrating discourse occasioned by the specific incident of a deposed priest. This polished example of Kierkegaard's philosophy throws a decisive light on his thinking about Christian authority and revelation. "Valuable both to those who know Kierkegaard's thought well and those who do not."—*Reinhold Niebuhr*.

240 pages. \$4.50.

Dickens and His Readers

By GEORGE H. FORD

Drawing on diaries, autobiographies, and letters, as well as critical reviews, Mr. Ford traces the shifts of taste that have affected the status of the novel, and Dickens' novels in particular during the past 120 years. The divergent estimates of Dickens' importance as a social critic, humorist, sentimentalist, and artist are for the first time brought together and related to the evolution of important critical theories of prose fiction.

344 pages. Illustrated. \$6.



Order from your bookstore, or

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

are inevitable enemies. "The enfranchised masses have not, surprisingly enough, been those who have most stanchly defended the institutions of freedom." For most modern men, freedom has become a "hollow shell," in which, because of the absence of guidance and affirmative convictions, the relief from the constraints of the ancient order has created an intolerable loss of support. In this state of public disorder, Hitler, with the insight of satanic genius, commented that "like a woman . . . who will submit to the strong man rather than dominate the weakling . . . the masses love the ruler rather than the suppliant. . . ." We must learn that true freedom exists only when men desire to act, as they rationally ought to act, within the framework of an ordered state. (This Aristotelian resolution is foreseeable, since the author acknowledges, in his foreword, his indebtedness to Dr. Mortimer Adler.)

The gloss and earnestness of Lippmann's rhetoric gives his work a somewhat unjustified persuasiveness. The well-turned epigram and the charm of style are used to outrun intellectual difficulties. Quotations from an unbelievable variety of authors—ranging from Eratosthenes to Erich Fromm, from St. Paul to David Riesman—bolster the argument. However, while rich in individual insights and provocative of thought, particularly in its dissection of certain democratic clichés, *The Public Philosophy* is, at many points, misleading and superficial.

Mr. Lippmann's first fallacy is his breast-beating doctrine of democratic degeneration. Of course, history is a book from which each reader can draw support for his own persuasions and find a basis for elevating his system of intellectual limitations to eternal truths. On the whole, however, the record refutes any contention that the executive function in the free states has become "devitalized." The problem of leadership in a democracy is basically that of electing officials who are willing and able to use the tools of government in a courageous response to changing circumstance. Roosevelt was able to govern at least as effectively and foresightedly as Jefferson. In a "time of troubles," Churchill was able to

elicit as much popular support, with his call to toil and suffering, as William Pitt had been able to do. The special difficulties confronting even the strongest American Presidents inhere in the constitutional separation of executive and legislative organs. It is not the philosophy but the working institutions and mechanisms of our federal system which need reinvigoration, along the lines suggested in Thomas K. Finletter's neglected *Can Representative Government Do The Job?*

My second objection is to the derogation of popular sovereignty. If the people have no monopoly on wisdom and prescience, neither do Harvard graduates or the members of the "open end" British ruling class. It was, after all, the men of the foreign office who thought the Nazis could be appeased. If experience and specialized knowledge make for technical competence, they may also breed narrow-mindedness and obsessive preoccupation with routine and traditional thought patterns. Plato's disinterested philosopher-kings exist only in the dialogues of *The Republic*. Except through the painful process of trial and error, no actual republic has found any magic method to ascertain who its wise men are or to insure that competent candidates are elected to public office.

Thirdly, Mr. Lippmann's disinternment of natural law is totally unconvincing. As Mr. Tarn has demonstrated, natural law, in its Hellenistic origins, provided an ideological basis for superimposing a monarchy on the discrete Greek cities and, later, for subjecting Orientals to the same legal rules as Greeks and Romans, in order to create a unified state. The Jesuit Fathers, Bellarmine and Suarez, used the revived doctrine in the sixteenth century as a basis for establishing the independence of the Church in doctrinal questions and for exalting the Pope over temporal rulers, whose powers, derived by primordial compact from the people, were subject to recall by the people. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the theory of natural rights, to quote Morris Cohen, "proved a powerful weapon against established abuses by inducing men to appeal to rational principles of what ought to



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS |

History and the Social Web

A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS

By AUGUST C. KREY. A distinguished historian demonstrates that the events and societies of past eras and modern times form a complex and interlocking pattern when seen as one broad canvas. \$4.00

Our Long Heritage

PAGES FROM THE BOOKS OUR FOUNDING FATHERS READ

Edited by WILSON O. CLOUGH. Fascinating selections from the books and documents that were the major sources of American ideas and beliefs in the years from 1750 to 1780. \$4.50

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PRESS: A Book of Readings

Edited by EDWIN H. FORD and EDWIN EMERY. A collection of articles on the men and events that have shaped the development of American newspapers. \$6.50

MASTERWORKS OF THE ORCHESTRAL REPERTOIRE: A Guide for Listeners

By DONALD N. FERGUSON. Provides information and comments on the origin, the expressive character, and the structure of the most important classical symphonies, overtures, and concertos, and selected orchestral works of modern composers. Illustrated. \$7.50

RED SCARE: A Study in National Hysteria, 1919-1920

By ROBERT K. MURRAY. A dramatic account of the wave of fear that swept the United States after World War I. Illustrated. \$4.75

THE NATION AND THE STATES, RIVALS OR PARTNERS?

By WILLIAM ANDERSON. An authoritative discussion by a member of the President's Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. \$3.75

At your bookstore, or from

THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS,
Minneapolis 14

be." The Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution of the United States by the Jeffersonians (whom Lippmann would doubtless call quasi-Jacobins) to restrain the ruling classes who believed "in government by 'the rich, the wise, and the good'." In other contexts, theories of natural law have been pleaded by men of learning and reputation to justify monstrous anomalies, such as the sacred right of eight-year-old boys to work a twelve-hour day in the coal mines.

A major difficulty in believing in natural law is the quantity of divergent doctrines which have at various times been espoused under its ubiquitous mantle. For example, Calhoun contended that Negro slavery was ordained of Heaven and was the order of the universe, while the Abolitionists simultaneously and with equal certitude invoked natural law to reach directly contrary conclusions. As Justice Holmes observed, "There is in all men a demand for the superlative . . . this demand is at the bottom of the philosopher's effort to prove that truth is absolute and of the jurist's search for criteria of universal validity which he collects under the head of natural law . . . our test of truth is a reference to either a present or an imagined future majority in favor of our view."

A more serious weakness in the *Public Philosophy* is its Toynbee-like suggestion that the declining influence of the democratic states is principally the result of some collective moral fault. The surge of nationalism in areas newly liberated from imperialist rule; the chasm between proletariat and middle class in many West European communities; and the restless envy of the hungry populations of Asia and Africa have deep historic roots and pose dilemmas not susceptible to resolution by preachment about objective truths. Our principal problem is not moral weakness but lack of knowledge with which to meet unprecedented situations and an inability to pierce the barriers of misunderstanding and mistrust.

Mr. Lippmann's book concludes on a curious Machiavellian note: ". . . the reason the humblest citizen is not stronger than the hosts of error is that the latter also

are clad in an armor which they at least believe is the armor of righteousness. . . . For political ideas acquire operative force in human affairs when, as we have seen, they acquire legitimacy, when they have the title of being right which binds men's consciences. Then they possess . . . 'the mandate of heaven'." In an international popularity contest, the precepts of self-restraint and of government by the elect can scarcely hope to succeed. Why then should the Western powers abandon the doctrine of popular democracy, with its roots in our own historic revolutions and in our own religions, and with its magic appeal to the dispossessed majority of the earth?

The Infinite Drama

MAN ON EARTH. By Jacquetta Hawkes. Illustrated. New York: Random House. 242 pp. \$3.75.

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

In an earlier book, *A Land*, Jacquetta Hawkes, archeologist and poet, daughter of the eminent physiologist Sir Frederick Hopkins and wife of J. B. Priestley, has described the evolution of the earth and its inhabitants. In *Man on Earth* she uses her rare gifts of expression, knowledge and experience to interpret the story of the organism which we fondly regard as the crowning work of evolution—our own species.

I use the word "interpret" advisedly, for not even the most stolid of interpreters is a cybernetic mechanism. And "stolid" is about the last word any reader would apply to the author. Sparkling like gems through the book are the passages in which she draws upon her own rich emotional experiences as discoverer, lover and mother to crystallize and illuminate the infinite drama of mankind.

These gems are set in a filigree of noble metal. She has the facts, so far as we know

✪ PAUL B. SEARS has published many articles and books about ecology and conservation. He was recently elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

*No man ever gave so much in so many ways
to the total enrichment of American music*

VICTOR HERBERT

A LIFE IN MUSIC

By Edward N. Waters



Vividly revealed here by the distinguished musicologist, Edward N. Waters, is the immense variety and scope of Victor Herbert's musical achievement—as cello virtuoso, chamber music artist, symphony conductor, and great composer. With extraordinary skill, the author reviews and analyzes Herbert's prolific musical output—his more than forty operettas, his significant contribution to serious music with two grand operas and a vast number of art songs and chamber orchestra pieces.

Mr. Waters also makes us aware that with

Herbert's musical genius went a genius for friendship. Here was a man whose tireless musical activities never affected his warm heartedness; a man who championed American musicians, as leader in the fight for copyright laws and as a founding director of ASCAP.

In fullness of scholarship, richness and accuracy of detail, in perceptiveness, this is in every way a magnificent biography—worthy tribute to the man whom Jerome Kern called "the greatest of them all."

"After years of inexhaustible and painstaking research, Mr. Waters has given us the most complete, factual and honest history of Father's work that one could compile."

—Ella HERBERT Bartlett

653 pages

\$8.50 at your bookstore, or write

The Macmillan Company

60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

YALE BOOKS

**A HISTORY OF MODERN
CRITICISM, 1750-1950**

René Wellek

A comprehensive study of the great critics and criticism of the past two hundred years, providing a definitive history of literary taste that is the first work of its kind since Saintsbury. The first two volumes are now published; two more will follow. Each will be available separately.

Volume I The Later 18th Century \$4.50

Volume II The Romantic Age 5.50

**TRAGIC THEMES IN WESTERN
LITERATURE**

Edited with an introduction
by Cleanth Brooks

Seven essays on the great tragic masterpieces from Sophocles to T. S. Eliot. Contributors are: Bernard Knox, Maynard Mack, Chauncey B. Tinker, Henri Peyre, Richard B. Sewall, Konstantin Reichardt, and Louis L. Martz.

\$2.75

**THE SPANISH BACKGROUND
OF AMERICAN LITERATURE**

Stanley T. Williams

The first complete definition of one of the great Continental influences upon American literature, featuring the "Spanish biographies" of Irving, Ticknor, Prescott, Bryant, Longfellow, Harte, and Howells.

two volumes \$10.00

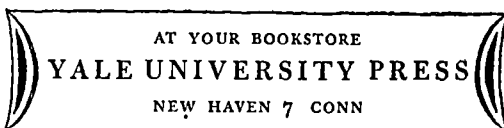
them. And the facts are built into a vivid pattern. Yet she is scrupulous and lucid in pointing out—repeatedly—where she has put her own construction upon them. Chiefly she differs from the orthodox biologist in her intuitive belief that more than natural selection has been involved in shaping life from its lowly sources into a creative, spiritual and responsible being. Does science have any honest technical resource to prove her wrong?

Established evidence she accepts to the hilt, not questioning but insisting upon the unity of body and mind. But she pours her scorn upon the "nothing but" school, the members of which use what brains they have to belittle the brain and its works. And the hardest nut she offers for cracking is the problem of explaining that mysterious and unpredictable blend of rationality and intuition which is manifest in the work of creative genius.

One of the most remarkable things about this remarkable book is the way it gathers strength as it proceeds. There is no final, flabby letdown, no anticlimax. We are led straight on to an analysis of what is happening today, with our uncontrolled multiplication of people and things, our ravishment of nature, and our breakdown of effective communication at the very time we have perfected the mechanical means for it.

I have long thought that the time must come—if we can survive our own misuse of the physical sciences—when the discoveries of cultural anthropology will be recognized as the most significant contributions of modern science. But for the present we seem not to welcome those aspects of science which give us context and perspective. Many indeed are not willing to grant them the rubric of science. Whatever else science may be, it certainly is a manifestation of human culture; and the process which has engendered it can be ignored by scientists (and those who use them as a convenience) only at their peril.

It is as though we were all highly proficient at arithmetic, holding it capable of dealing with all problems that could be solved, unaware—or worse, contemptuous—of the power and beauty that lie in the



Distinguished books from VIKING

*The definitive book on
America's most controversial
decade*

THE TWENTIES
by **FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN**

This major survey of American writing in the postwar decade is a bold and perceptive picture of a remarkable cultural era, correcting popular distortions and exploring the mainsprings of its creative genius. "Not until now has there been anything so generally comprehensive or so admirably synthesized as Hoffman's acute presentation of one of the great and formative periods of American writing. . . . A stimulating chapter in the spirit of our century."

—NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON, *Yale University* \$6.00

*Her finest prose writings,
collected for the first time*

PREDILECTIONS
by **MARIANNE MOORE**

In choosing the best of her prose works for inclusion in this volume, Miss Moore reveals her predilections among the modern poets, including Eliot, Auden, Stevens, Pound, and Cummings, and from her intimate knowledge, richly illuminates their writing. In addition, there are excursions into other arts, and a vivid reminiscence of the epoch-making days of *The Dial* magazine, of which Miss Moore was so vital a part. \$3.50

*"Bound to be one of the
significant volumes of 1955."*

—Saturday Review

THE OPPOSING SELF
by **LIONEL TRILLING**

In these nine warm and lively essays, Lionel Trilling ranges from Keats to George Orwell to show the various forms the human self assumes in literature. "One of the few critics . . . who can write limpidly, humanely, undogmatically about any and every book that interests him. . . . He is constantly instructive, eminently readable, always refreshing. . . . Mr. Trilling is enormously sensitive to the anxieties of this age."—PERRY MILLER, *The Nation* \$3.50

THE VIKING PRESS • **18 East 48th St., New York 17**
Publishers of The Columbia—VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA

INVITATION

To Authors in Search of a Publisher

PAGEANT PRESS (AMONG THE LEADING PUBLISHERS IN THE U.S.) OFFERS TO PUBLISH AND SELL YOUR BOOK AND PAY YOU A ROYALTY OF 40 PER CENT. WRITE FOR OUR FREE DESCRIPTIVE BROCHURE, "PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK."

WE ARE NOW PREPARING PUBLICATION SCHEDULES FOR FALL AND CHRISTMAS AND WOULD WELCOME MANUSCRIPTS IN THE FIELDS OF HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, RELIGION, BELLES-LETRES, AS WELL AS SPECIALIZED SUBJECTS. IF YOUR MANUSCRIPT IS READY FOR PUBLICATION, SEND IT TO US TODAY. WE WILL MAIL YOU FULL DETAILS CONCERNING PUBLICATION POSSIBILITIES WITHIN ONE WEEK.

Seth Richards

PUBLISHER

PAGEANT PRESS 130 W. 42D ST., N. Y. 36

An existentialist fable

The Sleeping Beauty

By RALPH HARPER. Foreword by MARTIN C. D'ARCY. A subtle and penetrating interpretation of man's spiritual predicament today, using Grimm's famous fairy tale as an analogy. In terms of such writers as Gabriel Marcel, Martin Heidegger, Jean Paul Sartre and Friedrich Nietzsche, the author considers the promises of the 1850's fairy-god-mother, "Progress," the 1900's briared castle of "God is dead" and today's awakening to Presence. An original contribution to the current existential conversation among serious thinkers.

At your bookseller \$2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS • N.Y. 16

calculus. Here is the kind of barrier that must somehow be breached. We suffer, more fundamentally, by ignoring each other than by fighting, for conflict is bred of refusal to understand.

Quite as it should, the book ends with a myth for the future. Possibly the toughest job that faces the student of social man is to clear up for others the meaning of this word "myth." Two thousand years after Plato, it is still misunderstood, regarded as an ingenious, even if benevolent, instrument of self-deception, instead of a means of symbolizing totalities of experience that can be expressed in no other way.

No culture, no individual, can divest itself of myth. Jacquetta Hawkes points out the choice: the myth that the multiplication of men and machines is the end of existence, or the myth that quality and the inner life are first to be sought. And sagely she observes that if the latter is chosen, many of us might begin simply by learning to stay at home.

Literature and the Self

THE OPPOSING SELF. By Lionel Trilling. New York: Viking Press. 232 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT N. LINSKOTT

"Most of these essays," says Professor Trilling in his preface, "were written as introductions to books, and all of them were written for occasions which were not of my own devising." Perhaps for this reason the collection as a whole does not enrich the understanding nor fire the imagination to the same degree as its predecessor, *The Liberal Imagination*. Nor does any individual piece excite and delight as did those on *The Princess Casamassima* or *Huckleberry Finn*. Nevertheless, the total effect is to confirm the author's position as one of the two best contemporary American critics, the other being Edmund Wilson.

The essays range in subject matter from Keats's *Letters* through *Little Dorrit*, *Anna Karenina*, William Dean Howells, *The Bos-*

© ROBERT N. LINSKOTT is an editor at Random House, and compiler of many anthologies.

Shakespeare: his world and his work

By M M Reese. The man, his life and his art, against the background of the world in which he worked, with treatment of his predecessors' miracle and morality plays, classical influence, and the university wits, Lyly and Marlowe. "This is one of the best background books on Shakespeare that has been written, informative, lucid, easily in control of its material, and exceedingly well arranged."—*Times (London) Literary Supplement*. Appendices, bibliography, and index. \$6.75

Sir Philip Sidney and The English Renaissance

By John Buxton. A study of patronage between 1570 and 1630, showing how Sir Philip Sidney and his family and friends, by their appreciation of poets and their deep critical interest in poetry, played an essential part in the flowering of the Elizabethan Renaissance. 8 half-tones. \$4.00

Thomas Hardy

By Evelyn Hardy. A critical biography which explains Thomas Hardy's enigmatic character and traces the curious genesis of his works. Includes much unpublished material about Hardy's life, and offers penetrating analyses of his novels and poems. Photographs. "Miss Hardy's volume, for its assessment of the old and its integration of the new, is an impressive one that belongs in the first rank of books on Hardy."—*New York Times Book Review*. \$5.00

Don Quixote of La Mancha

By Miguel Cervantes Saavedra. Translated and edited by Walter Starkie. Dr. Starkie has omitted the lengthy interpolated narratives and many of the burlesque episodes at the court of the Duke and Duchess. The result is a fluent and vigorous rendering of the Knight of La Mancha. A critical introduction gives a fresh and penetrating interpretation of Don Quixote, and a vivid sketch of Cervantes' life. Decorations from the Gustave Doré drawings. \$4.50

A Victorian Boyhood

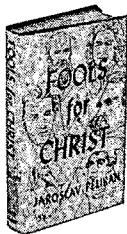
By L E Jones. "Sir Lawrence calls these memoirs 'small beer', and the imbiber will relish them to the last drop. Telling enchantingly of his 1890 childhood, boyhood, and Eton days, he inserts brief discourses on a boy's view of God, conscience, and literary taste. Compare his homely imagery of small boys in autumn potato patches 'where our short legs stumbled over the ridge and furrow, hidden under blackening leaves', with such sage observations as 'The parents of the body are unlikely in the light of available evidence to be the parents of the soul; and a capacity for procreation by no means implies a capacity for educating'—and you have L E Jones. A book to recommend."—*Library Journal* \$3.75

At your bookseller, or

ST MARTIN'S PRESS 103 Park Avenue, New York 17

Publishers in the U. S. of all books to which
Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London have world rights.

FOOLS FOR CHRIST



By
**JAROSLAV
PELIKAN**

Six intellectually exciting essays on Kierkegaard, Saint Paul, Dostoevsky, Luther, Nietzsche and Bach portraying the Holy as greater and more terrible than normal sanity can bear to contemplate. Shows how man's repeated attempts to capture God in the True, the Good or the Beautiful must always fall short. Only when the Holy remains unqualified can these come into their own, not dominating but transfigured within the Holy. \$3.00 at all book stores

MUHLBERG PRESS
Philadelphia
Penn.



tonians, Wordsworth, George Orwell, *Bouvard and Pécuchet* and *Mansfield Park*. To furnish an integrating principle, beyond the fact that they appear in a single volume, the author has added a prefatory thesis that the essays "all, in one way or another, take account of the idea that preoccupied this literature [of the last century and a half] and is central to it, and makes its principle and unity—the idea of the self. . . . I have dealt with more novelists than poets, but of course the novelists in their own way of particularity and circumstantiality are no less committed than the poets to the modern imagination of autonomy and delight, of surprise and elevation, of selves conceived in opposition to the general culture. This imagination makes, I believe, a new idea in the world."

As a unifying principle for so diverse a collection, this seems a little tenuous, or perhaps it is merely the best that could be devised for a collection brought together by chance. However, this in no way limits the pleasure of the essays themselves. Professor Trilling's mind is acute, speculative and wide-ranging. Literature to him is not a technique to be dealt with through "the psychological analysis of language," but (to quote from his earlier book) it is "the human activity that takes the fullest and most precise account of variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty."

In a book as diverse as this there are bound to be variations in quality. At least two of the pieces, those on Howells and on *Mansfield Park*, give the impression of assignments gracefully and intelligently carried out, but assignments in which the writer's interest was not deeply engaged. This is especially true of the essay on Howells, but any survey of a novelist so assiduous, so well-meaning and so essentially dull is foredoomed to tepidness. One begins to suspect that, apart from his marmoreal value as a literary figure of the period, he most deserves immortality for having inspired that extraordinary simile in the *Atlantic Monthly's* review of *The Kentons*: "It is as though one rode in a scarlet coat and with a winding of horns to a hunt of cockroaches."

Soviet Periodicals

*Published in English in the U.S.S.R.
Mailed to you from New York*

SOVIET UNION

A monthly picture magazine of life in the Soviet Union. Many full color pictures

12 Issues, \$3.00

SOVIET WOMAN

Illustrated monthly. The life of Soviet women in all its aspects—careers, home life, child care, fashions.

12 Issues, \$3.00

SOVIET LITERATURE

Monthly magazine of literature and art. Novels, plays, short stories, poems, critical articles. Color plates.

12 Issues, \$3.00

NEWS

Semi-monthly survey of political and economic development in the U.S.S.R. and the world. It seeks to reach a common understanding which leads to friendship and peace.

24 Issues, \$3.00

NEW TIMES

A weekly survey of the foreign policies of the U.S.S.R. with analyses of world affairs. Read by statesmen, diplomats, trade unionists, political thinkers, students everywhere.

52 Issues, \$6.00

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A monthly journal of political analysis. Invaluable to students of world affairs. Over 150 pp.

12 Issues, \$4.00

Send for FREE catalog of books in English or in Russian from the Soviet Union.

IMPORTED PUBLICATIONS & PRODUCTS
DEPT. AS, 22 East 17th St., New York City 3.



BOOKS FROM CHICAGO

They Thought They Were Free

THE GERMANS: 1933-45

By *MILTON MAYER*. This is the story of Hitler's Germany that has never been told before—the story of the little people and how they became Nazis; the story of the desires, conflicts, and terrors that lay within their hearts. Through the eyes of ten everyday citizens in a small German city, the author portrays the rise of dictatorship as seen by the man in the street. \$4.75

A Passion for Politics

The Autobiography of LOUIS BROWNLOW

A memorable chronicle by a distinguished public servant who has known practically everybody who was anybody in Washington politics, and who writes with warmth, zest and humor. "My good friend Louis Brownlow was born for politics. In this book of sheer delight he reveals . . . much of our political history from the late 19th century to 1915."—*Adlai E. Stevenson*. \$7.50

At your bookstore, or from

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

From UNESCO—Important Books for the World-Minded

Humanism and Education in East and West

A brilliantly integrated "round-table discussion" by eminent educators, philosophers, and statesmen of the theory and practice of education in the East and West. Nehru and André Rousseaux, among many others, write probingly on man and ideas in East and West and on the methods of communicating the ideals of the cultures. \$2.00

Without the Chrysanthemum and the Sword

A Study of the Attitudes of Youth in Postwar Japan
By *JEAN STOETZEL*. A searching analysis of Japanese youth in the post-war era trying to find a new place in their society. This book thoughtfully examines young people of a society in the process of rapid and basic change, and the recent reforms, social and educational, designed to bolster their values. \$4.00

Culture and Human Fertility

By *FRANK LORIMER and OTHERS*. The relation of social conditions to fertility in primitive and agrarian societies and during the early stages of industrialization. The general treatment of this topic by Professor Lorimer is complemented by four reports on special investigations by other scientists. \$4.

Cultural Patterns and Technical Change

Edited by *MARGARET MEAD*. A far-reaching survey, based on actual experiences, of technological change and its effect on the cultural patterns of the world. This book offers important statements about the implications of technical change and the possible lines of approach to situations that will inevitably be encountered. Designed especially for thoughtful readers and workers in various fields—from education and health to engineering. \$2.



At your bookstore, or order from
**INTERNATIONAL DOCUMENTS SERVICE
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS**

2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.

• Herder: His Life and Thought

By Robert T. Clark, Jr.

comprehensive biography of Johann Gottfried Herder (1744-1803), literary critic, poet, sayist, folklorist, linguist, and philosopher of story. With his contemporaries, Kant, Goethe, id Lessing, one of the commanding figures of uropean culture.

4 pages

\$6.50

• Time in Literature

By Hans Meyerhoff

penetrating treatment of time in literature ad its relationship to science and philosophy. lthough not restricted to a particular period, ost references are to twentieth-century writers ch as Joyce, Proust, V. Woolf, F. Scott Fitz- rald, Mann, and Thomas Wolfe.

8 pages

\$3.50

• Ezra Pound's "Maunderley"

By John J. Espey

ra Pound's much-discussed poem sequence ugh *Selwyn Mauberley* is intensively examined clarify obscurities and to show Pound's use sources. The whole of *Maunderley* is included.

8 pages

\$2.75

• The Celestina

Translated from the Spanish

By Lesley Byrd Simpson

completely new translation of *The Celestina*, e first in English since 1631, makes available the modern reader a fifteenth-century master- ece, whose central figure is an outstanding eryary creation. This vivid, entertaining ver- on preserves the colloquial flavor of the Burgos lition of 1499 and restores it to the public r whom it was originally written.

4 pages

\$3.50

At your bookstore or

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA PRESS

Address: Berkeley 4, California

The essay on Keats and his "proud, bitter, joyous acceptance of the tragic life" is admirable. "Wordsworth and the Rabbis" is a curious comparison of the Law as the Rabbis understood it and Nature as Wordsworth understood it, with the conclusion that "the quality in Wordsworth that now makes him unacceptable is a Judaic quality." And an eyebrow must be lifted when the author couples Little Dorrit with Dante's Beatrice as "the Paraclete in female form . . . not only the Child of the Mar-shalsea, but also the Child of the Parable, the negation of the social will."

The two most deeply illuminating essays in the book are those on *The Bostonians* and on *Anna Karenina*. The thesis of the latter is that Tolstoi's "moral quality, his quality of affection, accounts for the unique illusion of reality that he creates. . . . Tolstoi omitted the evil which is at the center of the vision of his great contemporary, Dostoevski. . . . Nowadays the sense of evil comes easily to all of us. We all share what Henry James called the 'imagination of disaster,' and with reason enough, the world being what it is." But isn't the implication that evil is in the saddle today also an illusion? After all, evil in its connotation of insensibility to the rights and sufferings of others, is surely one of the most constant factors in human life; the difference today being one not of degree, but of impingement. What is implicit in a large part of contemporary fiction is not so much evil as emptiness; a vision of life without purpose, meaning or direction.

The essay on *The Bostonians* gives the effect of having been cut short with much left unsaid. But what it does say is perhaps the best that has been written about this finest novel of James's middle period. Particularly brilliant is Professor Trilling's illumination of Basil Ransome and his exquisite fitness as a Southerner for the role he is to play, and of the whole theme of sexual disorientation. "The conflict that James perceived was not the battle of the sexes which Meredith and Shaw delighted in, a fine formality of marching and countermarching and intricate maneuver on a commodious plain, chosen by mutual con-

SPIRITUAL
 VALUES
 IN

Shakespeare

BY ERNEST MARSHALL HOWSE

Eight of Shakespeare's masterpieces are here explored to discover how the greatest poet and dramatist of the English language portrayed man's relation to God and his moral order.

Dr. Howse has drawn together the important Shakespearean criticism and comment and has directed this toward one end: the illumination of human nature and moral responsibility which each of these plays presents.

The Contents

DRAMA: Religion's Prodigal Daughter

HAMLET: The Tragedy of Indecision

OTHELLO: The Tragedy of Jealousy

MACBETH: The Tragedy of Ambition

KING LEAR: The Tragedy of Ingratitude

RICHARD III: The Tragedy of Bad Intention

JULIUS CAESAR: The Tragedy of Good Intention

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE: The Tragedy of Inhumanity

THE TEMPEST: The Tragedy of Life

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE ETERNITIES

Index of Shakespeare Quotations

Index of Persons and Subjects

An unusual and rewarding approach to the study of Shakespeare—and an illuminating exposition of the relation between great art and great spiritual truth.

\$2.50

at all bookstores



MARCEL PROUST
 AND DELIVERANCE
 FROM TIME

By GERMAINE BRÉE. *Translated by C. J. Richards and A. D. Truitt.* A profound and illuminating analysis of *Remembrance of Things Past*, by a critic with a remarkable understanding of this novel as a work of art. **\$5.00**

THE UNITED STATES
 AND CHINA,
 1906-1913

By CHARLES VEVIER. A critical account of the ambitious financial projects through which high government officials and prominent businessmen worked to extend American influence in China. **\$5.50**

BOOKMEN'S
 BEDLAM

By WALTER HART BLUMENTHAL. A book about oddities in books and bookmaking, describing unusual bindings, shapes, and sizes as well as out-of-the-ordinary authors and contents. **\$6.00**

At all bookstores

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
 New Brunswick, N. J.

A MASTERPIECE IN GOLD



by Balfour

The same fine craftsmanship that distinguishes your Phi Beta Kappa key is yours in other Balfour products

Service Pins

Awards, Cups
Trophies

Citations and Scrolls
hand engraved

Class Rings

Banquet Favors and
Place Cards

Fraternity Pins and
Crested Gifts

L.G. Balfour COMPANY
ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHING

We publish, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form.
Send for free folder.

WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS

Pamphlet Distributing Company
313 West 35th St., N. Y. C. 1

FEATURES FOR THE FUTURE

In its continuing tradition of publishing the best which is being written on a wide variety of subjects, the SCHOLAR will soon be presenting:

"Liberalism"

by Senator Hubert H. Humphrey

"The 'Merry Widow Waltz' in Colors"

by Mark Harris

"The Kinds of Knowledge"

by Mark Van Doren

"Thoughts in a Small-Town Library"

by Granville Hicks

sent, the point of the engagement being to demonstrate that women have as bright a spiritedness, as firm a resolution, and as particular an intention of sexuality as men. The opposing forces met on the field as if by appointment, they were animated by the sense of adventure, and defeat brought nothing much worse than honorable captivity on parole. The conflict which James describes was very different from this. It was the bitter total war of the sexes."

After stumbling through the underbrush of the average critical essay, it is a pleasure to encounter wit such as this, together with precision, understanding and a style that clarifies rather than obfuscates.

A Rare Objectivity

DEMOCRACY AND MARXISM. By H. B. Mayo. With a Foreword by Walter Bedell Smith. New York: Oxford University Press. 364 pp. \$5.50.

Reviewed by DAVID L. MARKS

Professor Mayo has, in a series of lucid expositions, first described and then subjected to the scrutiny of logic and history the philosophy of dialectical materialism, the economic interpretation of history, the theory of the class struggle, the Marxist-Leninist doctrine of proletarian revolution and dictatorship of the proletariat, the philosophy of history of Marxism, its scientific pretensions, and its relationship to morality and religion. Though admittedly writing with the bias of a democrat, Mr. Mayo has been able to maintain an objectivity which is all too rare during our bitterly partisan era.

Mr. Mayo traces the familiar development of dialectical materialism, the underlying general philosophy of the Marxist system, from its Hegelian origins to its more recent manifestations in Soviet Russia. He concludes that Marxism has contributed nothing to philosophy, but that we owe a

• DAVID L. MARKS, a member of the New York State Bar, was in charge of the prosecution of the Communist leaders in the case of the *United States v. Flynn et al.*

FREEDOM LIMITED

An Essay on Democracy

Marten ten Hoor, professor of philosophy and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, University of Alabama, has written here what he calls an "inventory" of his own beliefs about democracy. In doing so, he has taken full account of the major attacks against and the major defenses of our form of government, so that his book goes far beyond a mere subjective approach to his subject.

xii, 220 pp.

\$3.50

PRISCILLA COOPER TYLER and the American Scene 1816-1889

A new biography filled with revealing, intimate, frequently caustic comments on the notables of a century ago. Priscilla Cooper Tyler was the daughter of the famous nineteenth century actor, Thomas A. Cooper, and Mary Fairlie Cooper of the Knickerbocker aristocracy. She defied the world of society to go into the theater, making her stage debut in 1834. In 1839 she married Robert Tyler, and in less than two years became the official hostess at the White House when Robert's father, John Tyler, became president.

By Elizabeth Tyler Coleman.

xiv, 203, illustrated

\$4.50

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA PRESS

Drawer 2877, University, Alabama

A PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY PUBLICATION

BARUCH SPINOZA AND WESTERN DEMOCRACY

By Joseph Dunner

Here is an interpretation of Spinoza's fundamental ideas in the light of the social problems of our own time. The author, Chairman of the Political Science Department at Grinnell College and life-long student of Spinoza, demonstrates the significance of *The Ethics*, the *Theologico-Political Treatise* and the *Political Treatise* in the struggle of our Western civilization with the totalitarian claims made by the protagonists of both the Soviet and the Fascist systems of government.

\$3.00

"An effective exposition of Spinoza's basic ideas and principles in manageable compass."—Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor Emeritus, New York University.

"Will prove to be of great value to students of comparative political theory."—Taraknath Das, Professor of History, Columbia University.

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY Publishers

15 East 40th Street, Desk 471

New York 16, N.Y.

Expedite Shipment by Prepayment • Special student bulk rate on orders of 10 or more

limited debt to the dialectic for its emphasis on conflict, change and process in nature and society, and on a dynamic point of view.

Whatever there is of value in Marx, we are told, is to be found in his analysis of history and society. While crediting to Marx more than to any other person our current acceptance of the importance of economic influences throughout society, Mr. Mayo does not overlook the "exuberant distortions" of Marxists in their attempts to synthesize all history into terms compatible with their aims. He explores the unresolved dualism between strict economic determinism and free will, between the Marxist axiom that the economic foundation determines the superstructure of society and the course of history, and the importance attached by Marxist-Leninists to the area of propaganda and ideas.

Marxism asserts that the dialectic has operated in history through the medium of the class struggle, which under capitalism is sharpening and can end only in revolutionary victory for the proletariat. We are first shown through brief but suggestive examples the limited extent to which history supports the theory of the class struggle. This is followed by a relatively detailed analysis of the failure of modern capitalist society to develop as Marx had predicted, and of the failure of Lenin's theory of imperialism to save Marx's prediction of a sharpening, explosive class struggle.

The theory of the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat has been called by Stalin the heart and core of Marxism-Leninism. In the chapter devoted to this subject, Mr. Mayo first points out how the concept of the Communist party as a rigidly disciplined, monolithic elite of professional revolutionists was developed by Lenin under the stress of local conditions in Russia, but has become the model for others elsewhere. He then expounds and criticizes the Marxist-Leninist theory of the necessity of violence for the overthrow of capitalism and bourgeois governments, and the tactics to be pursued by Communist parties before the revolution. He reveals clearly how the theory of the dictatorship

of the proletariat, which to Marx and Engels was to be a relatively democratic form of state power during the temporary transition between the overthrow of the capitalist state and the evolving of the classless and stateless utopia of the Communist society, became in the hands of Lenin and Stalin a justification for the rule of a small minority during an "entire historic period." Though it may be captious to note an omission in a work which encompasses so much in a volume of modest size, nevertheless, inasmuch as the author has mentioned that Marx excepted England, Holland and the United States from his doctrine of violent revolution, it would have been preferable to add that Lenin and Stalin, in passages which remain dogma to this day, limited Marx's qualifications to the era when he wrote, and specifically stated that in our age of imperialism, militarism and bureaucracy, the law of violent proletarian revolution applies to the United States. Stalin speculates that if, "in the remote future," the present (i.e., 1924) capitalist encirclement is replaced by a socialist encirclement, a peaceful path of development is quite possible for certain capitalist countries; but he emphasizes that there is no ground whatsoever for this supposition with regard to the immediate future. Since the doctrine of capitalist encirclement is also utilized to justify the indefinite prolongation of the dictatorship of the proletariat in Soviet Russia, we are not likely in our era to find any admissions by Marxist-Leninists (despite their present claims to control a substantial part of the earth's territory and population) that capitalist encirclement has given way to socialist encirclement.

In analyzing Marxism as a philosophy of history, the author discusses limitations inherent in any attempt to encompass all of history within a single pattern, scrutinizes the Marxist claim to have laid bare the inexorable laws of nature and society, and sums up the error behind Marx's dialectic law of history by saying that Marx "was merely universalizing his private plans for capitalism." With respect to the claim of Marxism to be the only real science of society, Mr. Mayo argues that Marx's theory of

historical materialism does not withstand examination and that his predictions as to the future of capitalism and the proletarian movement, though containing many insights, have often been wrong. Furthermore, his followers in Russia today, far from being scientific in their social analysis, do not tolerate skepticism or criticism of their classics. Varga's economic theories were assailed not on the evidence, but because they departed from orthodoxy.

The Marxist critique of society is stated to be chiefly moral, based upon a sense of injustice over the excesses of capitalist society, but Marxist-Leninists scorn bourgeois morality and subordinate their moral theory to whatever will further the class struggle. The essential principle of Marxist moral practice, according to Mr. Mayo, is the doctrine that the end justifies the means, which in the last analysis constitutes one of the fundamental differences between Marxism and democracy.

In the last two chapters of his book the author assesses briefly the underlying assumptions first of political, then of social and economic democracy, and explores the reasons for the irreconcilability of the theories of Marxism and democracy. He affords us a balanced and occasionally eloquent appraisal of a world in conflict, and a prognosis which, though not optimistic, is challenging. To this reviewer it is surprising that so careful an observer, while recognizing that the word "democracy" has been pre-empted by the Marxist-Leninist world, should relegate to unimportance questions of definition of democracy. If definitions could be substituted for dogmas many of our problems would be on the way to solution. Perhaps, however, the author had the same thing in mind when he wrote that disputes about democracy are usually concerned not with definitions at all, but with the different kinds of society which different people want.

For the thoughtful citizen of any democracy, Mr. Mayo's analysis of the basic beliefs of Marxism and his evaluation of the tenets of Marxism as contrasted with those of democracy will be as enlightening as they are challenging. No military leader would

plan an operation without as scrupulously accurate a study of the enemy's capabilities as is available from all possible sources. In the far more complicated struggle now in progress, the study of the enemy should be made not by our leaders alone, but by each citizen for himself.

Brief Comments

POLITICS IN AMERICA. By D. W. Brogan
Harper. \$5.00.

Mr. Brogan's avowed purpose is "simple—to make the American political system intelligible." He might, justifiably, have added "to Americans and others alike." Certainly his extensive knowledge of American life and history, his scholarly analysis, his humor and store of anecdotes combine to make this a book of value to politicians, historians and laymen on both sides of the Atlantic.

In explaining the present, he reviews the whole dramatic kaleidoscope of a nation's progress toward realizing the "Life, Liberty and Pursuit of Happiness" promised by the Declaration of Independence, and the "more perfect Union" proposed in the Constitution. Along this progress lie the elements of Gunnar Myrdal's *The American Dilemma* (the disparity between promise and performance), and the faults and virtues emerging from the stresses of a fixed system whose rapid growth demanded unforeseen flexibility. Brogan's analysis is more kindly than in his *American Political System* (1933), but he still does not close his eyes to manifest faults. Rather he looks beyond the seemingly useless or faulty institutions to reveal the function they perform—particularly acute are his accounts of the role of "machines," "honest" vs. "dirty" graft, and national conventions—and so to explain how they contribute to the system's essential success. This shrewd Scotsman concludes that the system is a success—for the good reason that it works!

IAN H. WILSON

FREEDOM LIMITED: An Essay on Democracy. By Marten ten Hoor. *Alabama*. \$3.50.

This essay is not only a competent re-statement of supposedly well-known facts about the workings of democratic government, but also a valuable and minute analysis of its essence. The study begins with the democratic ideal of government—which makes no claim to be the ideal government—that men can and must better learn to govern themselves. Democracy recognizes that rule by the people means rule subjected to the fallibility of human beings, and, therefore, is based not on a rigid ideology but on the reality of everyday affairs.

When millions of men—each with his own needs, desires and principles—are given the franchise, when power is equally distributed, one might expect the result to be social chaos. Indeed it would be, were it not that the proponents of democracy believe in government founded on the principle of self-correction by peaceful and orderly means. The spirit and method of compromise, by election or decision under the law, are therefore recognized as necessary rules of procedure. In his discussion of "self-correction" and "compromise," Professor ten Hoor treats two of the essential facts of democracy which particularly distinguish it from all other forms of government.

This is a book for every American who would clarify the reasons for his political beliefs, and for any foreign reader who would understand the free citizen's faith in his form of government.

RONALD FRAZEE

THE FIFTH AMENDMENT TODAY: Three Speeches. By Erwin N. Griswold. *Harvard*. \$2.00.

Dean Griswold's timely book on some aspects of the Fifth Amendment represents a thoughtful discussion of crucial civil liberties problems, all the more valuable because it emanates from a distinguished, conservative lawyer. Although two of the three essays were originally speeches delivered before lawyers' groups, all three are nontechnical and deserve a wide audience.

A brief survey of the honorable history of

the privilege against self-incrimination is followed by hypothetical cases designed to illustrate how an innocent man may be justified in claiming the privilege. As many are wont to overlook, the privilege against self-incrimination is part of an amendment which also contains the due process clause and the prohibition against appropriation of private property without just compensation.

The Fifth Amendment is rightly called a symbol of the moral sense of our nation, and of the essential dignity of the individual. Mr. Griswold points out that before public opinion condemns a man for asserting the privilege, it should assay two factors: the subject of the inquiry (conventional crime or private beliefs), and the nature of the tribunal (courts or legislative investigations). Should we not add a third—the private citizen or one vested with a responsibility to the public?

DAVID L. MARKS

TWO MINUTES TILL MIDNIGHT. By Elmer Davis. *Bobbs-Merrill*. \$2.75.

Rarely is war, particularly a war of "absolute" weapons, discussed with candor; but Elmer Davis, who prodded the public's understanding of America's heritage of freedom in his prize-winning book, *But We Were Born Free*, issues, in this companion volume, a trenchant declaration of what we must do when and if we enter another global war.

He does not think that we can rely on Goodness, God or the present Administration to keep America out of war. Indeed, for Mr. Davis, our foreign policy seems to be conducted by children who blunder badly: too stingy to pay for an effective defense system, too naïve to sustain friendly relations with other nations. However, if war comes, "We must not quit, we must not surrender." The author joins those thinkers who feel, and realistically so, that a war of absolute weapons is not so terrifying as the absolute victory they make possible. The idea of living in the world of "Big Brother" is, to Mr. Davis, as to most

of us, more horrible than death. The situation is presented succinctly: "The next war, calamitous as it would be to everybody, would not destroy civilization unless we lost it."

Two Minutes till Midnight is not a lengthy book, but it is a potent one. It causes the reader to look at himself with a start and to wonder if he is capable of Mr. Davis' kind of heroism.

JANE HALE

HUMAN SOCIETY IN ETHICS AND POLITICS. By Bertrand Russell. *Simon & Schuster.* \$3.50.

A pending world crisis threatens human society. The crisis can only be averted through a more profound comprehension and realization of man's nature.

According to Mr. Russell, man is "solitary" and expresses his individuality through moral codes. He is also a member of the group, and the social side of his nature finds expression in political action. Yet morality and politics, as expressions of conscious desire governing blind impulse by reason, are closely associated, since the actions of each ultimately tend toward the same end. They both aim at the "good," which is defined as the satisfaction of desire. However, an obvious distinction is necessary between "my good" and the "general good" as total satisfaction of desires by members of the community. In isolation from concomitants and consequences, any desire-and-satisfaction is equally good, but in event of conflict the general good predominates because it enjoys logical priority. What promotes the general good is right conduct inspired by right desire. A desire which is "compossible," i.e., harmonizes with others, is right, while that which thwarts the desires of others is wrong.

From this ethical formulation the duty of politics clearly follows—to effect compossible actions. Yet this formulation, charmingly simple and logically elegant, demonstrates little that was not proposed by the theories of Bentham and John Stuart Mill.

LEWIS A. FOSTER, JR.

GIFT FROM THE SEA. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. *Pantheon.* \$2.75.

It is increasingly evident, in book publishing at least, that it is not only possible, but a very good idea to serve God and Mammon at the same time. The attainment of this goal must have motivated the publisher of Mrs. Lindbergh's first book in eleven years to decorate the jacket cover with "An answer to the conflict in our lives." The reader who has the courage to go beyond such a forbidding announcement deserves the reward which he will find in this exquisite little volume.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh would be the last person to offer packaged salvation. A talented writer graced with a maturity resulting from a particular knowledge of herself and a diverse knowledge of other people, she has attempted to set down some of her thoughts, questions and suggestions on the problems and frustrations of the multiplicity of twentieth-century living. The sea of life is no bigger nor more complex than the small particles which compose it, Mrs. Lindbergh affirms; and "when we start at the center of ourselves, we discover something worthwhile extending toward the periphery of the circle."

The calm and positive conviction about the here and now makes the reading of *Gift from the Sea* as good as a day in the sun, a happy departure from the shadows of the tomes of doom.

BETSY SAUNDERS

THE HUMAN BRAIN. By John Pfeiffer. *Harper.* \$3.75.

In language which will please both the layman and the scientist, Mr. Pfeiffer has presented a vivid and careful account of what is presently known about the human brain. Today's brain research, described in terms which are easily understood by readers without a scientific background, is gaining new insights into emotion, memory, learning, neurosis and mental disease. Some of these insights challenge popular beliefs. For example, the birth trauma theory of the Freudians would seem to be somewhat weakened by the knowledge that a newborn

baby possesses a nervous system which is designed to protect it from shock. However it is not Mr. Pfeiffer's business to draw conclusions. His emphasis is upon the tools which are being developed to solve what is essentially still a puzzle. He says, "There is something tantalizing about the fact that the most complex structure we know in the universe lies snugly packed inside our heads. It is a case of so near and yet so far." But, as he makes clear, a start has been made, and it is a tribute to his skill that the unraveling of the complexities of the human brain seems to be the most exciting adventure man has yet entered upon.

BETTY AJAY

THE PREVALENCE OF PEOPLE. By Marston Bates. *Scribner's*. \$3.50.

Biologist Bates bites off a huge mouthful in this book; yet, because he masticates neatly, at no point does he choke. Quickly the reader finds himself in the midst of a provocative one-man symposium devoted to the well-known social animal, who is examined in terms of population, food, conservation, disease, reproduction, death, eugenics, et cetera.

Despite optimism here and there, ever staring out of these crackling, glib, often brilliant pages is the spectre of human society traveling full circle and, via destructive forces apparently of its own making, being in the extreme case reduced to former agrarian levels; or of society headed for a totalitarian species of world organization operating under the blight of "human engineering." With hope but without overwhelming conviction, Bates looks to some vague sort of perfectibility of man, or, more especially, to the improbability of human culture as a possible source of civilization's uncertain salvation.

Science, in functioning as a humanity, can surely help. But, the author concludes cryptically, it is only one of the arts that will serve mankind to meet the challenge of the future. To this, add Bates's not wholly tongue-in-cheek statement that science is the characteristic art form of West-

ern civilization, and we have a book of almost limitless dimensions.

PAUL A. ZAHL

AFRICA TODAY. Edited by C. Grove Haines. *Johns Hopkins*. \$6.00.

Coming in the wake of a recent profusion of books about the enigmatic continent, *Africa Today* is an important addition to this literature. C. Grove Haines has edited a group of articles which together form a systematic evaluation of the African scene by men whose outlook is scholarly and whose interest in Africa is professional. The contributors are university people, businessmen and government specialists who were invited to speak to the Conference on Contemporary Africa held last summer by the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. The problems that confront Africa are treated in historical perspective and in the light of the aspirations of Africa's politically mindful minority to have a voice in the determination of its future. If there is a single theme it is, as Melville J. Herskovits said, "to assess change in terms of the pre-existing patterns of life."

The clearly authoritative articles by Sir Phillip Mitchell, Elizabeth Colson, Kofi Busia, and others make the book of unquestionable informational value both to the scholar and to the casual reader. But the quality of these presentations is not maintained throughout. In one chapter the entire relevance of the remarks can be questioned.

Some omissions would have improved this work, but few will fail to recognize it as a needed and welcome addition to literature about Africa.

ROBERT CATTELL

THE INDIAN AND THE HORSE. By Frank Gilbert Roe. Illustrated. *Oklahoma*. \$5.00.

According to the stereotyped view held by most laymen—a view reinforced by romantic fiction and the motion picture—the American Indian and the horse are inseparable. This is not so much a reflection of

popular ignorance as it is an indication of how completely the horse became integrated in the culture of our Western Indians after they acquired it by theft from Spanish frontier settlements of the early seventeenth century.

In a very real sense the horse revolutionized and revitalized the way of life of the Plains tribesmen. Formerly a semi-sedentary people, they became one of the most completely nomadic societies the world has ever known.

Mr. Roe relates this epic of the plains in a book of high scholastic merit. He is interested not so much in technological and descriptive minutiae as in broader problems: where and how did the Western Indian acquire the horse, and how and to what degree did it affect his mode of life? The first question he answers as completely as would seem possible, considering the fragmentary data available. With regard to the second question he is on firmer ground, and he analyzes the role of the horse in hunting, warfare, economics, prestige values, and even in tribal psychology. The format of the book is handsome, and the illustrations are excellent.

HARRY TSCHOPIK, JR.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON: Its Natural History and Extinction. By A. W. Schorger. *Wisconsin*. \$7.50.

This book will interest students of American history, ornithologists, ecologists, and wildlife conservationists. Chapter by chapter, it brings together everything of importance that has been published on the most abundant bird ever encountered by modern man.

The sheer numbers of the passenger pigeon still stagger the human mind. In the nineteenth century, relatively few men could visualize the possibility of the bird's extinction. In the twentieth century, many needlessly speculate on some complex reason for its dramatic disappearance. To this end, Dr. Schorger has compiled a definitive account of the natural history of the pigeon and prepared a critical analysis of the forces leading to its extinction. The sixteen chap-

ters cover such topics as the bird's food, behavior, movements, roosts, nesting, utilization by man, and decrease. While the text on the whole makes for an interesting chronicle, especially to conservationists and ornithologists, seven chapters at the end of the book cover such technical aspects as anatomy, description, nomenclature, migration dates, late records, and illustrations; these appear to be appendices of reference materials subordinate to the main account. The text occupies 302 pages; references, 104; and the index, 15.

The passenger pigeon lived and died on a prodigious scale. In life, it could blot out the sun. In death, it proved that no wildlife resource is inexhaustible. This scholarly book leaves no doubt that ruthless market hunting carried this beautiful bird into oblivion.

JOSEPH J. HICKEY

A TRAIN OF POWDER. By Rebecca West. *Viking*. \$3.75.

In this collection of six essays written between 1946 and 1954, Rebecca West observes that "If a trial for murder last too long, more than the murder will out." Using various courtrooms as a background, she captures transitory events with her journalistic skill, much as insects were trapped in amber long ago. She analyzes the sadism of the Nazi war criminals and dissects a small South Carolina town which is experiencing an entirely different kind of violence, the mob-killing of a Negro.

The Nuremberg studies are concerned with the paradox of victory. Justice is not enough; individuals, even in defeat, overshadow abstracts, and the defeated always demand recognition of their individuality. The lessons learned and not learned at Nuremberg are a basis for the author's speculation on the cold war in 1954.

Throughout *A Train of Powder* runs the problem of hidden cause. "Opera in Greenville" is perhaps the most successful courtroom excursion. The defendants are obscure people made newsworthy because they not only killed, but killed with the dark blood of prejudice on their hands. The Nu-

remberg trials were made necessary because civilization had gone wrong; the Greenville trial was a product of ignorance.

For Miss West, "news is always an incarnation"; she can produce a thoughtful essay on almost any given subject. Her admirers will be pleased to see that she has exhausted neither her love for words nor her ability to construct graphic images.

JANE HALE

BEAUREGARD: Napoleon in Gray. By T. Harry Williams. *Louisiana*. \$3.75.

For long there has been needed an authoritative biography of General P. G. T. Beauregard. Colorful and popular, Beauregard's military career was as controversial as that of any Confederate general; his post-war career, since he became one of the few wealthy ex-Confederate generals, unique. T. Harry Williams, in this admirable biography, has fulfilled the need.

Beauregard was in command of the Confederate forces around Charleston at the time of the firing on Fort Sumter; second in command at the Battle of Manassas; for a time commander of the Army of Tennessee, one of the two principal Confederate field armies; and charged with the defense of the South Carolina and Georgia coasts in 1863. In 1864, he was given a command in Virginia, and, finally, in 1865, served as commander of the Military Division of the West. His career is an important aspect of Confederate military history.

Was Beauregard a great general? Was he even a good one? His biographer concludes that he was not great, but surely competent. Proud, quick to anger, resentful of orders, Beauregard sometimes compared himself to Napoleon; Williams' subtitle, "Napoleon in Gray," is apt. As a general, Beauregard's weakness was his "penchant for grand planning, the disregard of logistics, the exaggeration of results to be attained"; his strength was his sound strategic sense and his ability to handle men on the field.

Seldom has military history been written with such felicity. The story of complicated battles is told with a clarity and dramatic skill that make this volume a model mili-

tary biography. Professor Williams has achieved what biographers seldom accomplish: a narrative of suspense, one which keeps the reader engrossed and concerned over the outcome.

J. E. COOK

THE INTELLIGENT HEART: The Story of D. H. Lawrence. By Harry T. Moore. *Farrar, Straus & Young*. \$6.50.

Lawrence, as prophet and devil, has been passionately admired and abused in highly charged prose works by his friends and foes since his death twenty-five years ago. And now comes Mr. Moore, unique among Lawrence's biographers in that he never knew him personally, with an objective and definitive book which places Lawrence, the writer, among artists of the first rank. Unfortunately, the general reader may find the nearly endless detail tiresome; Mr. Moore has a tendency to get bogged down in minutiae, particularly in evaluating, in Freudian terms, the influences in Lawrence's childhood which shaped his growth. Also, we are offered here keys to the characters and incidents in the novels vis-à-vis their counterparts in real life to such an extent that one wonders if Lawrence can properly be called a writer of fiction. Apart from these minor defects, Mr. Moore's book is significant for its fascinating new material and fresh insights. Eighty of Lawrence's letters (and who has written better ones?) appear here for the first time. Noteworthy among these are letters of his last years, many of them dealing with the writing and publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, in which their author emerges as a triumphant figure of morality and courage.

JOAN CUYLER

THE SOLITARY SINGER: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman. By Gay Wilson Allen. *Macmillan*. \$8.00.

When *Leaves of Grass* was first published in 1855, Ralph Waldo Emerson shrewdly and succinctly guessed what Gay Wilson Allen corroborates with impressive scholarship, warmth of personal identification and persuasive documentation in his critical

biography of Walt Whitman. The sage of transcendentalism simply assumed that the volume of unorthodox poems was the consequence of a "long foreground somewhere for such a start." Its great power made him happy and he found "incomparable things said incomparably well."

In that small volume of ninety-five pages, nine of which were devoted to a preface, containing "Song of Myself" and eleven other poems, there was evidence of much reading, study and stylistic experimentation; here was far more than a self-portrait, more than rowdy posturing and certainly more than a glorification of sensuality. It was, and remains, a mystic's joyous plunge and total immersion into the stream of life.

In 1857 Emerson wrote to Charlotte Sturgis Tappan: "Our Whitman with real inspiration but choked by Titanic abdomen," and again tersely offered a critical appraisal of the spirit and visceral power of the poet in a ten-word summary. A century, lacking two years, later, this almost telegraphic characterization has been elaborated into a full-length portrait by a man who has devoted twenty-five years to its creation. His is a distinguished addition to the gallery of some fifty biographies of Whitman, including the notable works of Emory Holloway, Henry Seidel Canby and the minutely and relentlessly recorded four-volume *With Walt Whitman in Camden* by Horace Traubel.

The Solitary Singer conveys vividly and with acute insight the facts and meaning of Whitman's long, varied, haphazard and frequently paradoxical life. Mr. Allen evaluates the poems with an equally sure perception, and that is a formidable feat when one considers the magnitude of the "kosmos" Whitman took into his lusty embrace.

SAXE COMMINS

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A. By Richard Stoddard Aldrich. *Greystone*. \$4.95.

The story of Gertrude Lawrence has belonged to an admiring public for many years. Now, with the publication of a biography written by her husband, both her story and her public will grow. For both on

and off the stage, she was a talented and gracious woman.

Although the biography actually deals with only her twelve years as Mrs. Aldrich, ending with her death in 1932, it is a colorful kaleidoscope which gives many insights into her past life and into a personality which was as gold and silver as the gowns she wore, as sturdy and capable as her large hands. Happily, Mr. Aldrich has presented some of her letters, a collection of which might well become a basic primer in the communication of love: "Goodbye darling—I shan't be long—be good—eat well—and sleep—alone. Mrs. A."

The book is so well written, enjoys such a flow of continuity from one anecdote to another, that some mention should have been made of the person or persons who assisted in the collecting, sifting and polishing of the material. Sidney Feinberg is to be congratulated for an exceedingly handsome book design, and the Greystone Press for having had the good taste and judgment to make an investment in fine workmanship and paper.

BETSY SAUNDERS

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES. By W. H. Auden. *Random House*. \$3.00.

Whatever one may have come to think of the poetry of W. H. Auden will not be contradicted by this slender volume, for it is all here—from the exasperating to the sublime. The devotional, "Horae Canonicae," is the finest of the three sections of the book, certainly as excellent as Eliot's "Ash Wednesday," which it occasionally, with its long, superbly balanced cadences, suggests.

In the title poem, as in the other lyrics in the second section, "In Sun and in Shade," Auden, the social commentator, continues in his dogmatic, amusing, if somewhat less ferocious vein. The couplet "Epitaph for the Unknown Soldier"—"To save your world you asked this man to die: / Would this man, could he see you now, ask why?"—is reminiscent of his early "The Unknown Citizen." Although several of his opinions may strike one as questionable, and may

continue to do so increasingly in the future (the myth of progress, the concept of civilization as a "lesser evil"), no one can question the earnestness, high mockery or skill with which they are promulgated.

Auden is inordinately fond of cats; one of his favorite selections in English poetry is Christopher Smart's tribute to Geoffrey. In this second section, I found his heroic memorial to the family cat—Greek, both in its sentiment and syntax—particularly moving:

At peace under this mandarin, sleep, Lucina,
Blue-eyed Queen of white cats: for you the
Ischian wave shall weep,
When we who now miss you are American dust,
and steep
Epomeo in peace and war augustly a grave-
watch keep.

The most serious detriment to Auden's complete success is his self-consciousness, which continues crashing into his sentiment—this is particularly evident, and extremely disastrous in moments of great tenderness—like a boisterous colt into a field where deer graze. It is this dichotomy which makes "Bucolics," the first section, something less than the moving pastoral it might have been.

I have had no doubts for better than fifteen years, but I believe that now, after the oratorical "Horae Canonicae," no one can question Auden's position as one of the most gifted of the half-dozen major poets writing in the English language today.

DACHINE RAINER

THE BLACK PRINCE. By Shirley Ann Grau.
Knopf. \$3.50.

The Black Prince is a volume of stories by a new Southern writer who, in common with other "new Southern" writers, belongs to a school and practices a genre of writing that is notable mainly for its tenuity, or, if you will—and perhaps better—its subtlety. However, in Miss Grau's case, there is no subtlety of language or style. Indeed, her language is so vernacular and strong as almost to threaten the delicate nuances of mood, emotion and impression—especially

when in moments of carelessness or self-consciousness she produces a sentence as gnarled and unlovely as a dead cypress root.

There are such moments, though rare, and more of them in "White Girl, Fine Girl" than in all the other eight stories together. "White Girl, Fine Girl" does not quite succeed, and it does not quite succeed principally because the central element in the story—a man's woman-hunger after years in prison—creates so high a center of emotional gravity that the delicate balance of character and emotion (in Jayson himself, for instance, and in the three half-sisters) is lost. But this story is the only failure, though the author could easily be forgiven more, since all the stories are of the kind called "experimental." Miss Grau experiments and, among other things, she seems to be lining up symbols—constellation symbols, metal symbols, weather symbols, color symbols, name symbols—trying to fix them into a systematic order before she leaps into the first long, sustained piece of writing in which she will employ them. She gives the reader of her present volume every reason to hope that when she does write a novel, she will have as clear a claim to critical tribute as any "new Southern" writer since Eudora Welty.

SAUNDERS REDDING

THE CORNERSTONE. By Zoé Oldenbourg.
Translated by Edward Hyams. *Pantheon*.
\$4.50.

While most critics and critical readers look the other way, appalled by the crudity and cheap sensationalism of the great bulk of modern historical fiction, several sound historical scholars who are also fine novelists continue to produce notable work in their much-abused field. One of the foremost among them is Zoé Oldenbourg, the Russian-born and French-educated author of *The Cornerstone*.

This is a sequel to *The World Is Not Enough*; but its enjoyment does not require knowledge of its predecessor. On a vast canvas swarming with dramatic action and crowded with picturesque detail, Mme.

Oldenbourg has painted a huge panorama designed to interpret the medieval character during the early years of the thirteenth century. To do so, she has allotted her space almost equally to three protagonists, all members of the same baronial French family. The three, grandfather, father and son, represent: the natural man, who is neither good nor evil, but profoundly influenced by the culture of his time; the evil man the world always has with it, who takes advantage of the social customs of his time to indulge his appetites; and the young idealist, who responds with perhaps excessive self-sacrifice to the demands of war and

those of chivalric love and of religion.

The Cornerstone is long, solid and filled with many minor characters who are as well portrayed as its three heroes. Its narrative drive is sustained with great skill, and its interpretation of an age is continuously illuminating. Mme. Oldenbourg is careful to offer her views on the Age of Faith through the minds and actions of her characters, thus avoiding the crime against fictional craftsmanship—direct exposition. This is a distinguished novel in the great tradition of *Henry Esmond*, *The Cloister and the Hearth* and *The Golden Warrior*.

ORVILLE PRESCOTT

..... *The Scholar's Scratch Pad*

MARGARET MEAD

Prescript: Those of us who have worked with an analysis of the imagery characteristic of a culture—as expressed in oral and written literature—have come to feel that discrepancies, contradictions, and different rates of change in different parts of a culture are delicately reflected in figures of speech. Stated concretely, this means that while a mixed metaphor, or a conspicuously purple passage, may sometimes be the result of ignorance of a form, or carelessness, it is more likely to be highly significant and overdetermined. The remarks which I have just put together on “The New Isolationism,” and which follow this note, worry me, because there are too many different images running through them. Yet, when I tried to arrange these images into a single, sustained figure of speech, this didn’t work out. I have concluded that the way the edge turns into the center, and a garden into a canoe, must in some way, however clumsily and awkwardly, be related to what I am trying to say. So, after the manner of old-fashioned ladies who carry one glove to show they know they should have two, I am leaving the lot—with this explicit recognition.

The New Isolationism

I work in an area which has been called “the growing edge of knowledge,” where hypotheses sprout so verdantly that many people are certain that either tropical—and unhealthy—heat must be responsible, or that they must be, after all, weeds, no real garden-ready plants fit for cultivation. Nevertheless, most of the time this is a very pleasant place to be; life is never dull, and one need give only an occasional, sympathetic backward glance at the grumblers who spend their time finding that many of the hypotheses bear no fruit, and who always feel that there are definitely too many of them.

It would be a wholly pleasant place to

work if we hadn’t begun applying our science, as well as trying to add to the orthodox corpus of known and tested knowledge. For the trouble with application is that it must always be done now. Real plants or real pests, real people, real countries and issues, existing in the present and in need of something or other—fertilizer, sprays, nourishment, modernization, resolution—are the proper objects of applied science. It is the children of today who need polio vaccine, different methods of discipline, and improved methods of learning to read. If we are to have a world consciously shaped closer to men’s needs, we must be prepared to act now, before each theory is tested.

This moral is aptly adorned by the story, dear to the public-health worker, of the Chelsea pump which saved London because the father of public health dared to act by taking off the handle of the pump, from which he hypothesized, without full information, that in some unknown way typhoid

❖ MARGARET MEAD, a member of the Editorial Board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, teaches anthropology at Columbia University and is associate curator of the American Museum of Natural History. She is the author of *Male and Female* and *Keep Your Powder Dry*.

fever was spreading. However much the cautious may decide to peg their credulity at the bottom of the alphabet—not to trust any vitamins above D or any enzymes discovered this year—the practitioners who are committed to the care and well-being of living human beings won't wait. Avid for solutions, for the hospital, the nursery or the foreign office, when they attend at all to the findings of the laboratory, they attend with far too much vigor for the comfort of the research scientist.

One of the consequences of all this is that anyone actively concerned with developing the kind of hypotheses which promise some help to mankind has to spend a lot of time putting out fires. No sooner is a preliminary skirmish won—contemporary critics and opponents convinced of the validity of some position—than, before the grass has grown green again on that battlefield, one has to be off apace to start a skirmish against those who have accepted the new idea too thoroughly and too well. Because circles of applied science ripple out from the first flung stone of speculation, the new battle often has to be fought long before most people have become familiar with the last victory. A battle for the advisability of breast-feeding babies may be so over-won in a metropolitan center that it is already time to warn mothers that some babies can only live on artificial food, even while in a nearby suburb the local physicians and parents-in-law have not yet heard that breast-feeding is anything except hopelessly old-fashioned.

If the research worker is to continue on a straight path, this can only be maintained by energetic oscillations, periodically referred to as "betraying a generation," "escapism," "loss of youthful faith," "becoming seduced by success," et cetera. And all the while one feels more and more like the old visiting nurse who complained that after climbing stairs for years to tell those Italians to *stop* feeding their babies tomatoes, she now has to climb them all over again to tell them to *start* feeding tomatoes.

It is only ten years since I was writing memoranda pleading for a recognition that

there were elements in German culture which provided dangerous groundwork for certain social behaviors reminiscent of paranoia. Yet the stencils for those memoranda hadn't shriveled before a further extension of ideas of German cultural character meant that we were involved as a nation in distinguishing *among* Germans, counting some individuals as potentially democratic, others as hopelessly authoritarian, with all the resulting muddle of denazification—an originally useful hypothesis run riot in the service of punitive postwar measures.

It was in the spring of 1941 that Theodore Abel read, to a hostile audience of Eastern sociologists, a paper in which he suggested that wars were after all made by identifiable *men*, individual, identifiable, living men, and that one way to stop wars was to make them unprofitable for such men. That audience, in 1941, *knew* that wars were made by the "forces of history," and that the "great man theory of history" was all wrong. From defending Abel's position, the need to lament the particularity of denazification and the way in which the Nuremberg trials neglected the difference in cultural theories of responsibility—where we emphasize responsibility for content, and the Germans responsibility for obedience—seemed either no distance at all or a complete reversal of attitude.

So, accustomed as I am to the continual requirement of assuming the next intractable position, I recognized the all too familiar signs of uneasiness when I read Richard Hofstadter's "The Pseudo-Conservative Revolt" [*American Scholar*: Winter, 1954-55] and Riesman and Glazer's "Intellectuals and the Discontented Classes" [*Partisan Review*: Winter, 1955] within a week of each other, and found myself thinking insistently of an article by Charlotte Knight [*Collier's*: July 9, 1954] called "What Price Security?" These three articles reminded me of each other in a way I couldn't place. Was it simply that one's first impressions were so favorable? For *Collier's*, "A really first-class job on how the morale of the State Department has been wrecked by politically irresponsible individuals"; for Hofstadter,

"Here at last is a historian taking psychology seriously" (the last time he and I had talked, I had been the one arguing for historians including the human organism in their frame of reference); or for Riesman and Glazer, "A really good demonstration of how the characterological regularities of a class or occupational group must be taken into account." These were first impressions.

The second thought came almost at once, "Why is the world situation left out? Why are the explanations offered so local, so particular?" For the state of the State Department, Charlotte Knight offers "three basic causes": "Change of Administration," "a twenty per cent reduction in force," and "President Eisenhower's Executive Order, 10450." For the rise of pseudo-conservatives, Richard Hofstadter offers "status anxiety," the closing of many opportunities for social mobility, the awakening of "mass man" by "mass communications," the "long liberal tenure of office," and, almost as an afterthought, the continuation of world crisis. Glazer and Riesman suggest the discomforts of prosperity to the new rich and the new middle class; lack of upper-class models; fear of loss of newly acquired income; fear of homosexuality; and hatred of intellectuals, Harvard men, and the Eastern seaboard.

All three articles ignore the state of the world in favor of parochial explanations which invoke individual personalities—McCarthy; McLeod; a paranoid employee who wrote out for the Secretary of State a roster of all the names of everyone who was in the Department when Alger Hiss was there (for this she needed shelf paper!); or less specifically identified Texas millionaires; or, more diffusely still, old-Americans losing ground, or new-Americans worrying over just having won it. All the explanations are cogent, but aren't they all a new form of isolationism—an isolationism which sees all, or almost all, of the "basic causes" or the "developments which make intelligible" as internal to American history? Glazer and Riesman contrast the struggle with nazism, "made real by its domestic opponents," with the struggle with communism, identified only by a "pathetic passel of domestic

Communists." Essentially, American life, in and out of the State Department, is presented as subject to purely American pressures, most of them psychologically stated. Charlotte Knight quotes psychiatrists; Riesman and Glazer, the super ego elements in anti-Semitism and the id elements in anti-Negro feeling; and Hofstadter invokes the psychoanalytically oriented, German-modeled, authoritarian personality study,¹ in which the character structure of lower-middle-class Americans is equated, with a disregard of cultural differences, with the character of lower-middle-class Germans as prone to victimize the weak.

So psychology and class analyses and attention to cultural character, all valuable methods for which it has seemed worthwhile to fight, become themselves, in the hands of those who articulately deplore isolationism, a subtle, new, reactive form of isolationism. After the first flush of pleasure because the State department situation was so forthrightly exposed, one notices that there is never a mention of Communist methods, hardly a mention of espionage. The entire situation might have been a nightmare on the moon, so little is it related to the real events of the last twenty years, as Americans began to acquire some familiarity with the strategy of the United Front, with spies and spying, with "security" and "covers" and little labels which said "for American eyes only." Only as a final end of a whole string of developments does Hofstadter mention the world crisis. There might be no atom bomb, no hydrogen bomb, no explicit insistence on a polarized world, no Communist China to alter the attitudes of the American people, to pinch and prune their luxuriant sense of national assurance, to plunge the mobile young into an orgy of grabbing at opportunities which they are sure will be snatched from them by conscription, to tear people loose from the certainties of their old invincibility.

It all reminded me of an incident after a meeting where a noted psychoanalyst and

¹ Theodore W. Adorno et al., *The Authoritarian Personality* (New York, 1950), pp. 675-76.

I had spoken on the same panel, and she had discussed the psychological roots of anxiety. As we left the auditorium, an earnest young man approached her to ask: "But Doctor, isn't it realistic to be anxious about the atom bomb?" And she answered that after patients are psychoanalyzed, they stop worrying about the atom bomb. I came away wondering whether analysis shouldn't be limited to those whose vigilance in international affairs was not urgently needed.

In the isolationist atmosphere following World War I, it was as much as an anthropologist's professional life was worth to suggest that every single invention of the high civilizations of the New World—agriculture, architecture, the calendar, mathematics, highly organized states—were not home-grown and absolutely independent of Old World influences.

In 1949, at the International Congress of Americanists held in New York, anthropologists challenged this theory of total autonomy of American Indian cultures, and the challenge was barely noticed. This seemed encouraging. The enormous popular interest in *Kon-Tiki*, however bizarre the historical theory it was meant to demonstrate, seemed to suggest that Americans were welcoming a feeling of being part of a wider world. When the ocean became a best-seller, it looked as if we were really becoming re-integrated into the world our forebears deserted. But we seem to be coming precariously close to that same post World War I position in our discussions of the present political climate in the United States by insisting that our illiberality is a completely domestic product. In the tenor of the discussions of anti-McCarthyism, there seems to be a persistent retreat from recognizing the rest of the world.

During the long controversy over which social science concepts could be applied most fruitfully to Germany, we ran the whole gamut: emphasis on culture; emphasis on the character of specific individuals and members of particular classes; and finally, a return to an emphasis on situation with a recognition that no amount of tinkering with German culture in an attempt

to democratize it—undemocratic as it undoubtedly was—or liquidating, physically or socially, the more authoritarian or sadistic German personalities—authoritarian although they undoubtedly were—would solve the relationship between Germany and the rest of the world unless due cognizance was taken of Germany's situation in Europe. Even if we erect a hierarchy of principles on the legitimacy of interferences—seeing the changing of an individual as his own business; or seeing that of a professional, responsible practitioner of teaching and medicine: changing the culture of a society as the concern of the citizens of that society; seeing that the changing of the situation of a nation is the concern of other nations who participate in that situation—we may still ask whether castigating ourselves and some of our current national trends without reference to the world situation, in which we nevertheless participate, isn't an abdication of responsibility.

Meanwhile, in the clinic and the classroom, in the writing of social scientists and the deliberations of international bodies a new concept is clamoring for acceptance—the concept of *identity*, "the adolescent search for identity," the need for "a national identity," "the significance of ethnic identity." Dickinson laments the loss of identity in Scotland; and Nigel Dennis skits it all in his coruscating new book *Cards of Identity*, in which a new whimsical elite solve the servant problem and the problem of boredom by playing games with identity—turning upper-middle-class sycophants into butlers and maids by psychological sleight of hand. It's a useful approach, this emphasis on identity, focusing attention on what seem to be burning problems of the present age. One is reminded of the small South Sea communities confronted by the armies of great nation states as they suddenly discover the meaning of nationality, and, in terms of their hundreds or few thousands, try to build a group identity to give each of them a dignity with which to meet the modern world. It seems to be a concept that could be used with profit to add a non-isolationist dimension to the

Riesman, Glazer, Hofstadter, *Collier's* analysis, the question of a change in our definition of our national identity which reverberates, although often without conscious recognition, down to the small child who comes home from school with eyes wide and frightened because the teacher said that there were other countries in the world "bigger than the United States."

But, even as I write this, I am reminded of a conversation in 1943 with a sensitive young Viennese who devoted himself to pleading for certain ways of combining voluntary and governmental activity. He concluded, with wry conviction, "Ten years from now I'll have to defend the opposite position just as enthusiastically." When I heard that the beautiful English adjective "voluntary" had been transmuted—by some phrase-maker in an international agency—into a horrid abbreviation, N.G.O. ("non-governmental," sounding extraordinarily like "no bloody good"), I realized that the time had come for his prophesied shift.

Doubtless the new isolationism, with its overemphasis on psychology and class character, will be replaced in no time at all by a compensating overemphasis on the impairment of our national identity by our situation in the world. Meeting on some other train, after some other of the delight-

ful conferences in which the allegedly persecuted and repudiated intellectuals of the present time can (if they wish) spend all their days in profitable and enjoyable converse with their peers in many disciplines from many parts of the world, Richard Hofstadter and I will find we have again changed sides.

The alternative is withdrawal from the implications of our hypotheses, a refusal to recognize that each fleeting generation must apply what science there is if they and the scientists among them are to complement each other within a shared climate of opinion. And for the human sciences, certainly no other position is thinkable. Even if we must live through compulsory spinach, to spinach loved for the sake of Popeye, to the ambivalently greeted discovery that nobody got anything except roughage from spinach (unless it was creamed), still we moved in ten years from being a country in which a quarter of the population was ill-fed, to being one whose major nutritional problem was overeating. Perhaps both the true conservative and the true progressive have to learn the art of running from one side of the boat to the other in order to keep the world on an even keel, thereby, as the Iatmul of New Guinea phrase it, "rocking the canoe to increase one's self-confidence."

The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D.C., and should not exceed three hundred words in length except on request. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.

—EDITOR

Testament

May I be permitted to decline weeping for Mr. Prezolini's woes as he recites them in your last issue and tries to bequeath them to us under the title "Testament"? I do not, of course, know Mr. Prezolini's circumstances but only his report of them, and it is only because he turns them into a symbol of modern life that I venture to deny him the sympathy he seems to be asking for. Had he ascribed his views to a fictional character, my wish to refute him would be the same, that is, equally vehement and impersonal. Indeed, there is a kind of fictional quality about Mr. Prezolini's statement, and it leads one to deal as much with the implicit as the explicit points of his argument.

His chief animus is directed against a world which has robbed him of safety, pleasure, dignity, and comfort. He has to shine his own shoes and cook his own meals; New York besoots his belongings; he misses the company of the wise which he enjoyed in Italy; and all he can look forward to is extinction under the bomb. Though he blames himself on several counts, we are made to feel that he deserved a better fate, because he is a cultivated man and a man of good will, who for the last twenty-five years in this country has tried to further cultural exchange.

It is certainly not for me to judge his deserts, though I cannot help noting, apropos of cultural ambassadorship, that his paper was not written in English but had to be translated.

When Mr. Prezolini gives other, deeper proofs of his isolation, he exposes his fatal inconsistency. For he is at once proud of his capacity for despair—the modern feeling of

"we unhappy few"—and resentful of the hardships that the position entails. It is thus that he arrives at the combination of contempt for "damned human nature" and regret over not having pursued more selfish personal interests. He boasts of a lifelong extremism dispersed in many directions, yet is surprised that he has not accomplished much. His conclusion is that history is the work of Cain, all is futility, and "the entire past seems a huge mistake."

Maybe it is, but the passage from one's conviction of error to damning the whole human race seems a bit steep, especially since the test of mankind's damnation is just that it has spoiled, for one of its members, the culture and the amenities created by the rest. One does not have to think the world good in order to see that hatred for it must observe certain forms. For example, one should recognize the claim of human solidarity before making up one's mind to secession.

In all this, one clue lies neglected, though it appears twice in the accuser's confession: He describes the way the unhappy few talk to one another, with irony, aloofness, and a sense of aridity and impotence. All the while, what they desire is love. It would seem, then, as if the heartache, which being fellowmen we cannot wholly refuse to share, is somewhat less than cosmic. Its origin is not even material but akin rather to a tragic mistake of judgment and perverse failure of style—as when the hero and heroine miss their chance at a mutual declaration.

Perhaps to keep the tragedy from turning comic, Mr. Prezolini concludes by waving the bloody bomb. This should really be seen for the illegitimate sentimentality it is. Even if we are to perish by the blast, we dare not

argue by it. The world may end with a bang and a whimper, but it is still a duty to be guilty of neither.

ROGER DU BÉARN

★ ★ ★

While I think that a liberal society and a liberal magazine should not turn their backs on so likable a personality as Mr. Giuseppe Prezzolini, or allow his voice to be wholly drowned, especially now when his voice is fading, I believe that the thing next in order of merit would be a scrutiny as close as possible of the soundness and validity of Mr. Prezzolini's world view to the effect of re-establishing in the minds of the more naïve of your readers some kind of equilibrium.

In publishing Mr. Prezzolini's "Testament" [AS: Spring, 1955], you have exposed your readers to one of the most gently melancholy and sophisticated voices from among the chorus of anti-intellectualism, anti-rationalism, pessimism, neo-Augustinianism—from the desperate and despairing wing of existentialism. In so doing, you have, unwittingly or not, inadvertently or not, from good-natured, liberal broadmindedness or from motives altogether beyond my ken, catered to a powerful trend in contemporary America: unaware or not, you have bowed to the nascent neo-American way of life, in which I seem to detect, alas, a host of Old World acquaintances. Even in the past, the acquaintanceship, in my case at least, never led to anything but intellectual repulsion, accompanied by such sad misgivings as Cassandra must have experienced when listening in Troy to politico-philosophical conversations. Now, I cannot help deploring that America—in the nineteenth century, a forerunner in terms of enterprising hopefulness, sanity and reason—in the second half of the twentieth appears to have grown ready to embrace the very philosophies that ruined so many kingdoms, empires and republics of the past. In any long-range perspective, the emergence to fashionableness of basically reactionary misanthropic anthropologies, of *Weltschmerz*, cynicism and despair, must be seen as the first beginnings of the end. I seem to feel assaulted daily, as it were, by pointers and by signs; and not the least ominous of these

signs happens to be the publication, without the feeblest semblance of editorial warning or dissent (in the form, for instance, of a short prefatory note) of Mr. Prezzolini's "Testament."

Nothing of significance, of course, ought to be withheld from the American reader; and I readily grant that, in its own peculiar way, Mr. Prezzolini's "Testament" is an important document. Yet neither should the general reader be left exposed helplessly to the lethal siren song ascending from the unlabeled vials of ancient yet ever freshly fashionable poison. All the more so, because—for seemingly paradoxical but on the whole fairly obvious reasons—the distillers of literary poison are often more talented than the usually philistine tribe of critical toxicologists or the bakers of sound bread. Only the wise can afford occasional excursions into the domain of "delightful" error and unwisdom. Nor do they need to be told what is toxic and what not. Yet, how many wise men are there?

BERNARD GUILLEMIN
Brooklyn, New York

★ ★ ★

In answer to Mr. Guillemin's temperate and thoughtful letter, we of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR would like to say only that whether or not our confidence is justified, we do mean to keep the pages of the SCHOLAR open to all sorts of divergent points of view. Moreover, except on those rare occasions when we present differing attitudes toward a given subject, we refrain from commenting editorially on the position or orientation of any given writer.

We do not know how many wise men there are, nor are we persuaded that the same man will necessarily be wise on any two consecutive occasions. If we err in failing to make explanations, we at least prefer to err in that way rather than by joining the ever-increasing number who tell people what to think.

Two ironies emerge. The first is that while the pessimistic and despairing tendencies that Mr. Guillemin appraises so accurately (I believe) have come into fashion, we of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR have constantly been under attack for our old-fashioned adherence to "defeated causes": progressivism, optimism, rationalism and liberalism. Hence our surprise that this one article should cause alarm. The second irony is a happier one. It is just that in refusing to "explain" the attitude in any given article that we publish, we confidently count on receiving just such letters as Mr. Guillemin has sent us. This is not to disavow the essay by Mr. Prezzolini. It is rather to point out that Mr. Guillemin's letter (as does in a different way the one from Roger du Béarn) demonstrates effectively that we can rely on at least some of our subscribers and readers to think for, and express, themselves.

Ed.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Volume 24

AUTUMN, 1955

Number 4

CONTENTS

Illusions of American Foreign Policy	<i>Asher B. Lans</i>	393
The Kinds of Knowledge	<i>Mark Van Doren</i>	411
Song of the Passionate Psychologist to His Beloved, <i>A Poem</i>	<i>Walter H. Eaton</i>	418
Liberalism	<i>Hubert H. Humphrey</i>	419
Pertinent to My Heart, <i>A Poem</i>	<i>Dachine Rainer</i>	434
The "Merry Widow Waltz" in Colors	<i>Mark Harris</i>	435
What the Japanese Intellectuals Are Thinking	<i>Dallas Finn</i>	443
POEMS:		
Second Wonder	<i>Louise T. Nicholl</i>	456
Obscure Incident	<i>David Morton</i>	457
Conformer	<i>Hannah Kahn</i>	458
Counterpoint	<i>Hannah Kahn</i>	458
The Rose and the Sun	<i>Sheldon Zitner</i>	459
IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO	<i>Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	460
THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND		
What's Wrong with the American Novel? <i>Stephen Becker, Simon Michael Bessie, Ralph Ellison,</i> <i>Albert Erskine, Hiram Haydn, Jean Stafford, and</i> <i>William Styron</i>		464
THE READER REPLIES		504
VOLUME INDEX		510



Books from Michigan



German Democracy at Work

by *James K. Pollock*, *President, International Political Science Association*
and others

"... A democratic Germany is essential to world peace . . . I do hope that this report by a particularly competent group of observers will be read by many Americans; and particularly by those who qualify as observers of the world political scene.—*Lucius D. Clay*

\$4.50

The Passing of American Neutrality, 1937-1941

by *Donald F. Drummond*

Between 1937 and 1941, the United States reluctantly broke away from its isolationist tradition and assumed lasting responsibilities in world affairs. Drawing on unpublished papers at Hyde Park and in the State Department, Dr. Drummond analyses the growth of U. S. foreign policy during the crucial years, "the weightiest development in our external relations since the adoption of the Constitution."

\$7.50

Man's Nature and Nature's Man

—The Ecology of Human Communities

by *Lee R. Dice*

"... an admirable synthesis of many and diverse fields of knowledge. Vastly informed, well organized and eminently readable—this book sheds new light on man's place in the physical universe."—*Harry Elmer Barnes*

\$5.00

and an important re-issue

G. B. HARRISON—The Elizabethan Journals

"One of the most absorbing books of social history to come to public light in recent years . . ."—*New York Times*

"... these journals give Shakespeare's England the cozy quality of Winchell's *New York*."—*New Yorker*

"... worth a hundred books about the period . . ."—*Time and Tide*

1204 pages \$8.50

At your bookstore



Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN



THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 24

Autumn, 1955

NUMBER 4

.....

Illusions of American Foreign Policy

ASHER B. LANS

THERE IS A CHINESE PROVERB which describes the diplomacy of the United States in unflattering terms: "A loud noise is heard coming down the steps, but no one descends." We have a national penchant for enunciation of broad, idealistic goals which, conceived in unreality, are disregarded in the improvisation which characterizes the actual conduct of American foreign relations.

To some extent, this ambivalence of statesmanship reflects an uneasy compromise between the residual isolationism and the disembodied international idealism which pervade American public opinion. They are equally indicative of a diplomacy which is largely opportunistic, which has failed to analyze (or is unwilling to enunciate) the interests of the United States and the nature of the dynamic factors making for international change, and which often has been unwilling to exercise the responsibility of creative leadership.

I do not wish to imply that our foreign policy has been uniformly unsuccessful. To borrow the familiar military analogy, our tactics have usually been adroit and often successful; our strategic plans, however, have either been unrealistic or nonexistent. Our diplomatic victories, therefore, have chiefly been short run; and our significant triumphs have usually been achieved through force of arms or extravagant "aid" programs. Our shortcomings are best illustrated by the contrary guide to policy set forth by one of the

⊕ ASHER B. LANS is an attorney. He has represented a number of private organizations interested in international affairs, taught in the municipal colleges of New York City, and written several articles on legal aspects of foreign relations.

more successful diplomats of our times, Joseph Stalin: "We cannot move forward without knowing where it is necessary to go. . . . We cannot build without perspectives. . . . We must not base our orientation on the strata of society which are no longer developing . . . but on those strata which are developing and have a future before them, even though they at present do not constitute the predominant force." Neither Stalin's perspectives nor aims are or should be those of the United States; we cannot, however, afford to ignore his insistence on the necessity for long-run programs or for discerning and meeting the factors making for instability and change in the world situation.

In a democracy, the inarticulate major premises of public opinion affect the devisal and continuance of an effective international strategy. The purpose of this article is to discuss certain common illusions which, it is submitted, have vitiated the foreign policy of the United States.

The Permanence of the Cold War

Inevitably the major diplomatic effort of the next decade will be the attempt to achieve a long-run political settlement with the Soviet Union. The new politeness at international conferences, the exchange visits by agricultural experts, the enthusiastic reception given to American chess masters and weight lifters will be increasingly characterized as the harbingers of a drastic modification of Kremlin policy. The pleasing concept that the cold war can be ended through patient negotiation is receiving increasing support.

This analysis is rooted in a failure to appreciate three factors. First, it indicates an inability by many of our "conservative" political personalities, who have no strong ideas of their own and who are skeptical of the influence of ideas, to appreciate the dominating effect of ideology on Communist leaders. We are repeating the mistake of Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain who disbelieved the plain testimony of *Mein Kampf* and preferred to assume that Hitler was the same sort of "practical" politician they were.

Unlike any other current political organization, Soviet Russia claims to be the repository of a universal gospel. It asserts that its

existence is inevitably challenged by every nation and group which disbelieves this creed, and that its survival therefore depends upon the conversion, by education or conquest, of all heretics. Therefore, Soviet conduct cannot be appraised or predicted by the ordinary standards of power politics, but must be evaluated, at least in part, as a species of religious fanaticism like that which motivated the leaders of the Mohammedan world during the seventh and eighth centuries. It is, of course, true that the rulers of Russia, as evidenced by their day-to-day tactics, are basically amoral; when temporarily expedient, they will enter into arrangements with their greatest ideological opponents such as Hitler and Perón. At the same time, the Kremlin is always concerned with its long-run strategy; if it takes one step backward today, such retrogression is intended only to facilitate the two steps forward it hopes to take tomorrow.

To follow Nathan Leites, the operational code of the Politburo can best be discerned by ignoring the writings of the democratic, utopian Marx and relying on the principles set forth by Lenin and Stalin in party discussions. This code, in essence, proclaims an inevitable pressure by Russia for global dominion, camouflaged by tactical retreats, transient accommodations and periods of inactivity. Thus, simultaneously with the initiation of the "moderate" New Economic Policy in 1921, Lenin said: "Either the White Guard bourgeois terror of the American, British, Italian . . . and other types, or Red proletarian terror. There is no middle course, no 'third' course, nor can there be. . . . Until the final issue [between capitalism and communism] is decided the state of partial war will continue." ". . . the aim is radically to transform the conditions of life of the whole of humanity. . . . We are prepared . . . to make a thousand attempts; having made a thousand attempts we shall go on to the next attempt. . . ." "We shall be called upon to make very frequent changes in our line of conduct which to the casual observer may seem strange and incomprehensible." In 1925 Stalin repeated the Trojan horse doctrine: "We must utilize the period of quiet for . . . rendering the party 'always ready' for all possibilities of 'complications.' For 'unknown is the day and the hour' when 'the bridegroom cometh,' opening the way to a new revolutionary surge." Even the so-called "internationalist" Litvinov declared that

"it was necessary to face the fact that there was not one world, but two, a Soviet world and a non-Soviet world."

The second common mistake, it seems to me, is the assumption that, like the United States, England and France, Russia, by virtue of its past conquests, has become a "satiated" or "have" power and therefore will strive to maintain the status quo. The comparison seems to me false. As Professor Seton-Watson has pointed out, the economic and social pattern of the Soviet Union is basically akin to that of Western Europe and the United States early in the nineteenth century. The whole internal pressure of the dominant economic group in Russia, i.e., the state machine, is to increase production of capital goods, without regard for an increase in the standards of living and without effective challenge. Moreover, says Seton-Watson, "the attitude of the Soviet rulers to the non-Russian nationalities is also similar to that of our Victorian grandparents. The arguments with which Soviet historians explain to Kirghiz or Tatars how lucky they were to be conquered by the Czars are the Marxist-Leninist equivalents of Kipling."

Russia is the last unrestrained white, imperialist nation. Since the end of the seventeenth century and with only temporary setbacks, it has expanded eastward across Asia to the Pacific, westward along the Baltic and into Poland, and south along the Black Sea. Consistent with their professed anti-imperialist beliefs, the Soviet rulers at first acted as if they would break up their own empire, as by their consent to the secession of Latvia and Estonia. This utopian phase survived only until Lenin had consolidated his rule. Beginning in 1921, with the reconquest of Georgia and Armenia, the Soviets have in practice emulated and surpassed the Czarist policies of repressing the nationalist desires of their own minorities and of expanding their own borders at all opportunities. Thus, in 1919, the Soviet government voluntarily surrendered its extraterritorial control of the vital Chinese ports of Dairen and Port Arthur; it regained its suzerainty over the areas in 1945 and has refused to yield its rights even to the Mao regime.

While the British, French and Dutch colonial empires have atrophied since at least 1945, Russian imperialism has continued to expand. Several factors help explain this difference. The Western states expanded by seizing overseas territories. Russia occupied

adjacent areas; this heartland, because of its geographical contiguity, was easier to rule, and Russia was able to describe it as an *Anschluss* of related peoples rather than as simple conquest. With an unparalleled display of Orwellian "double talk," the Soviet Union has utilized its Marxist heritage and its specious policy of linguistic freedom to become the most vocal European opponent of "colonialism," while maintaining an iron hand over its own slave empire. Not being inhibited by public opinion or liberalism, the Russians have eradicated nascent rebelliousness with a consistent savagery no other state would dare employ.

Third, even if the Russians now wished to act like a satiated power, it is dubious that they could control their allies in the Far East. Mao and Ho Chi-minh are flushed with victory and are patently engaged in efforts to expand their spheres of control. The Communist state machines in Asia (and to a lesser degree in Russia) are in expansionist moods, not likely to be voluntarily curbed, except after military defeat or as a result of the slow acquisition of internal power by bureaucratic groups, not inflamed by their professed ideologies and with a vested interest in maintenance of the status quo.

After 1930, the patient and subtle Stalin successfully created the impression that Russia had abandoned the propagation of world revolution and had receded to Russian nationalism. The millennial dream of a series of quick, independent revolutions by the working classes of the various states was succeeded by the growth in power and territory of the Russian superstate. Imperialism superseded utopianism in the Kremlin's foreign policy albeit not in its rhetoric. In the process, the vocabulary of international politics was moderated, and patient infusion replaced the attempt at rapid conquest. The iron hand secreted in the glove of the popular front was clearly revealed, however, by the ruthlessness with which leaders of the underground government of the presumed ally, Poland, were extirpated upon the "liberation" of their country. It is only reasonable to assume that Khrushchev and Bulganin are seeking to utilize the same devious policy. A balance of power has been attained in Europe which, short of global war, makes further immediate Communist expansion unlikely. Therefore, gestures of conciliation are initiated, with the aim of inducing or forcing

American withdrawal from Europe. It is further hoped that American economic aid and intervention in East Asia will be abated, because of domestic political pressures, thus permitting the Communists to continue with infiltration of the weak new governments.

This analysis does not impel the conclusion that we should not negotiate with the Russians to abate specific tensions. It suggests that we should act on the assumption that arrangements with the Kremlin are simply momentary balances of power, and not a long-run settlement. The durability of such accommodations, without appeasement and further losses, is dependent upon our maintaining our military strength and our ability to compete successfully with the Russians for the uncommitted rulers and masses of Asia. If a unilateral state of euphoria and national indolence like that which followed the Japanese surrender is induced, then the disarmed West will suffer defeats greater than the loss of Poland and Czechoslovakia, resulting not from war but from an imbalance of force in favor of the Soviets.

There is an equally dangerous delusion concerning Russia and China which is prevalent only in the United States. I refer to the theory that, because of productive limitations and the presumed superiority of our air force, neither Russia nor China is able to sustain a major war. However, gross productive capacity is not the only criterion of military strength. Dictatorships have always been able to devote an enormously greater portion of their industrial output to the maintenance of their war machines than have democracies. In addition, neither the Russian nor Chinese armies (although the former certainly has highly modern equipment) is dependent on mechanized transport or modern living conditions to the extent that American forces are. Like Sherman's army marching through Georgia, Communist troops live on and off the countryside.

We have too soon forgotten that in 1941, when the Nazis attacked Russia, substantially all military experts predicted that the Red Army would be totally defeated within six weeks. In the ensuing conflict, as in the Napoleonic invasion, the capacity of the Russians to overcome enormous initial defeats and attrition of manpower and material was clearly demonstrated. It would be fatuous to assume that the Russians now have less staying power.

*The Delusion that the United Nations or a World State
Will Maintain the Peace*

For fifty years the diplomacy of the United States has cherished the assumption that peace could be maintained by negotiation of appropriate treaties to abjure war, such as the Kellogg Pact of 1927, and, more recently, by the formation of organizations of nations.

Thus, many official apologists for President Roosevelt's foreign policy have stated that the Second World War would have been averted had the United States joined the League of Nations. This argument assumes that the rearmament of Germany after 1933, the renunciation of the Versailles Treaty, the reoccupation of the Rhineland, et cetera, all could and would have been blocked had the United States been a member of the League. The trouble with this contention is that England and France were themselves in a military position from 1933 through 1937 to prevent the remilitarization of Germany had they chosen to do so, and this was the case regardless of the position adopted by the United States. Had the United States elected to take a strong position, there is no reason to assume that its lead would have been followed. Indeed, in 1931 when Secretary of State Stimson sought to align the West European states with the United States to thwart the Japanese conquest of Manchuria, his efforts were totally unsuccessful.

The assumption that the recognized sovereign states of the world can, by majority decision, determine important political questions and resolve major international conflicts is both undemocratic and unrealistic. It would be possible to organize a majority of the members of the United Nations, whose populations aggregate about 8 per cent of the world. A decision thus arrived at would be an unparalleled example of international gerrymandering, but it would hardly be democratic and could hardly be enforced.

Nor would the United Nations or any similar international organization be more successful if its balloting were conducted on the basis of relative populations, rather than on the present concept of the juridical equality of all sovereign states. More than half of the world's population is Asiatic, and it is quite clear that the United States, rightly or wrongly, would not permit its policy to

be determined by such a majority. From the American standpoint, the issue is not that of the type of international majority but of our own unwillingness to have our basic policies subjected to outside determination or veto. For example, does anyone believe that the United States would permit its right to occupy the Panama Canal Zone to be passed upon by majority vote of the nations of the World or even of the Americas? The history of the Yalta Conference clearly shows that the existence of a veto power in the United Nations resulted as much from our insistence as from Stalin's.

The argument that an international organization can maintain the peace further ignores the fact that power is the indispensable basis of any government. As E. H. Carr has stated:

To internationalise government in any real sense means to internationalise power; and since independent power is the basis of the nation-state, the internationalisation of power is really a contradiction in terms. International government is, in effect, government by that state which supplies the power necessary for the purpose of governing.

The argument that international organizations can maintain the peace is further hinged upon the premise that there is a fundamental harmony of interests among states with the result that disputes can be resolved over a conference table. The fact that the United States, England and France were the principal proponents during the 1930's of the thesis that all disputes could be settled by peaceful means largely reflected the fact that, so long as peace was maintained, no change distasteful to them could be made in the status quo and they could retain the fruits of their past aggressions. We have been overpropagandized with the devil theory of war. Like most law suits, conflicts between nations usually reflect legitimate disputes over issues where "justice" and "equity" exist for both sides. The art of international politics therefore is the art of making compromises, within the limits of fundamental state interest.

It is, of course, true that peaceful change is a highly desirable objective. However, as John Strachey has pointed out, "while governments always tell us they will never yield to force; all history tells us . . . that they never yield to anything else."

Organizations such as the United Nations have a very vital function in the diplomatic sphere. That function is to provide a con-

venient meeting place for intercourse among states and to afford the representatives of the smaller nations an opportunity to mediate. If we seek to make the United Nations some sort of international government, we will have to give it direct control over military forces. Even if the United States would agree, the inevitable result would be the withdrawal of Russia and its satellites and later of the neutrals, the creation of a second (and therefore unnecessary) NATO, and the destruction of the most useful means of discussion with the Communist nations. The world would be more effectively sundered into closed blocs.

Disarmament

The Geneva Conference "at the Summit" revealed the astonishing durability of the American dream that peace can be promoted by disarmament. This conviction, stemming from the American distrust of generals and admirals and from our idealistic religious strain, is further buttressed by the desire of so-called conservatives to secure budget economies. It seems plausible to say that men who habitually handle guns eventually want to use them. However, the evidence of recent history is that the major wars have not been initiated by professional soldiers but by political leaders.

The fundamental difficulty with a disarmament program, of course, is the probability that it will not be carried out by the Communist nations. As President Eisenhower recently pointed out: there is no inspection system which is even 50 per cent efficient, and this is particularly true when armaments take the form of easily camouflaged and quantitatively small bacteriological or nuclear material. In addition, as the experience of Germany during the Weimar Republic showed, it is not difficult to camouflage troop formations as internal police, customs guards, and the like.

Even if a disarmament treaty were faithfully carried out at its inception, the democratic states would always be at a disadvantage if a revival of militarization took place at a later date. The reason for this is that a totalitarian government, which does not make its budgetary figures public and is not subject to inquiry by a zealous and independent press, could, having initially purported to disarm, thereafter carry out a substantial program of surreptitious rearming with little prospect of discovery. In addition, the very machinery

of a parliamentary government would make rearmament a tedious and slow process in the Western democracies.

No less dangerous than a general disarmament campaign is the concept that there should be a preliminary dismantling of atomic weapons. Atom bombs are no more invidious than certain other modern munitions. The unique Russian pressure for the abolition of nuclear weapons is based upon their belief that they are superior to the United States, at least quantitatively, insofar as conventional armaments and manpower are concerned, and inferior in the atomic field. (The Russians, of course, are also trying to capitalize on the widespread horror of atomic warfare.)

All nations tend to euphemize as defensive the weapons in which they predominate and to describe as offensive those in which their opponents are strongest. Thus, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the British freely granted letters of marque and reprisal to enterprising sea captains; by 1856 when England's navy had become the world's greatest, Queen Victoria thought that privateering was "piracy." At the Versailles Conference in 1919, the United States and England, the two greatest naval powers, thought that "civilization demands" the submarine be abolished; to the less affluent French, Italian and Japanese, the submarine was a convenient and justifiable weapon. The Russians have always been astute at developing guilt feelings among liberals to inhibit political conduct. Thus, they precluded criticisms of their mass deportations and slave labor system by pointing to our occasional lynchings. We must be on guard not to be induced by similar synthetic guilt feelings to give away our atomic superiority, while we permit the Russians to maintain their supremacy in other forms of armament.

Fundamentally, the freedom of the Western world is based upon our power to defend ourselves and to inflict injury upon any attacker. The carving up of China in the last century is only one example of what inevitably happens to a nation which, impressed with its own moral superiority, neglects its military strength. The enormous territorial gains made by the Communists in Eastern Europe during and after 1945 resulted not from any alleged diplomatic betrayals at Yalta or elsewhere, but from the superiority of Russian strength, partly caused by over-quick demobilization of

the American and British armies. As Mr. Neville Chamberlain belatedly discovered in June of 1939, "in the world as we find it today an unarmed nation has little chance of making its voice heard," or, for that matter, has little chance of maintaining its independence.

The Balance of Power Theory

Many sophisticated professional diplomats argue that international peace can be maintained only by the preservation of a so-called balance of power. This theory's modern reincarnation stems from the experience of the Italian city states in the late Renaissance. As revitalized by England's statesmen, particularly Lord Bolingbroke and Robert Walpole in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, it was aimed at preventing Western Europe from coming under the domination of a single state. In pursuance of this principle, England, at various times between approximately 1670 and 1939, helped form alliances to prevent the domination of Europe by France, by Austria and later by Germany.

The instability of balance of power politics inheres in the fact that relative military strength tends to shift from time to time. Hence, in a balance of power system, one group of states starts wars to prevent its enemies from becoming more powerful.

In the eighteenth century, the high point of the theory, the major states of Europe were at war more than 50 per cent of the time. The Crimean War of 1857 was fought by Great Britain and France not to obtain any immediate objective, but to prevent Czarist Russia from becoming strong enough to jeopardize their Levantine interests at a later date. It is highly probable that the major European states, other than Austria, were sucked into the vortex of the First World War out of a desire to prevent other states from increasing their strength.

The second difficulty with balance of power politics is that it makes the resolution of conflict between nations entirely military and prevents concentration of effort upon the amelioration of economic and nationalistic grievances. Except after a war which ends by the exhaustion of all participants (for example, the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century), peace treaties traditionally have shifted the balance of power and have created substantial

ethnic grievances. They have forced the creation of a new system of alliances to redress the old unbalance. Thus it was England's conviction that France had become too powerful after 1919 which impelled its leaders to acquiesce in German rearmament. The total demolition of Germany and Japan in 1945 helped create the power vacuums into which the Russians and the Chinese Communists spread. Any balance of power system, therefore, has an inherent tendency to create conflict and to make some of the satisfied "have" nations of one decade, the restless "have not," would-be aggressors of the next.

*The Concept that East Asia Can Be Converted into an
Anti-Russian and Anti-Chinese Bastion*

It is an irreversible fact of contemporary American existence that our national future is interwoven with the course of events in East Asia. It is unfortunately true that in the ten years since the end of the Second World War, the United States has dissipated the generalized good will which it previously had built up in the East, has become typed as the worst of all imperialist powers, and has suffered a series of substantial diplomatic and propaganda defeats. In large measure this has resulted from our concentration of diplomatic attention and economic aid in Europe and from our attempt to create in East Asia an organization or grouping of powers similar to NATO. Our failure and our present situation in Asia may be summarized under several headings:

1. *White Supremacy*: As Arnold Toynbee has pointed out, when Westerners called the citizens of Asia "natives," they treated them "as trees walking, or as wild animals infesting the country . . . as part of the local flora and fauna and not as men of like passions." The inferior positions imposed upon the Asians in their own countries during the period of imperialist rule created an understandable resentment of the white overlord, particularly when the latter treated as pagan and primitive the age-old local cultures and religions. Social snobbery and prejudice were magnified into great importance. Such feelings are not dissipated by the mere attainment of national independence any more than the Anglophobia of many Irishmen was ended or abated by the creation of an independent Eire. Under such circumstances, it was and

is almost impossible for any Asiatic state to commit wrong in its dealings with white nations insofar as the public opinion in the rest of Asia is concerned. While logically they could see that Red China was the aggressor in Korea, peoples in India, Burma and Indonesia had a lingering emotional sympathy for the Chinese because they were fellow Asians standing up to whites and, therefore, compensating for decades of humiliation.

Unfortunately, the United States has, because of the facts and Communist propaganda about the treatment of Negroes in the South, and because of the "Gook" mentality, become characterized throughout Asia as a state which preaches equality and practices discrimination. Hence, the Supreme Court's decision abolishing racial segregation in schools is the strongest weapon our diplomacy has yet had. We must make continued efforts to overcome the stigma of prejudice, as for example, by utilizing wherever possible Negro personnel in our economic, medical and military aid missions. The anti-white feelings among the ruling elite of Asia can be overcome only by freer social intermingling. In the last analysis, however, our salvation will only come if we actually free ourselves of color prejudice and are able to revert to the spirit in which the medieval artists used to portray one of the three Magi as a Negro.

2. *The Support of Asian Nationalism:* Communist power in the Far East necessarily entails dominion by the Chinese. Hence, the strongest opponent to the spread of communism is the nascent nationalism of the peoples of Burma and Indonesia, Thailand and Indochina.

The history of the last ten years shows that the Communists have succeeded in the Far East only when the local state machines broke down almost completely, as in China after 1945, or when the Reds were able to identify themselves with local nationalists in opposition to outside imperialist rulers, as in Vietnam. When the former imperialist Western states abdicated their power with relative grace and assisted in the creation of new governmental machinery, as in Burma and Indonesia, they created governments which, despite their weaknesses, desired to and did successfully oppose Communist rebellions. Nehru's self-professed neutralist government has repressed the domestic Communists of India with great severity. Even Ho Chi-minh sought in 1946 to develop a *modus vivendi*

with France, but was rebuffed and thrown into the arms of the extremists.

It is a mistake to assume that the neutralism which has distinguished the foreign policy of the new nations of the East is a sign of pro-Communist sympathies. Like the peasant masses, the ruling elite is necessarily occupied with the problems of organizing their governments, increasing their economic potential and of raising standards of living. They are simply trying to stay out of conflicts between the great powers and to maintain peace so that their own countries may develop unimpeded. They know that the pressure of war may be too much for their inexperienced state machines to bear and that an internal Communist revolution would probably follow. The attitude of Nehru, Nu and Soekarno is necessarily very much like that which the leaders of the United States held immediately after the American Revolution. As the Swedish ambassador told John Adams in 1784: "I take it for granted that you will have sense enough to see us in Europe at each other's throats with philosophical tranquillity."

While Southeast Asia is not tranquil about the prospects of a Russian-American conflict, its basic desire is to stay uninvolved. Democracy, however, is a mansion which has many rooms. We can afford to have the Asiatic states remain uncommitted providing they build their own economic and educational defenses and maintain relatively free governments. For under such circumstances, the nations of Asia will remain domestically anti-Communist, will create conditions in which their own peoples have a stake in the preservation of their independence, and thus will be, at worst, our tacit allies. The contrary policy of enforcing diplomatic anti-communism in Southeast Asia will permit the Chinese and Russians successfully to assert that we are again acting as imperialist overlords and will ally communism to nationalism in an undefeatable union.

3. *The Short, Happy Road to Industrialization*: It has become conventional to assert that the rapid increase in the industrial and agricultural productivity of Asia is indispensable to avert internal Communist revolutions and that such increase can relatively easily be affected through large-scale American economic assistance, modeled on the Marshall Plan.

While the objective is necessary, the suggested solution seems to me to be based on gross oversimplification. At least, insofar as Southeast Asia is concerned there is a prevalent reluctance to accept extensive American loans or grants in aid. To a considerable extent this is based upon an unwillingness to accept the political commitments which it is felt would be a necessary concomitant of large-scale economic assistance. Additionally, in countries which have only recently rid themselves of foreign rulers, there is an understandable antipathy toward the reception of significant amounts of American capital. This attitude is re-enforced by the socialist and semi-socialist backgrounds of many of the leading personalities in India, Indonesia and Burma, which induce the belief that political interference would inevitably follow heavy investments. Southeast Asia will not tolerate an era of dollar diplomacy such as existed in Latin America in the early 1900's.

Even stronger objection is made to the introduction of substantial amounts of private foreign capital. The new nations simply do not wish a large portion of their important industries to be owned by foreigners, and this objection would persist whether or not the absentee landlords pursued progressive policies. In addition, private foreign investment in underdeveloped countries has usually been concentrated in industries capable of producing goods for export. Such foreign-owned enterprises, of course, contributed valuable tax payments and made foreign exchange available. However, this type of investment did relatively little to increase the standards of living in the countries in which it was made.

Whether we like it or not, the governments of Asia intend to keep their key industries in their own hands and to control their own pattern of industrialization. Because of their capital shortages, this necessarily means the adoption of a policy of state socialism. Such programs have been promulgated even by so conservative a government as that of Turkey.

There is no method by which substantial amounts of capital can be aggregated in backward countries except by the coercive utilization of the tax and fiscal powers of the state. Initially, except in countries such as Burma which have substantial export surpluses, such accumulation of capital will entail heavy taxation of farmers so as to drain off surplus produce for investment in industrialization.

This is precisely the policy which was adopted in Japan subsequent to 1870. (An important secondary source of funds with which to finance capital expansion is the imposition of exchange controls to prevent diversion of badly needed foreign currencies by the wealthy native landlord and mercantile classes into luxury consumption purchases.)

The economic modernization of Southeast Asia entails, as a necessary pre-condition, substantial investments in highway and railroad construction, erection of power plants, development of a technical educational system, and other projects which will neither increase export capacity nor decrease import needs in the immediate future with any reasonable relation to their costs. In addition, such projects involve heavy capital expenditures and will not necessarily be income-producing. Moreover, rapid industrialization in an underdeveloped area can best be effected if conducted pursuant to an over-all plan. Where capital is short, it must be rationed intelligently, in the same way as gasoline and sugar were rationed in wartime. These tasks cannot be carried out except by the local governments, and any local government which undertook to operate under foreign direction would be treated by its own people as an imperialist lackey and would commit political suicide.

Equally complex is the agricultural dilemma which confronts most Asian governments. Since 1945 it has been a difficult task to increase food supply commensurate with the unprecedented increase in population. Hungry men know only one politics—that of obtaining food. This is the prime task of the Asian democracies.

At the same time, Communist agitators have everywhere, prior to their accession to power, sought rural support by promising to divide all large estates and to give each farmer his own plot of land. It is politically imperative that the free governments in Asia actually pursue the policy which the Communists have promised. However, disintegration of large farming units may well have the effect of reducing agricultural production. It will therefore be necessary to develop voluntary agricultural co-operatives, with communely owned equipment, and to introduce more efficient farming methods and techniques in order to increase food supply.

Manifestly, large-scale industrial and agricultural reforms and increases of production can best be carried out if substantial as-

ILLUSIONS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

sistance is provided from the more developed countries. (Otherwise industrialization and an increase in national power may take place without an improvement of living standards, a prospective development likely to have chaotic consequences.) Such assistance will require large financial grants. Equally, it will require that technical and managerial aids of all kinds be provided. Asia needs know-how as much as additional capital. It is indispensable, however, that this assistance be supplied in such a manner that it cannot be readily labeled as neo-imperialism. It would appear, therefore, that both financial and technical aid should be channeled, not through American controlled instrumentalities such as the Point IV Agency, but through the United Nations and organizations like the Colombo Conference in which the Asian governments are full, participating partners. It will be highly desirable that international capital investment be made jointly with local capital, whether governmental or private. New forms of business enterprise will have to be developed in which foreign and local private capital, and foreign and local governments participate, with local control maintained. At the same time, methods will have to be devised to furnish technical assistance without aggravating national inferiority complexes. The tasks thus posed are difficult, but the importance of their solution justifies every effort.

One final comment is necessary. Since 1945, the politics of Asia have been dominated by organized groups in the large cities, even though the urban population is an insignificant minority. Since then, the Southeast Asian governments have been comprised of the self-designated leaders of the former revolutionary movements. Except in India, national elections have not been held. Sooner or later, however, the voice of the villagers and of the peasants will become predominant; sooner or later a new generation of leaders will emerge which, unlike the present elite, was not educated under European systems. It is therefore necessary that every effort be made both to promote the conquest of rural illiteracy and to make the voice of America heard in the Asian villages. Among other things, this will require the development and patient labors of large numbers of rural experts who will live in the villages as equals and not superiors.

The Rebirth of Idealism

An ultimate handicap of recent American diplomacy (particularly in Socialist Asia) is that we have appeared on the world stage as the close collaborator of reactionaries such as Franco, Chiang Kai-shek, and the pro-Nazi successors of Mossadegh. Like our war-time recognition of Vichy France, this policy has considerable pragmatic justification. However, we have neglected to indicate that the choice of allies was based purely on expediency, and we have abandoned that consistent support of democratic leaders which enhanced our moral position in earlier years.

We have waged our campaign almost exclusively with soldiers and with money, and we have permitted the Communists to usurp the appeal to the idealistic and equalitarian instincts of humanity. The educated Asian leaders, in particular, have developed the concept that we are a nation of soft-drink consumers and apple-pie eaters, who read comic books or detective stories, and have relatively little interest in broader intellectual questions.

A viable foreign policy cannot be based primarily on guns, dollars, anti-communism and the preachment of an American way of life which is not understood and for generations will serve in most of the world only as a focus for envy. We have enlisted janizaries on our side and have secured allies; we have singularly failed to develop enthusiastic supporters. National self-determination, the equality of races, the right of the ordinary man to live a peaceful life, the liberty of the person—all are principles deeply rooted in our national history and cherished in our political and religious testaments. These are the ideals which, when elementary needs for bread and rice have been met, will stir the souls of men everywhere.

During the entire century and a half between the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the enunciation of the Fourteen Points, the United States was identified everywhere as the foe of colonialism, and the friend of democracy and the little man. It is high time that our statesmen revived this national tradition, for international leadership can be maintained only by a diplomacy which weds constructive realism to enduring ideals.

The Kinds of Knowledge

MARK VAN DOREN

WHEN A GREAT UNIVERSITY, in the name of that knowledge to which it believes all men as men have right, reviews its own career of learning and of teaching, it is bound to ask itself what knowledge really is, and how much of it exists at present or can be imagined as existing in some day to come. Such a university, putting such a question to itself, will be expected to make a modest answer, for in no other place should the limits of the human mind be better known; but it is not required to deny that knowledge exists at all, or to suggest, if knowledge be supposed to exist in several kinds, that these are like the kinds of snakes in Ireland: varieties of nothing in the end.

The university has faith in knowledge. Or to put the case more accurately, it has faith in the possibility of knowledge. The possibility is what matters, plus a method, or a set of methods, whereby the actuality may in ever higher and higher degree be encouraged to exist. Those to whom the problem is not real assume the actuality already to exist; somewhere, somehow, someone knows everything. But to others it is a familiar fact that the true scholar is more interested in what he may know tomorrow than in what he knows today, and is more likely to want to talk about it. The modesty of the true scholar is neither a gesture nor a joke. To him it is quite literally the case that a science of anything presupposes a vast ignorance concerning it: an ignorance, indeed, so vast that even its very nature may never be understood. He as a scientist, in other words, may never become clear as to what it is of which he is ignorant, or ought to consider himself ignorant; he may never learn just what it is that he should seek to know. Meanwhile, how-

✪ This article by MARK VAN DOREN, professor of English at Columbia University, was originally presented as an address at the First Bicentennial Convocation of Columbia University.

ever, he has his method; he does know how to proceed within the field of ignorance he has managed to define. And that one field is vast enough; nor will all of it, perhaps, be ever conquered. So he is always busy, with scarcely the time to pause and tell us, should we ask, how much he knows; and more particularly, how much of what he knows.

To the extent that he is a true scholar he will contemplate this question of the what, and seriously ask it of himself. Is he studying the right thing?—which means, for true scholars, the most difficult, the most hidden, the most abstract, the most inaccessible thing. Has he been content thus far with fields of ignorance that others have defined? Has he discovered any for himself? And if he has, is it the farthest field, beyond whose fences, conceivably, the simple truth sits looking at itself? Often this farthest field seems nearest to the uninitiated mind, which asks elementary questions about it: What is it, after all? Why are you studying it? What would it mean to know what you say you want to know? Is it important? What difference will it make? Or, in a more friendly voice, even an eager one: What is electricity? What is life? What is poetry? Can history be true, and if so, what history is most true? Is there such a thing as human nature, and does it grow? What is government? What is law? What is money? What are the stars, and why is there so much space between them? Where is God? And if man knew everything, would he be God?

The truest scholar will be the most tolerant of such questions, for they are like the ones he asks himself when he is simple and serious; and if he is never simple and serious, he is a pedant or a quack, and the long face he wears as he discourses of his method is a sign that he does not know why he has it, or what he will do with the results of it when he gets them. Universities have their share of persons who practice learning without a divine license, who do not know what is important unless someone else tells them, who work in fields of ignorance from which for them there is no escape, who labor in the dark to raise ever higher and higher the heap of little fragments which in their boastful moments they call the "sum of human knowledge."

THE KINDS OF KNOWLEDGE

But what is the sum of human knowledge? Or what would it be if it ever were complete? And is it necessarily a future thing, something to be hoped for only, something impossible now? Can one be certain that it does not already exist? If it needs to be the equivalent of God's knowledge, certainly it does not exist; for men are neither more nor less divine than they originally were. But doubtless there is no such need. Men may know merely what men can know. And according to one view they have always known it. Jonathan Swift thought men knew it in his time, two centuries and more ago. But most of them, he concluded, were not aware that they knew it, and so had got lost in mazes of speculation and experiment for which there was no earthly use—nor divine either, since God does not find it necessary to be a scientist, a philosopher, or a theologian. These are human terms, less admirable for Swift than the monosyllable "man." Most men in any time, he said, know all that can be known about how to live and how not to live; it is only sickness, or corruption, or perversity that cuts them off from life itself, which everywhere is simple and makes no mystery of its rules. Liars are liars in any world; and so are hypocrites and thieves, and lazy people; and so are the lovely people—the kind, the just, the generous, the temperate, the courageous, the wise, the strong.

There is validity in such a view. Men's thoughts about themselves are different from one decade to the next, but their virtues and their vices do not seem to change. The very man who tries to prove that there is no longer any distinction between good and bad—that these are words, not things—will in his next breath denounce a neighbor of whose conduct he disapproves. The very man who swears that it is old-fashioned to speak of truth may find himself, before the day is over, calling some other man a falsifier. Most of us, it may be, know more than we admit; we know, as Swift said, how to live; at least we keep on living, as our great-grandfathers did. And this regardless of whether or not we have access to the kinds of knowledge with which universities are concerned.

And properly concerned. For the possibilities of knowledge which haunt and inspire scholars are themselves among the things that

prove man human. Not animal, certainly, since animals know perfectly how they should live in order to survive and to repeat themselves. Not godlike, just as certainly, for the possibilities can never be more than possibilities. And if Swift for all his genius could despise them, so we too may remember how they limit us; we too may learn from him and them how not to be too proud.

Yet they are half the truth about mankind. To be a scholar is not to be an unnatural thing. The nature of man is to want more knowledge than he will ever possess; and to work for it as if it still might be possessed. And if in his universities he gives that knowledge a variety of names, if he recognizes it in more than a single form, he does not in so doing deny that the many may be one, or might be if a proper view of them could be obtained. Perhaps in our day he tries less hard than once he did to master the perspectives that would be involved in such a complete and distant view of himself in the act of contemplation. His nature does not, it would seem, permit him to do this; yet he has made the attempt, and he will make it again. At the moment, however, he looks as if he lacked the ambition, not to say the curiosity. We do not hear him asking what it is, if it is anything, that the poet and the mathematician know together, or the historian and the chemist, or the musician and the doctor, or the moral philosopher and the atomic physicist. The sum of human knowledge, were it attainable and storable, might be a single sentence, a single word; or it might be only so clear a view of everything that sound was supererogatory, and speech an impertinence. Granted that the sum is inaccessible, man still may speculate as to its parts, and as to the niceties of their relation. Contemporary man, at least in universities, refuses to do so. He lets the study of literature be altogether different from the study of bacteria and the stars. If some resemblance actually is there, he does not know of it because he has never inquired. He assumes a perfect absence of relation; and so if he is a student of poetry he is content with total ignorance of energy, proportion and equation, though poetry is built of just those things; and if he is a natural scientist he does not stop to wonder whether it is more than a coincidence that art must be natural too, or must seem so if it

would exert its utmost force; nor does he ask that force to confess any resemblance it may bear to gravity and whirlwinds, to natural selection and a mushroom cloud.

But even if he did this, and even if the poet were better educated than he is, the answer would never come, we may be sure, in the form of one apocalyptic word. The knowledge of such a word which the theologian has is another kind of knowledge, unsupported by what is ordinarily called evidence, either in universities or in the outer world; but especially in universities, whose scholars are experts in evidence, and grow wary at once if told that something is true although it never can be proved. Yet revelation belongs in their lives too, as it belongs in the career of every healthy intellect, no matter what the training it has had, and whether this be great or small. Any man knows things he has not been told; the good teacher gives forth more than he was taught; sometimes the truth comes easily, as if it said itself. And this can be the case whatever the theory of knowledge one professes—Swift's or that of the most methodical scholar. The knowledge that advances, like the knowledge that stands still, is studded with discoveries which cannot be traced to any source. It is vanity to deny this, and folly to underrate it. Nor is it the same thing as that apocalyptic word which is never to be spoken. It used to be understood that the knowledge of angels came with less difficulty than that of man. It came instantaneously, whereas for men it was the labor of a lifetime to learn the little that they knew. Men still are less than the angels, and what they know is of a lower order; yet any man, on any occasion, may be more wise than he is able to explain. The name for this is "brilliance": a sudden light that no one has turned on. And it can come on anywhere: in the laboratory, the recitation hall, the midnight study; in the field, the street, the noisy or the quiet room; in sleep, or at the hour of waking, or halfway through an otherwise eventless day. It too is knowledge, though it never has been earned.

Most human knowledge, nevertheless, comes hard. Either it distills itself painfully out of common experience, or it subjects the scholar, its uncommon devotee, to excruciating efforts of ob-

servation and close thought. Seldom if ever does inspiration come without such fiery trials before it, and even then it may not come; but if it does, it has to that extent been earned, and is deserved. The university does not count upon its coming, any more than it lays out work in the expectation that only geniuses will do it. Miracles and geniuses are rare in any world, and it is the part of wisdom not to await them. The academic life is bound to be laborious, however many or few the kinds of knowledge it is lived for. It is not as dull as some men think it, but it is duller than a circus or a battlefield; and so it ought to be, since neither in game nor in earnest is it lived in defiance of death. The definition of all life is rather its province: all life, whose most exciting secrets it has no mandate to unearth. To define a thing is not to possess it. The clearest definition of life would be the completest statement of what it is not. Life itself, the individual thing, prefers to be known for what it is; and those who have known it the most directly may be the least articulate about its essence. Its essence, tragic or comic, the university is under no obligation to reveal.

But to say this is not to justify the vulgar charge that academic life is unreal life. It is as real as definition is: as useful, and as clear. In an ideal world the privilege of experience and the duty of understanding would doubtless not exclude each other. Nor in the world we have do they do so altogether; if they could, neither one of them would then make sense. The pure thing and the pure word are not for men as men are made. So the university continues to be looked to for more than dry information and dead fact; for more, even, than the cold light of clearest comprehension. It is looked to for wisdom, a warmer and a wilder thing than any of those. And often enough wisdom is there; nor does it seem too different from the wisdom of the great world, begotten by virtue upon the body of experience. The scholar is not forbidden to have experience; he is a man too, and loves and hates and undergoes ambition. At his worst, if the extreme case be considered, he is unable to make his humanity appear; it was weak to begin with, as could have been true of any man, or else he has darkened it and dampened it with cellar growths which have shut him away at last from the sun and

THE KINDS OF KNOWLEDGE

from all things that the sun makes clear to normal men. But in the best cases, and happily these are numerous, he has been rendered more sensible, not less so, by the education he has given himself and others. He has become, that is to say, more practical. He has become a man of whom other men will not hesitate to ask advice. In the best world we have any right to expect, the scholar and the citizen will freely converse, will freely compare experience, and will freely tell each other how to live. Not that the distinction between them will have disappeared. It is a rich distinction, not to be minimized in any world that wants to keep on being simple and serious. But talking will take place; and all the kinds of knowledge may then lie down with one another.

*Song of the Passionate Psychologist
to His Beloved*

WALTER H. EATON

The words mean little: I love you—I care—
I love you more, or less, my dearest one.
The words can lie to you or lie to me,
Conceal deceits of which we're unaware,
Or with our rash consent the truth outrun
So that our ears may ring more pleasantly.
But note: the body moves and feels, invites,
Stretches in curves of joy, grows hot or cold,
Endures, withdraws, or turns to other things;
And though no word can mark where sharp delight
Dulls into sorrow, still some truth is told
In each new movement that each moment brings.
Therefore: from our behavior, clinging here,
We may perhaps infer that love is near

❶ WALTER H. EATON, a sociologist, is now completing *Fragmentary Man, A Study of Industrial Society*. The book will be published in 1956.

Liberalism

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

LIBERALISM, AS A POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY, is based on the assumption that freedom is essential for the full development of the human personality and that, therefore, men should be free. The ancestry of liberalism may be traced back to the beginnings of literate man, but its name and formal identity did not become current until early in the nineteenth century, when it was adopted as a party label in Spain and by a British reformist bloc of radicals and Whigs.

The roots of liberalism are religious, philosophical and scientific. The doctrine represents the culmination of a development which goes back at least to the words of the Hebrew prophets, the teachings of the Greek philosophers, and the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount.

The fusion of these influences—some of them largely incompatible with the secular humanism of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century—combined with the political and economic environment of the nineteenth century to create the philosophy and form the movement of liberalism. In its essence, liberalism was anti-authoritarian; its one distinctive aim was the liberation of man from traditional restraints.

Equating liberalism with freedom, as we have, and taking note of liberalism's ancestry help us to understand the confusion which today is frequently associated with the term. Although the emancipation of man has been the enduring hallmark of liberalism, the

❶ HUBERT H. HUMPHREY, United States Senator from Minnesota, is former professor of political science at Macalester College, and former instructor of political science at the University of Minnesota. He now serves on the following Senate Committees: Committee on Foreign Relations, Committee on Government Operations, Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, and Select Committee on Small Business.

variable ingredient, which has differed with men and with the passing of years, is "emancipation from what?" The practical application and, in fact, the relevant definition of liberalism thus vary with the forces, institutions and traditions which restrain men. The problems of freedom are quite different in a feudal age from what they are in a technological age.

The authors of the liberal creed are heterogeneous. There is a broad gulf between the Whig aristocrats, content with the revolutionary settlement of 1689, and the Benthamite radicals of the nineteenth century. There are profound differences among the Physiocrats, preoccupied with the problems of French agriculture, the Manchester economists of England's industrialized Midlands, the Founding Fathers and the Jacksonian "democrats." It is argued—and with good reason—that their agreements far exceed their differences and that they all partake of the same tradition; but the fact that vital differences do exist makes the use of the term "liberalism" quite difficult in political communication. Difficult as an understanding of the term may be today, however, the growth of liberalism is indeed the story of man's striving for civilization and dignity.

The evolution of the liberal creed paralleled the progress of Western society from a status-based, church-dominated culture to an ever more democratically oriented civilization. The striving for freedom in every age helped change the structure of society. This in turn meant that the locus of power criticized by liberals shifted from church to state and from state to private concentrations of economic power.

In the late Middle Ages and during the Renaissance, the prevailing society was organized on the basis of status: the rights and responsibilities of the individual were determined by his place in the stratified and hierarchic system. The social stress was upon acquiescence and conformity.

Tendencies toward liberalism are early discernible in generations of protest against this authority. The protest was twofold: the religious revolt was closely associated with a desire for economic freedom.

LIBERALISM

The medieval system was bound to be challenged successfully as both theological and economic forces strove for freedom from the existing order. The bearers of the challenge were aided by the development of new needs and interests, generated by the slow commercialization and urbanization of Europe, which in turn fostered the emergence of a new middle class.

The new commercial class was the most active force throughout Europe in the struggle for freedom from the restraints of the medieval order. It was the natural enemy of the medieval political organization, primarily because the divisions and disorder of the feudal "state" constituted a serious barrier to trade and commerce. In the late medieval period, therefore, the new middle classes aligned themselves with the monarchs against the nobility and, through the success of this alliance, gained freedom from the complicated and conflicting economic regulation of the feudal aristocracy.

Once the claim of the monarchy was successfully established and a unified system of law imposed within the new nation states, the middle classes turned their attention to means of controlling the "divine right" of the kings they had brought to power. Freedom was now conceived as a problem of the ruler and the ruled. The ruled, in this case the commercial classes, now demanded a rule of law binding upon king as well as subject. The work of Hobbes and Locke focused on the problem of liberty as it related to ruler and ruled, and while their specific conclusions differed, they agreed with each other and with later liberal thinkers that governments were instituted to serve men.

This individualism was a basic characteristic of eighteenth-century thought. Since liberalism as a coherent and defined philosophy was a product of a series of great economic, social, and intellectual changes which culminated in the eighteenth century, it even today bears the stamp of the Enlightenment. The period of the Enlightenment was characterized throughout Europe and America by a more or less unified set of principles, attitudes and beliefs. It was a period of optimism and revolution, of naive faith and debunking. It was, above all, a period of emancipation in religion, politics, economics and art. The unifying concept of the Enlightenment was the belief

in natural law. The discoveries of Newton had been interpreted as proof that there was a natural order of things in the universe, that the laws of this order might be discovered by human reason, and that these laws furnished absolute and immutable standards for the conduct of governments and men. The implications of this doctrine were many.

First, it suggested that the potentialities of human reason were limitless. If reason could discover the laws of God and nature, there was nothing it might not do. Man could reform himself, his society and his government. And if he could accomplish all this, was he not good and, even more important, was he not perfectible? The optimism of the century was based on this view of man's relationship to society and the universe. Problems were to be solved by an application of reason, and defects of character were to be removed by education. Men of the Enlightenment could, to a certain extent, agree with Condorcet that at last reason had burst into history and progress was inevitable. The Enlightenment's linear concept of progress saw all history as a process of progressive emancipation from superstition and restraints. Not only the mind of man, but history as well, was a blank tablet on which each generation could write its own record.

Second, the concept of natural law as applied to the political scene became the doctrine of innate natural rights inherent in each individual. This concept of natural rights has been persistent in the history of Western civilization. It was expounded by both the Cynics and Stoics in the ancient world, systematized and expanded by St. Thomas Aquinas for the medieval church, and formed the basis of the eighteenth-century struggle for political freedom. In this latter period the doctrines of natural rights and individualism were joined to produce the belief that all men had the right to possess that which they acquired by their own labor, to speak and write as they chose, to petition and to form combinations, and to worship according to their consciences. There is no clearer embodiment of these principles than the Declaration of Independence and the American Bill of Rights; and there was no clearer exponent of these principles than Thomas Jefferson.

Third, in economics the doctrine of natural law again combined

LIBERALISM

with individualism to become the basis of eighteenth-century *laissez faire*. The economists, beginning with Adam Smith, maintained that there were certain simple, universal laws governing the economic realm, which if left to function undisturbed would bring order out of chaos and general welfare out of private interests. The content of these laws was not only known by their exponents, but was pressed upon the populace with a rare, religious vigor. These simple, immutable laws were as follows: (a) All men were born with the natural propensity to trade and barter; (b) human actions were dominated by the profit motive; (c) the profit motive stimulated maximum productivity; and (d) maximum productivity was the greatest social good. Therefore, the pursuit by each individual of his own self-interest, or profit, resulted inevitably in the greatest degree of social welfare.

The liberalism of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries had much in common with the attitudes described above, as well as with the earlier concepts of Hobbes and Locke. Although Bentham discarded the doctrine of natural law as "nonsense upon stilts" and substituted the principle of utility, the economists associated with utilitarianism retained its content in developing the principle of the natural harmony of interests. Ricardo, Malthus and, later, Herbert Spencer described the pre-established harmony of the economic realm in much the same terms as Adam Smith.

Liberalism indeed showed itself to be a product of the Enlightenment. Individualism, unrestrained independence, the individual as a law unto himself, and pseudo-anarchism characterized the spirit of liberalism for that day. Liberalism was thus a reflection of the political, social, religious and economic aspirations of a rising middle commercial class, influenced by scientific naturalism and the spread of rationalism and secularism. The influence of the Christian faith of human brotherhood under a common Father likewise remained strong, even though the Reformation had destroyed the concept of an intervening priesthood. In fact, the elimination of the priestly hierarchy caused individual personality and conscience to acquire even greater significance. Each individual had the responsibility even for salvation.

Individual initiative was also of paramount importance economi-

cally. The introduction of private enterprise replaced the rigid system of status by a more flexible system of contracts. Privilege based on birth was being destroyed by enterprising individuals. Francis Bacon's lesson that "knowledge is power" fitted well with the growth of science, and man saw new knowledge challenging old authority.

Liberalism had barely begun to express itself as a formal political philosophy when it ran into the impact of industrialism. It grew out of an essentially pre-industrial, commercial environment and yet almost immediately had to cope with the economic, social and intellectual consequences of the Industrial Revolution. The rise of huge concentrations of wealth which dwarfed the individual rendered obsolete the society of small enterprisers which Adam Smith and Jefferson had in mind. The human values of liberalism were threatened by industrialism; and the political and economic non-interventionist doctrines of liberalism made it difficult for liberals to act to protect those values.

The economic manifestation of eighteenth-century liberalism, already referred to above, based itself on a "natural harmony of interests." If individuals were left free to pursue their self-interest in an exchange economy, based upon a division of labor, the welfare of the group as a whole would automatically result. The classical liberals described a self-equilibrating economic mechanism free from all teleological influences. Moral goals and ethical criteria were to be available for passing ultimate judgment on the system but did not play a part in determining the sequence of events. The one propelling force was the self-interest of the individual which was harnessed to the public good because, in an exchange economy, man must serve others in order to serve himself. The free market operated in accordance with the free choices of individual buyers and sellers, which determined the allocation of resources in the society. The assumption was that in a freely competitive economy, in which no one would be prevented by status from engaging in economic activity, the income received from such activity would be a fair measure of its value to society.

The logic of such an economic creed implicitly supported the institution of private property. Private property, however, accom-

LIBERALISM

panied by the onward rush of industrialism, led to the development and triumph of free capitalism and the institution of the factory and its accompanying evils. The development of absentee ownership, which stemmed from private property, further accelerated the difficulties faced by a liberalism geared to a commercial small-entrepreneur economy. With the state abdicating many important areas of activity, private interests readily stepped in to fill the vacuum. To meet these new problems, liberalism in the nineteenth century split in a number of directions.

The Manchester laissez-faire school, represented by Cobden, Bright and Herbert Spencer, tended to remain orthodox and insisted on restricting the role of the state. Cobden opposed factory legislation, and Spencer, in the name of liberalism, opposed almost every state activity. Spencer, idol of two generations of American businessmen, would even forbid government, either local or national, to assume responsibility for the paving, lighting and sanitation of cities.

The radicalism of Bentham and Francis Place represented a school which was prepared to make some adjustment in the anti-statist philosophy in order to preserve the human values of liberalism, although Bentham's chief advice to the state was "Be quiet."

The political thinking of John Quincy Adams, as a part of American federalism, represented another approach to the problem. His ideal of abolishing poverty was to come into being by exploiting and distributing the technological fruits of science through state industries, and he thus strikingly anticipated some American liberal departures of a century later. However, the defeat of Adams by Jackson in 1828 put an end to this brief era, and presaged the beginning of a new concept of government serving as a balancing and regulatory force in the political economy.

The career of John Stuart Mill, the most articulate of the nineteenth-century liberals, summed up the transformation of liberalism under the impact of industrialism, from laissez faire to radicalism to a near-socialism. Caught between theory and fact, die-hard utilitarians at first opposed measures such as child labor regulations as unwarranted interference with economic laws and individual liberties. The moral and economic dilemmas of this position,

however, were soon felt, and a new collectivist approach developed. Living conditions of the poor, as Marx and others pointed out, belied the assumptions of classical economists. This new thinking embraced such odd allies as Owenite socialists, old-line Tory paternalists, trade unionists, Church of England moralists, and romantic-humanitarian followers of Southey and Coleridge. Soon John Stuart Mill's concessions to collectivism signaled British liberalism's withdrawal from doctrinaire individualism toward compromise with the necessity for state controls. The contributions of T. H. Green played an important part. In a series of such compromises, British liberalism broadened its ideological base to include progressivism of all stripes, from individualism to Fabian socialism. America alone remained a stronghold of classical *laissez faire*. In America, the enlightened conservatism, which in England, as early as the 1820's, exerted a decisive restraint upon economic individualism, did not play the same role. Here enlightened conservatism was diverted by the slavery issue.

In historical perspective, we can see that the complex forces which comprised liberalism yielded emancipating principles. The feudal system was destroyed. Capitalism replaced the static society of the Middle Ages. A functionless aristocracy was removed from control. Tyrants were challenged and curbed. The middle class was left free to employ its creative energies in expanding the means of production and vastly increasing the wealth of society. In setting about to limit the sovereign power, liberals helped make constitutional government, with its accompanying civil liberties, a reality. Liberalism, as formulated in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, indeed seemed relevant to its time.

One other major by-product of this liberalism was the impetus given to political democracy. Most of the early liberals were not democrats and feared popular government, but democracy, as expressed by representative government, was the logical outcome of their position. The names of liberals like Jefferson, Bentham, Mills and de Tocqueville became inseparably linked with the struggle for universal suffrage.

The identity of democracy and liberalism, however, was by no means universally granted and still is a subject of serious discussion.

Guido de Ruggerio wrote in his *History of European Liberalism*:

From a formal point of view, democracy does not deny the right of private associations and local bodies; but, in substance, it corrupts them by its failure to understand the constructive value of the liberty which should govern their creation and operation. . . . Thus, the democratic State is the result of depriving the citizens of their rights and conferring them upon a general will, a single and indivisible sovereign people. . . . The general will, as democracy demonstrates in practice, is only the will of the numerical majority. The omnipotence of the majority is the practical corollary of democracy; and the formal respect for the rights of minorities loses all effectual sanction just because the individuals have forfeited all power to insist upon their rights, by conferring them bodily upon the State.

The concentration of an immense power in the hands of an often fictitious majority is genuinely tyrannical; and it is therefore no error to place democracy and despotism on the same plane. . . .

Efforts were made to harmonize the objectives of liberalism with the processes of democracy. The term "liberal democracy" was used by some to breach the gap in an attempt to modify majoritarianism and relate it to the concept of individualism. Many liberals, of course, denied that a gap existed and used the terms "liberalism" and "democracy" interchangeably. In fact, however, a clash was inevitable between democracy and liberalism as it developed and reached fruition in the nineteenth century.

The new industrial society which came into being in the late nineteenth century brought with it problems not contemplated by the philosophers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. A new power came into being. It was represented by concentrations of vast wealth in relatively few hands and was used to influence and control government, destroy competition, and increase the maldistribution of wealth. Here, then, was a new menace to freedom, as threatening to the individual as the power of a seventeenth-century despot, which required new strategy and new attitudes from those desiring to protect individual liberty.

Anatole France incisively expressed the dilemma of the liberal whose "law, in its majestic equality forbids the rich as well as the

poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread." It became clear to many that more than political liberty was needed to achieve freedom for man.

It was in such circumstances that a new generation of liberals, hostile to concentrations of power which threaten the individual and keep him from realizing his potentialities, began to call upon government to intervene in behalf of preserving freedom and restoring balance in the society. This new liberalism came to see that the same forces which had once released the productive energies of Western society now restrained them; and that the very forces which had demolished the power of despots now nourished a new despotism.

Twentieth-century liberalism thus tried to adjust itself to the realities of an industrial civilization. It met with both partial success and tragic failure. The failure was in Europe. Only in England under a brilliant Lloyd George government before World War I was a belated effort made to catch up with industrial realities. In France, the Radical Socialist party (Liberal) participated in the Popular Front of the 1930's, but even here the efforts were too late and the forces of economic power too great. Instead of liberalism, socialism, communism and fascism seemed to represent a more specific response to the industrial challenge and therefore swept the working populations and the middle classes.

In the United States, liberalism did seem to make the turn and remains today a dominant political force. An expanding frontier and the blessings of natural resources were partly responsible. They provided greater freedom for action, delayed the rise of the trade union movement, and, in turn, severely handicapped efforts of Marxism to gain a foothold here. Partly responsible too were a series of brilliant political leaders who helped reshape liberalism into an instrument for dealing with industrial society. They included Theodore Roosevelt, who first saw the democratic possibilities in big government and the need for big government to meet big business; Woodrow Wilson; and Franklin D. Roosevelt, who completed the transformation of American liberalism from an anti-statist creed to a philosophy willing to use the state to achieve freedom—an end shared with traditional liberalism.

LIBERALISM

It would be well here to refer to Franklin Delano Roosevelt's observation with regard to liberalism in America. In 1938 he wrote:

Generally speaking, in a representative form of government there are usually two general schools of political belief—liberal and conservative. The system of party responsibility in America requires that one of its parties be the liberal party and the other be the conservative party. This has been the division by which the major parties in American history have identified themselves whenever crises have developed which required definite choice of direction. In Jefferson's day, in Jackson's day, and in Lincoln's and Theodore Roosevelt's and Wilson's day, one group emerged clearly as liberals opposed to the other—the conservatives.

One great difference which has characterized this division has been that the liberal party—no matter what its particular name was at the time—believed in the wisdom and efficacy of the will of the great majority of the people, as distinguished from the judgment of a small minority of either education or wealth. The liberal group has always believed that control by a few—political control or economic control—if exercised for a long period of time, would be destructive of a sound representative democracy. For this reason, for example, it has always advocated the extension of the right of suffrage to as many people as possible, trusting the combined judgment of all the people in political matters rather than the judgment of a small minority.

The other great difference between the two parties has been this: The liberal party is a party which believes that, as new conditions and problems arise beyond the power of men and women to meet as individuals, it becomes the duty of the Government itself to find new remedies with which to meet them. The liberal party insists that the Government has the definite duty to use all its power and resources to meet new social problems with new social controls—to insure to the average person the right to his own economic and political life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That theory of the role of government was expressed by Abraham Lincoln when he said, "the legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot do at all, or cannot do so well, for themselves, in their separate and individual capacities."

Liberalism today stands generally committed to the qualified use

of state power to achieve the values of freedom and human dignity. Like their ancestors, modern liberals recognize that concentration of power, whether in private or public hands, is the enemy of freedom.

In the economic realm, this has led the mainstream of American liberalism in the direction of a form of "mixed economy" which would include within it a diversification of ownership. Government power would be exercised through the indirect controls of fiscal and budgetary policy, rather than through direct physical control and central committee planning. This has been accompanied politically by an emphasis on the preservation of "rights," particularly as they relate to the need for dissent and opposition within a democratic society. The guideposts of Justice Holmes have thus been an essential element of modern American liberalism.

In Europe, this new resurgent liberalism is attempting to find a home within the social democratic movement. An increasing number of "liberal socialists" have come to see that total concentration of economic power in the state apparatus is a threat to political freedom, and that economic planning through the price mechanism and a relatively free market is, in many respects, more efficient than planning by state direction.

The liberalism of today does not seek the abolition of the price system, but it does seek the regulation and control of the profit system so as to bring about modifications to suit the requirements of a changing world. In thus invoking the agency of government to protect and assist the individual, liberals call attention to two profoundly important changes which government itself has undergone since the day when Gournay, the eighteenth-century Physiocrat, proclaimed the ideal of *laissez faire*.

First, despite the notorious shortcomings of bureaucracy, the techniques of public administration are incomparably superior to the pre-scientific methods of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Second, and foremost, the government agency invoked by liberals is one democratically controlled and subject to the will of people who speak, write and assemble freely and who are effectively organized into political parties, trade unions, business and professional groups, fraternities, religious and other independent associations.

LIBERALISM

Accordingly, liberals have evolved a program of government action which, by a striking consensus of both critics and adherents, has come to be known as the "welfare state."

The welfare state is based, in the first place, upon acceptance of collective responsibility for providing all individuals with equality of opportunity. This implies, as a minimum, the elimination of disparities brought about through racial and religious discrimination, and the universal availability of adequate educational facilities.

Second, in a society as richly endowed as our own, the welfare state assumes responsibility for the basic economic security of those who are unable, through no fault of their own, to provide such security for themselves. This implies aid to those who are disabled by reason of accident, illness, youth or old age; minimum wage legislation and unemployment insurance for all workers; and aid to economically disadvantaged groups through support of labor unions, consumer organizations, small farmers and independent business.

Third, the welfare state assumes the responsibility for reducing great disparities in the distribution of wealth and bringing about a closer coincidence between the income of the individual and his contribution to society. This implies an appropriate tax policy and a forthright attack upon monopoly and other business arrangements which exaggerate differences in income.

Finally, the welfare state assumes the responsibility for promoting the full employment of our manpower and the full utilization of our resources. These, in turn, spell the objective of full production within the limits of an intelligent human and natural resources conservation and utilization program. Thus, contrary to the contention of its critics, the welfare state is concerned with the production of wealth as well as with the spending and distribution of wealth.

One other modern challenge to traditional liberalism is represented by Sigmund Freud and the development of psychoanalysis. As man began to learn more about himself, some of the earlier conceptions of liberalism came into sharp question. The liberal faith had been based on the judgment of man as a reasonable and good being. By acquiring knowledge and applying the scientific method, man could discover the laws of the universe as they related to his

problems and solve them. The end result would be good, since man was good.

Man's study of his own psyche, however, raised disturbing doubts about these presuppositions of liberalism. Even with education, men were not necessarily guided by reason; and psychoanalysis discovered that evil was perhaps as essential an ingredient of man as good. In the latter sense, the psychoanalytic challenge to liberalism came close to the Christian theological notion of "original sin," which has had its modern political expression in the works of Reinhold Niebuhr. Since men could be "children of light" and "children of darkness" and since man's subconscious was a cauldron of complexes and neuroses which interfered with the supremacy of reason over emotion, the liberal's faith in man's reason, man's goodness, and the scientific method was severely undermined. The Nazi eruption was the cold historical symbol of man's capacity for evil.

How liberalism responds to this challenge will in large measure determine its propensities for survival. The new discoveries need not in any way lead us to doubt that the goals of liberalism are as valid today as they always have been. The new insights into man which we have achieved now make our earlier faith appear naive, but this new understanding can give us strength and direction as it places the problems faced by liberalism into clearer focus. One essential adjustment which we must make is the need to embrace morality as an active, aggressive force in modern life. We can no longer take morality for granted and assume its superiority in man or its eventual victory over the forces of evil.

The liberalism of today, therefore, must strive to achieve freedom for man within the context of the problems which now face him. It should have no set of fixed dogmas concerning the kind of society in which individuals most fully realize themselves. Beyond a basic commitment to the dignity and worth of the individual, the content of liberalism from age to age and from nation to nation will vary with varying conditions. Liberalism may one day challenge and another day cherish the church; in one age it may seek less government intervention in economic affairs, and in another age, more; it may at one time be hospitable to the specific interests of the business

LIBERALISM

community and at another time it may be hostile. The liberal approach must be experimental, the solution tentative, the test pragmatic. Believing that no particular manifestation of our basic social institutions is sacrosanct or immutable, there should be a willingness to re-examine and reconstruct institutions in the light of new needs.

Liberalism, therefore, lacks the finality of a creed, and thus it is without the allure of those dogmas which attract the minds of men by purporting to embody final truth. Whether liberalism can survive in a world seeking security and finality cannot now be predicted. If it does not, our civilization perishes with it. Our task, therefore, is to strengthen and support it with all of our energies and intelligence. We must release ourselves from the shackles of yesterday's traditions and let our minds be bold. Our striving for "liberty," must relate itself to and come to terms with the historic demands of "equality"—which, likewise, has a noble tradition tracing back to the Stoics and the Christian Fathers. With Hobhouse, we must remember that "liberty without equality is a name of noble sound and squalid results."

Finally, liberalism must cement its destiny with that of democratic self-government and the need to protect democracy against its totalitarian enemies from within and without. In the struggle for survival between democracy and totalitarianism, liberalism finds its own struggle for life intimately interwoven. Liberalism, therefore, even as it recognizes the necessity to preserve the spirit and fact of dissent in the political community, must recognize its ultimate loyalty to a majority-rule society and to the protection of all the factors which make such a society possible.

Our faith is that liberalism will survive and prevail. Our faith is bolstered by awareness of man's disquieting sense that no individual and no generation can discern the content of freedom for all time. We state for all to hear that liberalism possesses a durability as strong as man's eternal quest for freedom.

Pertinent to My Heart

DACHINE RAINER

Beached on my memory, once you,
So miraculously seaweed green,
So fresh, salt, pertinent to my heart,
Beached with the crustaceans, white, white.
And the brutal sun glares, and the wicked rain falls.

Landward, rain moves onto the damp, mildewed days.
Once you, once you in an imperious array
Miraculous green, and I, scarlet in a brilliant time.
Bleached by the peacock sun, fossil grey, earth dun.
And the savage sun, the rain, the seasons follow true.

Bottomless beach, my memory, in the drowning tide, drowns,
Entangling with your cold kiss, your immemorial arms,
To green again it sinks, to algae and the cloistering caves,
And the hot sun the oceans of earth do bend
As the monumental rains upon you, too, descend.

⊕ The poetry of DACHINE RAINER has appeared in magazines and anthologies. Her work will be represented in the *Book of Modern American Verse*, edited by W. H. Auden. She is currently working on a novel entitled *Nobody*.

The "Merry Widow Waltz" in Colors

MARK HARRIS

AT TABLE ONE EVENING A SUMMER AGO at the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire, I inquired of a group of musicians whether any had ever heard of Compinsky. Several had. He was, they said, a concert artist on the West Coast, where he played in a string ensemble which bore (they believed) his name. They generally agreed that he was a superior craftsman. Whether he was still a teacher of music, they did not know.

He was my teacher when I was ten, and he was the last of a succession of five or six men engaged in that capacity, one of whom, as I recall, was deaf, and another of whom habitually stood me before a tripod in his front room, indicated what music I was to play, tuned my fiddle, and then retired to another part of the house.

It was my understanding, at the time, that after exposure for a certain period to knowledgeable persons, I would master the violin, and that this would happen automatically (as it seemed to be happening to other boys), without my having any real interest in the violin, or any aptitude for it, and surely without my having any love for it. I detested it. I detested the case I carried it in, and these emotions I transferred to the men who tried to teach me. Many years would pass before I could stand without resentment in the presence of a musician, or before I could respect, if not love, his art.

Since the time process reportedly involved Practice At Home, I practiced at home for the required period each day, my eye always upon the clock. Unable to read notes, I drew my bow across the strings while fingering them, causing sounds to emanate. That these sounds were not music did not awaken my parents to the futility of their persistence in sending me to music teachers, or even, as was

✱ MARK HARRIS, who teaches at the San Francisco State College, is the author of several books, among them *The Southpaw* and *City of Discontent*, the latter a biographical study of Vachel Lindsay.

so much more to be expected in those depression days, to the waste of their money. Their faith in men and time was unwavering, and at last they sent me to Compinsky, whose method was the most modern, whose fee was moderate, and who, if speech and bearing were true signs, was the man most likely, if any man could, to cause to flower within me seeds of musical genius. There was no doubt that I contained genius, if not by heredity (for no near relation of mine could play, sing or intelligently listen), then by analogy: I could, after all, compose verse, I was swift at arithmetic, I laughed at advanced jokes on the radio, and I could thread film on a motion-picture projector.

The arrangement with Compinsky, because of certain unique ways in which it differed from the arrangements with all the other men, delighted me. I was to place myself before him four days a week, Monday through Thursday, at half-past two. But there would be no Practice At Home, and, further, the daily lesson was not to be undergone in the loneliness and isolation of a private home but in the company of a group. I did not always manage well with other children, but I liked to be with them. We were to congregate in the band room of the William Wilson, Jr., Junior High School in Mount Vernon, now called the Martin H. Traphagen School in honor of the gentleman who was its principal at that time and whom I feared above either God or my father. Under the Compinsky method other odiums were abolished. Since he supplied instruments (they were of a special sort), there was no necessity to carry a violin case anywhere; indeed, the necessity to own a violin was eliminated, since he did not believe in Practice At Home and since the notion that anyone might play a violin in a spare hour, except by decree, did not then fall within the reach of my imagination.

A bonus to all this was, of course, inherent in the fact of one's being dismissed from class at half-past two on four days a week. This immensely shortened the afternoon session, which otherwise would have extended infinitely to three-fifteen. At half-past two, then, four days a week, musicians—as my teacher called them—were excused. Upon this word I hastened from the room, though the fact of my usually being first from the classroom in no way as-

THE "MERRY WIDOW WALTZ" IN COLORS

sured my being first to the band room. I stopped to drink. I banged my way through the swinging double doors of the boys' room. With more great noise I emerged. I drank, and I then proceeded into the fresh air, the entrance to the band room being happily reachable only by a route which carried me through the out-of-doors and past, and just below, the windows of the classroom from which, in the name of music, I had escaped. Near the band room my bicycle, with all the rest, stood in its stall, and occasionally I sounded my horn, thus advising my classmates above, who would know whose horn it was and who had sounded it, that I was free and they were not. This behavior was several times described to me by Mr. Traphagen, our principal, as an abuse of privilege. It now occurs to me that in view of my repeated abuses of privilege I could not have feared him as terribly as I thought I did. In any case, I soon turned up in the band room where, from among a large assortment, I chose the smallest available violin. Violins wearied my left arm, and they continued to do so despite the Compinsky method, which was designed to reduce or wholly eliminate so many of the physical hazards.

Under the Compinsky method, students sat on a long bench (or perhaps on chairs) fronted by a horizontal length of lumber supported by uprights. Hooks were drilled into the lumber at intervals, and over these hooks we looped a wire affixed to the scrolls of our fiddles. It was then possible to struggle with at least some small hope of victory against the natural tendency of the violin to point itself floorward. It was even possible, when Compinsky was not looking, to allow the left arm to dangle.

As gravity was defeated, so also was the greatest obstacle of all: under the Compinsky method I could read music, for upon a board elevated before us scores were available, not in the orthodox black-and-white but in color, painted there by Compinsky himself, and very gay, like the wallpaper at home. Notes had colors, and these colors identically corresponded to colors painted upon notches carved into the finger boards of our violins. If I knew which string to play on, as I usually did, it was then required of me only that I place a finger upon the designated color and draw my bow: the desired music would produce itself, as upon a player piano or

phonograph. Science operated in conjunction with Time, and it was now not to be doubted, after the five or six false starts under the five or six old-fashioned men, that my genius would blossom. A boy who could thread a motion-picture projector could match colors. I was adept. Moreover, it was fun. We played many songs, but the one I best remember was the "Merry Widow Waltz," which to this day I do not hear without responding inwardly, "red-green or-rr-ange, red-green or-rr-ange," and so forth. A Strauss waltz is not a piece of music but a series of colors.

The violin now became a game, and because I was quick at the game I liked it. I cultivated an affection for the physical instrument, its smell, its shape, and for the creak of tuning pegs in their sockets. I endlessly adjusted these pegs, blandly undoing the work of tuning which Compinsky accomplished sometime before half-past two, and I doubted, when he pleaded with me to desist, that there was, in the first place, any such thing as a violin's being "in tune" or "out of tune." The E string, tight or loose, had for me an unvarying sound, higher than A, which was higher than D, which was higher than G. It was sufficient that these strings bore a comparative relationship to one another, and any greater discrimination than this was a pretense, a manufactured complication. I liked to resinate my bow; I liked the smell of the rosin and the pleasant identification I then could have with baseball players, who used rosin and who were the figures of earth with whom I most wished to be identified.

Compinsky's system was better suited to my day's program than those of the other men, but I attached no credit to him for his system. For one thing, I could not fully respect or honor him since he was not a regular teacher on the regular pay roll: he was paid by the head, and since his livelihood partially depended upon my continued attendance I was entitled to certain liberties. It was, for example, my privilege to ignore his hands, which he waved before us. This was another pretense, the idea of music being to match colored notes, not to be bound by a tempo. He was a small man, whose hair was gray and who surprised me by his energy, for I thought him very old. He was perhaps forty. He spoke with a foreign accent (Hungarian, I think), and this meant that my feeling

toward him had to be ambivalent. It would, for this reason, have been ambivalent even if he had been on the regular pay roll. I respected his wisdom and learning, for all foreigners were wise and learned, but it was my patriotic duty to show him less respect and obedience than I showed a birthright-American. He had no right to discipline me or to tamper with my morality, as Martin H. Traphagen had, so that coming late to lessons or dangling my arm at my side were my prerogatives as one who spoke with no accent and had had the good sense, to begin with, to be born in so American a place as Mount Vernon, New York. Unquestionably I was cruel to him, not so much by the performance of disruptive acts or deeds as by my habit of fastening upon him a perpetual scowl registering sentiment to the effect that I thought him a manufacturer of complexity, an alien person defective in spirit, that I thought music a humbug, and that ten thousand musicians were not pure enough to touch the letters of the cap of John J. McGraw.

Could the Compinsky method make a musician of a child? This was the pragmatic question apparently asked by school authorities, by parents, and perhaps by competing teachers of music who resented the Compinsky monopoly at our school.

One thing should be said at the outset. The Compinsky method did not forever paralyze a child's musical development. If this has a negative sound, it is due largely to the absence of data. All that is known is that one of the youngsters who read color-scores with me now plays in the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra; another, according to a Mount Vernon *Daily Argus* of recent date, is "slated" to offer a recital at Carnegie Hall and has been "widely hailed" by "critics."

But parents and school authorities could not wait a generation for an answer to their question. As often happens in a community where democracy is better understood than art, it was decided to put the matter to a vote. A concert would be offered, and parents and school officials would judge.

I knew nothing of the controversy. Parents and teachers were periodically embattled between and among themselves on a wide variety of issues, and my mother talked about them on the telephone. But I could not have been less interested, and so it was that

on the night of the concert I but vaguely sensed that this was somehow to be a test of the Compinsky method. Had I been more aware of the crisis I might have exerted myself more cleverly (though perhaps with a poorer result) than I did, for I was of a naturally sympathetic nature, and these sympathies would have extended to him, even though he was a Hungarian, by virtue of the fact that he stood alone against my natural enemies. His bread and butter and his pride were at stake, and I knew something about both, especially pride, living, as I did, in a predominantly Yankee neighborhood in the year 1932—so triumphant a year for the Yankees and so dismal a one for the Giants that McGraw quit baseball in mid-season. I may not, day by day, have been cordial, but in a moment of crisis—had I *known* the crisis—I would somehow have risen to the occasion.

Compinsky, the artist reduced in a depression time to teaching the likes of me, stood before us that night in a tuxedo, and this I remember along with a mild sensation of panic when I discovered the black and absolute nakedness of the upper saddles and finger boards of the violins upon which we were to play. I then saw that we were to read from ordinary black-and-white scores placed on individual tripods. I could not read this despicable foreign language, and if I could have read it I would not have known how to finger it. It was a camouflage.

But the group did well. Many of them no doubt practiced at home in excess of the Compinsky minimum. I do not recall what was played, but it was played acceptably. I myself did not play, though I swept my arm upward when others did, and downward when theirs came down, conforming to the direction of the majority. When they pizzicatoed, I assumed the poses and imitated the gestures of one who was pizzicatoing, and when they stopped, I stopped.

The audience applauded, and Compinsky turned to it and spoke briefly, concluding with the announcement that I would now perform a solo.

It seems to me unlikely that I had not been told of this in advance. It simply had made no impression upon me. I had no fear of crowds or assemblages of any kind, and it would have made little

THE "MERRY WIDOW WALTZ" IN COLORS

difference to me whether I was matching colors in the band room or before a sizable gathering. But at some time between the time I was told and the time I was called upon, the decision was made to set black-and-white scores before us. Surely he knew that I was not only not a genius but was, musically speaking, absolutely illiterate and figuratively deaf. Or else he had not meant to call upon me, but on someone else, and then, having spoken my name, could not, in courtesy to my parents, who were present, if not to me, who deserved none, retract.

The soundest hypothesis is that it was deliberate on his part, that he well understood my nature, knew that I had the courage of ignorance and shamelessness; if I was his least promising student I was also his bravest, and to this audience trained more in democracy than in art my confident energy would appear to be virtuosity.

I strode to the front of the stage. Since I could not read music I was frank enough not to take any with me, but I remember Compinsky's setting it before me and breathing a few words which I did not hear but which I understood to be a phrase of encouragement. I needed no encouragement. I waved with my bow to my mother and father, grinned and played. I did not turn a page. I played fragments of melodies as I remembered them from the gay, hand-painted scores, usually the first few bars—for these I knew by memory—of the most familiar waltzes, the strains beyond which nobody whistles.

But as I played I knew for the first time that this was not music. I did not know the word "transitions," but as I leaped from melody to melody their absence offended even me, and as I played I was gripped by a long-enduring guilt, for in these intense moments I realized the enormity of what was taking place: a man's livelihood was in the balance, and his pride. It was I, not he, who was a pretender; I had known this all along, and I did not so much mind the truth of it as I lamented its exposure, and I resolved, while playing, never to touch a violin again. This resolution I faithfully kept.

When my arm wearied I stopped. The applause I received was distinctly greater in volume than that awarded to the group when we had played *en masse*, and the confusion this generated within me exceeds in vividness all the other vivid memories of that eve-

ning. Had all values been inverted, all moral law revoked? Was bad good, and fakery to be applauded? Only in my daydreams was such emancipation conceivable, as when, for example, with the first stirrings of physical passion, I fancied that a law had been passed enforcing universal nakedness.

Perhaps I *was* a genius! Compinsky, arising from the piano stool, smiled a smile at me which clearly told me that his admiration for me was limitless. *You are a genius*, said his smile. Was he, too, deceived? Was I the only person in the hall in possession of the truth? He bade the audience good evening, and then he led us in a recessional.

Not long afterward, Compinsky and the Compinsky method ceased to prevail in the band room of William Wilson, Jr., Junior High School, and though I was at first assailed by a sense of guilt, I came in time to see that there was no causal relationship between my violin solo and his subsequent departure. This guilt, lightly lingering even twenty years after, was put to its final rest at the MacDowell Colony where I heard that Compinsky, secure in his reputation, is on the West Coast. And over the years I have re-translated his smile: *I know, and you have just begun to suspect, that democrats often love us for the wrong reasons.*

What the Japanese Intellectuals Are Thinking

DALLAS FINN

AT A TIME WHEN OUR COUNTRY is competing for the mind of Asia, it is disconcerting to find that the best brains in one of our most secure and deeply committed of Oriental allies regard the United States and its chief local supporters, their conservative parties and business community, with a lack of enthusiasm ranging from philosophic resignation to outright hostility. While it is true that Japanese intellectuals alone do not make up the mind of Japan, the special place occupied by the intelligentsia in Japan's neatly classified society makes it a well-defined and articulate force to be reckoned with. Even the word "intellectual" has such a splendid reputation in Japan that almost any flower arranger, highschool teacher, expert at Chinese calligraphy, pianist, university student or subscriber to serious magazines is apt to be called—or call himself—an "intellectual." In this kind of atmosphere in which college graduates far outnumber good jobs, and people who cannot afford automobiles, television sets and similar distractions are forced to accept the consolations of philosophy, the real intellectuals—the professional writers and thinkers—command an unusually large and susceptible audience. Some of this audience sit in the overcrowded university classrooms, of course, but most intellectual amateurs need go no farther than their corner bookstore—in Japanese cities, bookstores are almost as omnipresent as drugstores in America—to buy one of the four or five journals of opinion, Japanese equivalents of the *Atlantic* or *Harper's* with a strong dash

✱ DALLAS FINN began research on Japan in 1944 when she joined the Far Eastern Branch of the Office of War Information. In 1947 she and her husband were sent by the Department of State to Tokyo. During most of her stay she was an instructor in American history at Tokyo Women's College, and from 1952-1954 she taught English at Tokyo University. Mrs. Finn has published other articles on Japan in the *Far Eastern Survey* and the *Yale Review*.

of the *Monthly Review*, which contain in an attractively *avant-garde* format the correct political ideas.

Though would-be intellectuals are numerous, the number of commentators and scholars who express the political convictions for their class is actually very small, consisting probably of less than a hundred men and a woman or two. They all have strikingly similar and very Japanese backgrounds. Aside from an occasional bit of graduate study, usually in Europe, they are products of a thoroughly native education. Also, most of them have the unassailable prestige of being graduates of Tokyo University, the leading government school, where admission is based on scholarship rather than family or money, and where a number of them hold famous academic posts. But it would be a mistake to describe the arbiters of intellectual opinion as narrow academic types. Some of them are editors, some novelists, many are *hyoronka*, a peculiarly Japanese kind of critic who comments willingly on almost any current topic, especially in the round-table discussions to which the Japanese press and radio are passionately addicted. The typical intellectual retains a seat in the academic world but prefers to stand somewhere between the ivory tower and the city desk in this heady new period when, after years of reticence during militarism, war and occupation, he is free at last to speak out on public issues.

This unaccustomed opportunity may explain why the intellectuals write, but not why they write so much, or why so much of what they write is critical of current trends in Japanese economic and political life and the alignment with the United States. Probably the best explanation for their extraordinary volubility is economic. Without a share in the postwar business boom, professors and writers, who suffer from inflation along with the ordinary Japanese worker for whom they show an understandable sympathy, are forced to supplement their inadequate salaries by writing articles. Inevitably the articles are written around salable subjects like current affairs, and almost as inevitably take a sharply critical line, because that is the attitude popular with the readers of serious magazines whose editors too must give a thought to making a living. This vicious circle of critical writers selling critical articles to critical journals for critical readers has been exploited particularly

by the left-wing publishing concerns, notably the house of Iwanami whose magazine *Sekai* (The World) demands a line which the Japanese call liberal but which by less casual American standards is leftist—or worse.

There is always a danger that Americans, a people notorious for wanting to be loved even by foreign intellectuals, will overbuy, and that the Japanese with real economic and political power will oversell the theory that the intellectuals are shameless opportunists. Of course, some of them are; and it is hard for professors to resist appealing to the prejudices of their own class and the incurably radical university students who are, after all, an important source of a Japanese scholar's prestige and income. A good deal of justification can be found for the theory, naturally the one the intellectuals prefer, that they are sincerely motivated by idealistic considerations. As a virtual who's who of the Japanese cerebral world declared in a special issue of *Sekai* published just after the intellectually unpopular San Francisco Peace Conference, from now on the intellectuals who so cravenly submitted to the militarists before the war are determined never again to surrender their principles without a struggle. Clearly these Japanese are having an acute attack of conscience.

Intellectuals agree that their country is pursuing a *gyaku course*, a term they have contrived, characteristically, out of Japanese and English, to mean a turning back to reactionary policies. In sharp contrast to Americans who consider world communism infinitely more of a threat to Japan than the revision of occupation reforms, which may have been unsuited to Japan anyway, most prominent intellectuals, usually men well beyond forty, regard the quick revival of conservative forces, the revision of occupation laws, possible changes in the new constitution, and other proposals reminiscent of the authoritarian past as infinitely more dangerous to Japan than communism. Consequently, since the last year of the occupation, the leading intellectuals and their vocal following have opposed the revisionist program of the Japanese government, led first by one conservative party and now by another with virtual unanimity. In the quick shift of Japanese fates the intellectuals find themselves in the ironical role of defending the status quo and a

system introduced by the United States. Here lie the roots of their anti-Americanism. They could not hate the United States so much now if they had not loved it so well in the recent past. With an emphasis on principle highly unrealistic to Americans, the intellectuals insist that they have clung to the true democratic faith while America, once altruistically devoted to Japan's democratization, has sacrificed its ideals for power politics. The United States must think democracy is all right for a defeated enemy, they imply, but not good enough for a friend.

Rearmament is the issue in which American interests and the interests of the Japanese intellectuals clash head-on. Opposing intellectuals range from moderate men like the respected president of Tokyo University, Tadao Yanaibara, and Masamichi Royama, famous journalist, educator and prolific writer, to Shigeto Tsuru, the brilliant American-educated economist who once taught at Harvard, and Hyoe Ouchi, an elder economist known locally as a "non-Communist Marxist." (It is pointless to extend the list to extremists like Goro Hani, inveterate attendee of Soviet and Chinese peace conventions, or Ikuo Oyama, wartime refugee at Northwestern University, now a recipient of a Stalin prize.) Their opposition is based first on the pacifist conviction that suppression at home and foreign adventure would go hand in hand with a new Japanese army. Second, of course, is their belief that rearmament is contrary to the new constitution whose Article Nine outlawing war was quibbled away by the conservative Liberal party under the leadership of former Prime Minister Yoshida to the point of permitting arms for self-defense. Even strongly anti-Communist intellectuals blame Yoshida, and indirectly the American government, for permitting the nucleus of an army to be established without consulting the wishes of the Japanese people.

Unable to prevent modified rearmament and many revisions of occupation reforms such as the strengthening of the police, increasing national control over teachers and local government, anti-subversive legislation and a secrecy law protecting American-lent arms, the intellectuals are determined to protect the constitution from further encroachment. Once the precedent gets established that this basic document can be revised easily, warns the president of Tokyo

University, Japan will rapidly lose her political freedom, and most others agree that the constitution is one and indivisible. When a survivor of Tojo's cabinet, now prominent in the ruling Democratic party, announced his plans to restore the old family system, the intellectual Cassandras reminded the people that discarding Article Twenty-four (equal civil and economic rights within the family) meant throwing out innumerable related concepts of individual dignity, sexual equality and nondiscrimination which appear throughout the constitution, thus undermining the philosophic bases of democratic government. This situation benefits the Japanese Communists and their friends who have had spectacular success in getting intellectuals, including both the semi-official Science Council and the leading literary society, to lend their names and prestige to the far from disinterested campaign to "Preserve the Peace Constitution."

Although it is hard to tell whether they mean it, most intellectuals declare their faith in a democratic government for Japan, but reserve grave doubts about its chances of ultimate success. The most idealistic insist that democracy and a longing for human dignity is not foreign and unnatural to the Japanese soul, but even they subscribe to the general intellectual pessimisms: there is no basic understanding between the Japanese parties; the conservatives are not so much preservers as reactionaries; and democracy has formidable opponents in the economic interests which control and support the conservative parties and the big bureaucracy which, being free of popular control, exercises broad unrestrained authority. Japanese scholars, who have read our history more carefully than we have theirs, point out that unlike the West, where capitalism and democracy grew up side by side, Japanese business started under government subsidy and still feels no stake in popular government beyond putting its money where it will do the most good at election time. Naturally the addition of a defense establishment to this already powerful combination does not cheer the intellectuals.

These melancholy observations lead most scholars to conclude that the best solution to Japan's political problems would be to strengthen the Socialists so that they could counterbalance the pre-

vailing conservatism and help give Japan a stable parliamentary system. But this is a discouraging prospect since the Socialists, besides being split over the issue of rearmament, show as little disposition to behave well in the Diet as the conservatives. Their spectacular riot on the floor of the legislature last year discredited parliamentary government as much as the Liberal party's bribery scandals, to which the highbrow commentators gave more critical attention. The intellectuals are at a loss to see how the Socialists, whose popularity rests on the two slender pillars of organized labor and the intellectuals themselves, can extend their political support. Spurred by the Communist-derived formula that Japan's future lies with the masses (organized labor, farmers, women and young people) the intellectuals hope that Japan's political illiterates can be liberalized, particularly the hidebound farmers—the Solid South of the conservative vote. But the farmers, their land hunger assuaged by American reforms, refuse to feel any affinity with industrial workers whose eight- or ten-hour day in the factory sounds relaxing compared to their own continual grind on the land. Under the circumstances, few intellectuals would exclude the Communists from politics in view of their value as another source of strength against "reaction."

Honest commentators admit that there are other reasons for the failure of Japanese democracy besides the wicked old conservatives: Japan's ingrained social habit of conformity; the preference for indirect means rather than frank debate; and particularly, economic conditions which make politics and corruption almost inseparable. Forced to conclude that political progress is impossible without better economic solutions, most intellectuals reject the present form of Japanese capitalism, which in their eyes shows no respect for democratic methods or the good of society as a whole, in favor of some kind of a planned economy such as reformed capitalism or, more likely, socialism. The scholars out in left field like to theorize about Japan's being caught in the last throes of capitalism, but not many others consider communism a practical solution to Japan's maldistribution of wealth or lack of long-range economic policies. Japan, they argue, should advance toward socialism by democratic means, but here they find themselves trapped in a paradox. They

WHAT THE JAPANESE INTELLECTUALS ARE THINKING

cannot improve politics without improving economics, which cannot be improved without politics. Unfortunately, the Socialists, the only practical reformers of Japanese capitalism, lack the strength to do it.

Economic reform and a Socialist victory would be possible, the intellectuals reason, if only the United States could be eliminated from the scene. By giving economic aid and encouraging rearmament, America enables the conservatives to hold on to power with the meretricious prospect of economic security for the Japanese. Only a few scholars can accept or understand that the United States is keeping Japan from economic collapse. Most of the articulate ones insist that we are forcing capitalism upon Japan even though (as Japanese economists, generally a pretty progressive lot, charge) that system in Japan is characterized by such chronic inflation, high prices, low wages and narrow profits that it is incapable of improving the ordinary worker's standard of living. They widely condemn rearmament as being unnecessary and tragically uneconomic, considering the already low standard of living. Whether they accept Japan's economic dependence on the United States or maintain the not very convincing theory that Japan can and must achieve economic independence by unrestricted trade with China and the rest of Asia, the intellectuals cannot escape the depressing fact that their economy does not offer a firm foundation for a stable or democratic government. As a result, a few fear communism, a few welcome it, but most intellectuals expect a future of repression and reactionary control.

Turning to foreign relations, the intellectuals generally agree that co-operation with the United States against communism is not in the nation's best interests. What Japan needs most is detachment and peace, and for that reason writers who deplore the United States-Japan Security Treaty and its corollary permitting American bases in Japan have almost developed a new literary form depicting the frightful goings on in such places. This subject, to the aid and comfort of the Communists, makes an almost irresistible appeal to intellectuals who see cultural desecration in our rest centers in quiet, ancient cities like Nara, moral degradation in the blatant presence of pom-pom girls, despite the flourishing state of native

prostitution; and a threat to the younger generation in the proximity of our bases to schools, a situation dictated less by American military necessity than the phenomenal Japanese birth rate. The unfortunate encounter of the twenty-three Japanese fishermen with the atomic fallout from Bikini—an event which, unlike the establishment of bases, could hardly be justified on the grounds of benefiting the Japanese—gave the intellectuals a much wider audience for their criticism of America. While the Bikini incident was a present to the professional peace-wagers whose National Council on Banning Atomic Bombs collected over thirty million signatures, it probably gave them less ammunition than it gave the neutralists. At this crucial point the most well-disposed intellectuals were willing to bring down a curse on both houses, Russian and American. However bad communism is supposed to be, the intellectuals believe the cost of joining an anti-Communist crusade would be suppression at home, dangerous involvement abroad, and the risk of national destruction in an atomic war. For Japan to become another South Korea or Nationalist China is a humiliating thought. Peace is the tie that binds all intellectuals together. All favor negotiating peace and trade agreements with the Communist nations. If there is any disagreement in this emotional rather than logical advocacy of over-all peace, it arises only over the extent to which Japan should associate herself with Asia and the Communist world.

For moderate men like Masamichi Royama and Shigeru Nambara, the retired president of Tokyo University, a kindly Christian who opposes Japan's becoming a satellite of either side, and his successor Yanaibara, who considers Russian-American antagonism to be fanatical intolerance, neutralism is clear-cut. At the other extreme, Stalin prize winner Oyama, the famous sociologist Ikutaro Shimizu, and Goro Hani urge abrogating the treaties with America immediately and climbing on the Chinese bandwagon with its splendid banner of Asian solidarity emblazoned with Chou En-lai's Five Principles. For the rest, the majority of intellectuals in between, neutralism, suspicion of American motives and strong pro-Asian sentiments tend to get muddled. Following the theory that Japan should invest in a policy of reinsurance as India and the

WHAT THE JAPANESE INTELLECTUALS ARE THINKING

Colombo nations are doing, the leading neutralist Hyoe Ouchi ridicules the suggestion by the American scholar Edwin Reischauer that Japanese scholars should show their people that our treaties are for Japan's defense too. Both he and the prolific Shigeto Tsuru agree that America's interest in Japan is basically selfish and undependable and that the United States shows less devotion to peace than the Communist nations. Tsuru, in the course of many articles deploring McCarthyism and the decline of traditional American tolerance and understanding (his tribute to our free society which received him as a youthful refugee from the Japanese thought police is moving and probably sincere) blames America for associating genuine movements for national independence and economic improvement with a fictitious Communist plot for world domination. The new China is here to stay, he insists, and America with its exaggerated zeal against communism has lost its moral leadership in Asia. The tendency to admire Asian resurgence is often so great that even temperate types will remark that all-Asian solidarity is a better goal than neutralism. Nehru, whose statements, like those of the Red Chinese leaders, are frequently reproduced in the intellectual magazines, receives less attention as a neutralist than as a supposed collaborator with Chou in Pan-Asian harmony.

In spite of the strong trend away from the United States, it does not seem wise to conclude that the intellectuals as a class are hopelessly alienated from the West. Pan-Asianism is often negative, the reverse side of anti-Americanism, while the genuine scholarly interest in America, England and the West proceeds undimmed. There are thousands of English teachers for one teacher of Chinese, and hundreds of experts on all aspects of the West contrasted with a handful who know anything about the culture of China, let alone India. Knowledge of Russian language and affairs is almost equally rare. Intellectuals, the main channel through which Western culture has poured into Japan for the last century, are not likely to shift their basic orientation. Among the intellectuals as a class, and not only among those who would actually present ideological difficulties to our visa officers, there is the persistent complaint that America concentrates on Japanese business and government leaders and does not try to understand the intellectuals. Those intellectuals

who are sought out or who visit America tend to be too safe and pro-American to have a very beneficial effect on their return to Japan where leftism starts about where it ends in America. The political alienation of the intellectuals, whose lack of power and money makes them unreasonably proud and sensitive, may even be explained in part by the fact that we who have such enormous influence over their lives pay them so little attention.

But Americans who watch the Japanese intellectuals cannot help being appalled by their critical hostility. The explanation that they are Communist is obviously incorrect, and the explanation that they are influenced by Communist propaganda is obviously partly correct, and yet an unsatisfactory way to account for their attitude. It is hard to see how cultural interchange can overcome a distance which is essentially not one of space but of time and history. No American over thirty-five can fail to see the resemblance between the kind of thinking going on in the Japanese intellectual world today and what went on in similar circles here in the thirties. There is the same intense emotional revulsion to war and military strength and the sense of crisis over the slow progress of democracy, over poverty, the loss of old values and political incompetence. The Japanese intellectuals' alliance with each other against the outside Japanese world minimizes their differences and creates a tolerance like that found in prewar America for all kinds of political solutions calculated to improve human conditions: liberal democracy, socialism or communism. As in the days of the depression many Americans who were not Communists took wide-eyed interest in the Soviet system, so today many Japanese with an Oriental example even closer at hand cannot help being impressed by what looks to them like an independent and dynamic way to handle social and economic problems.

Japan's intellectuals have been set irretrievably on their present course by the facts of Japan's national life. Finding no help in their own narrow tradition for the problems of a modern industrial society, the intellectuals have been forced to shop abroad for values. The result is that they accept foreign ideas more readily and thoroughly than the rest of the nation and favor broad, universalist concepts, the kinds of ideas that avoid nationalism and religion

WHAT THE JAPANESE INTELLECTUALS ARE THINKING

and fit in as well in Japan as anywhere else. Evidently their highest value is what they rather grandiloquently call "humanism," a concept which adjusts very well with their self-conscious affinity for "spiritual" rather than "material" values. The test the intellectuals apply to their political theories, and lately—shades of Dos Passos and earlier Steinbeck—to their literature is whether they serve the cause of human welfare. This attitude explains the intellectuals' eager acceptance of the occupation reforms, the war-renouncing constitution, and their concern that these gains should not be lost. They do not mourn the loss of old Japanese concepts contrary to humanist values, like racial destiny or the sacred imperial family, and they propose to modify narrow nationalism with a new patriotism based on "universal thoughts of peace and democracy." The trouble with Japanese humanism is that like many Western ideas it has taken on a flexible, elusive meaning in Japan. Democrats, Socialists, Communists, all insist they are "humanists," though how dialectic materialism or the mass conformity of communism square with humanism is not clear and leads one to conclude that some Japanese are either poor Communists or poor humanists.

If there is anything which makes as great an appeal to the Japanese mind as doing good for humanity, it is the idea that the universe is rational and that all problems, including those of government, are susceptible to rational solutions. Based on a combination of distinctive national experiences and practical applications, British muddling-through and American democracy cannot be reduced to an abstract theory and put out in a cheap edition by Iwanami. Therefore they lack appeal, especially for younger Japanese scholars. Probably this is what Tsuru and others who follow the modern, economic approach to political problems rather than the old-fashioned liberal line mean when they say that America lacks "social science." Thus Marxism with its seemingly irrefutable logic preserves its uniquely strong position among scholars even though they are rarely ever practicing Communists. Perversely, evidence against communism is much more skeptically received than evidence against the American brand of democratic capitalism. This may be because our economic system is still considered a rapacious, unregulated form of exploitation and because Americans, with their

not altogether democratic practices in Japan, have become too familiar and give the Chinese and Russians, by contrast, the prestige of the unknown. Many intellectuals appear to be totally unable to relate theory to experience. That, rather than insincerity, seems to be the best explanation for why humane and intelligent men remain Marxists despite their opposition, expressed in hundreds of magazine articles, to the slightest hint of the monster state with its repressive police methods.

Although the intellectuals are a querulous and difficult lot we may not be justified in becoming deeply alarmed at their present state of mind. For one thing, a good deal of their hostility can be explained away as a natural reaction to a long occupation and the six-year tenure of conservative Premier Yoshida, a man who never bothered to disguise his contempt for both press and professors. If we can avoid obvious meddling in Japanese politics in favor of conservative policies, and if we permit Japan to play a self-respecting role in foreign affairs, it is very probable that a number of prominent intellectuals will become much more favorably disposed toward the United States. Intellectual enthusiasm for joining the United Nations is surprisingly strong, and Communist attempts to block it would be deeply resented. The current fad for neutralism and everything Asiatic might be seriously diminished, too, if the Russian offer of peace and the Chinese offer of trade bog down in protracted, unpromising negotiations.

Finally, we cannot be sure that the intellectuals, though they dominate the serious magazines and educate the bureaucracy, have much real power in Japanese affairs. On this point even they themselves disagree. Some reluctantly accept the unflattering view of Japanese businessmen and bureaucrats that they are *aojiroi interi*, "ineffectual eggheads." Others point with pride at Socialist gains and also take credit for checking constitutional revision and mobilizing opinion against further rearmament. Publishing statistics do not flatter the intellectuals, for while the most moderate of the intellectual monthlies, *Bungei Shunju*, has a circulation of about 500,000, *Sekai* and two or three other typical intellectual journals struggle along on a readership of between 50 and 80,000—proof that they are read largely by students and other intellectuals rather

WHAT THE JAPANESE INTELLECTUALS ARE THINKING

than the general, highly literate Japanese public. As for the bureaucrats, there is considerable evidence that once the Japanese student deserts the nonconformist conformity of the intellectual world, he responds with equal discipline to the new conformity of the Finance Ministry or the Foreign Office and leaves his youthful thoughts behind him. Even the alarming alliance of intellectuals with left-wing labor is a tentative and awkward relationship, for most intellectuals cannot help looking down on practical politics and feeling uncomfortable with "uncultured" workers and union leaders.

One of the tragedies of Japan's compartmentalized society is that it divorces the intellectuals so completely from all sources of power that they become hopelessly abstract and impractical while practical men and politicians are generally unrestrained in matters of principle and scornful of intellectual advice. In their isolation it is not surprising that many intellectuals take refuge in negative, pessimistic and often irresponsible ideas. There may be considerable justice in the estimate the octogenarian dean of Japanese intellectuals makes of his colleagues and his country. Japan's genius, writes Nyozeke Hasegawa, is essentially practical, not theoretical, and that is why the intellectuals are weak and uncritical of borrowed philosophy. Craftsmen made the distinctive houses, gardens and useful objects of old Japan, and their descendants, the industrialists, technicians, scientists and businessmen have built modern Japan. It is not to her saints and savants that Japan owes her strength, Hasegawa concludes, but to her practical men.

POEMS

by LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Second Wonder

I woke, but unawake, with that slow waking
Induced by the persistent touch of light,
Thinking the moon a ball, a fruit, a mirror
Fixed in the west and terribly unshaking,
A small thing waxed unnatural, polished bright,
The metaphor come true and turned to terror,
And I so panic-struck at the enigma,
"The gibbous moon?" I hazarded a guess,
Casting the wonder off, unwonted stigma,
Being so long unused to fearlessness.

How excellent the vision which reverses
What we expect to see, and thus allows
The second wonder, how the night is hung
With moons aplenty evermore agreed.
For in the moment when the reason trembled
The moon became again what it resembled:
A ball, a mirror, and a fruit indeed,
Apple still clinging to the spiral boughs
Of that gnarled tree the universe among
The scattered orchards of the universes.

Waking from life but slowly, in a daze,
With gravitated sight intense as thirst
We may see even death itself at first
Incongruous; we may start up to gaze!
But anyone who does not seek too soon
To put amazement and its source asunder
Will come at last upon death's second wonder,
Since what it most resembles it will be:
Mirror reflecting other light, a moon
Involved in quite another solar tree.

by DAVID MORTON

Obscure Incident

The noble and ignoble met and paired,
Were wedded and begot ambiguous sons
Who multiplied and filled the earth and fared
Ambiguous ways, with stunted wings—and guns;
Were christened Dante, here, Capone, there,
For dreams of Heaven, and days of Alcatraz—
And passed the hybrid cross they had to bear
To sons who died in grace, or poisoned gas.

The later girls and boys are much abused:
By angels, devils, crying in their blood,
The ancient hymns of darkneses and lights—
And haunted always, here, and sore confused
By so much mud, and glints across the mud,
Persisting from those singular marriage rites.

by HANNAH KAHN

Conformer

Since what was wood has turned to stone
and what was flesh is ashen grey . . .
Flesh now withered, yet the bone
exposed defies decay.

Bone endures and flesh decays
and I conform , . . and sing the praise
of what is soft of touch and tone
submissive to the hardened bone.

Counterpoint

For this my daily bread I give
the flow, the curve, the bent
and allegoric legacy
of my entire intent.

And from this daily bread I take
the kernel which for me
is sustenance that intercepts
the curved intensity.

For what I give, from what I take,
counterpoint of need,
the bread is source, the kernel core,
the legacy is seed.

by SHELDON ZITNER

The Rose and the Sun

From leaf to thorn the sunlight goes,
Trying the merits of the rose,
 Trembling to touch
Its sudden barb, its crisp, red nap,
Its virile bone, its dusty pap;
 But out of reach,
The gnarled and primal rose is spun
Through the red slag of the primal sun,
 Each controlling each.

❖ LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL has published five books of poems, the most recent being her *Collected Poems*. Miss Nicholl received the \$5,000 fellowship award from the Academy of American Poets for the year 1954.

❖ DAVID MORTON, formerly professor of English at Amherst College, is now living in the Azores, where he continues to write and teach. His new book, *Like A Man in Love*, was awarded a Borestone Mountain Poetry Award.

❖ Poems by HANNAH KAHN have appeared in *Saturday Review*, *Voices* and the *New York Times*. Another of her poems was published in the Winter, 1953-54, issue of *THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR*.

❖ SHELDON ZITNER, who appears for the first time in *THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR*, teaches at Hampton Institute. He is now at work on a book of monologues in verse and a study of the Restoration theatre.

If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Ours, so they say, is a world ready at last to "face the facts." Actually this has been the Age of Euphemism much longer than it has been the Age of Anxiety, and the softeners are still at work. Even in my childhood "graveyard" had already become "cemetery" and now cemetery has given way to "memorial park," because any euphemism ceases to be euphemistic after a time and the true meaning begins to show through. It's a losing game, but we keep on trying.

Highbrow prejudice notwithstanding, the Latins also have long played the game. What we call a "brassiere" (literally "shoulder strap") the French call "soutien-gorge" or "neck supporter." Then, having used up that innocent anatomical feature with French illogicality, they were compelled to call a neck cover a "cache-nez" or "nose hider." And haven't they, as well as we, tried to fall back upon foreign words only to discover that they don't remain obscure very long: as in the case of the once so elegant "water closet," which now sounds a bit crude even to them? Since we reciprocated by calling the same necessary piece of plumbing by their name for a lady's costume, it is not surprising that a departing French diplomat is said to have astounded reporters by telling them that the thing which had impressed him most in the United States was the ladies' toilets.

So far as I can see, we Anglo-Saxons have reversed the trend only in connection with the sexually significant features of anatomy. We were pretty proud of ourselves for getting back to "legs," and a little later we were equally proud of discarding "bosom" for "breast." If "rooster" still comes more naturally to most Americans than "cock," that is only because they are not sufficiently aware of the euphemism to get any kick out of changing back. But though we face the facts of sex we are more reluctant than ever to face the fact of death or the crueler facts

of life, either biological or social. That the poor will be happier if we tell them as "people in the lower income brackets," and there are many worse ex-

Only this morning I read in a newspaper the headline: "Special for Exceptional Children." "That," to myself, "is an encouraging development and I had read well into the article realized that "exceptional" meant "retarded." Or, if my phrase sounds brutal, then "retarded," though it was itself once a euphemism, suggests, contrary to fact, that the child usually catch up in time.

Most of these euphemisms, I will not say are not prudish but merely kindly. They are. In all seriousness I believe Americans are the kindest people who have lived. I believe, moreover, that their kindness in many important matters. But I am compelled to add that so we just don't seem to have much sense of pure kindness of heart we buy horses' hay. A story used to be told many days before dialect stories were introduced upon as transmitters of "offensive types") about a Negro youth who had a gravestone the legend: "I am not sleeping." "Boy," he said to himself, "ain't foolin' nobody but hisself." Wonder, are "memorial park" and "exceptional child" supposed to fool?

The "Rock of Ages" used to suggest a solid foundation. Now a nationally known manufacturer (the phrase) uses it as the brand name for a highly touted tombstone, although the couple which is often shown content with it with something very like longing allowed to more than hint at what it is. There are a lot of delicate phrases like "eternal granite" and "not being for the moment" but no one comes right out and says "the huge block of polished stone is here, as usual, commercial enterprise exploits squeamishness for profit."

went through life banishing B.O. and tattle-tale gray! Ye who showed off your furnaces, your linoleum, and your water closet bowl to envious neighbors! Ye who are numbered among the one out of five who shave every day and who demand the best! You wouldn't want to be buried under any old tombstone would you? Go at last to some dignified funeral home. Let some well-known mortician superintend your last journey to a Memorial Park and rest under a Rock of Ages. Only one out of ten can afford it. Well may that one exclaim, 'O death! where is thy sting?'

The present discourse started out to be a cheerful, inoffensive little piece. It is growing lugubrious; but we might as well risk going the whole way. Have you visited your undertaker recently? If you have not you would probably be surprised at how his vocabulary continues to grow and how dreadfully he oozes euphemisms. Also, at how much you can be expected to pay for all this delicacy. Middle-class establishments now keep in stock "caskets" (and what is a casket except a coffin ashamed to give its real name?) of a sort only gangsters used to fall for and which are priced as high as eight thousand dollars. For a mere ten or twelve hundred dollars you can get a wooden one elaborately fussed up with padded satin, and if you peep at the blue ribbon pinned on it you may read the legend: "Styled in Sun Valley"—presumably the ski resort. Meet Mr. Alysius Throttlebottom, America's best loved casket styler. For a consideration he would probably whip up an original for you.

And don't think you can beat the racket by being cremated. Since cremation became respectable it has also become elaborate and expensive. In many states the undertakers' lobby has seen to it that you have to have a "casket" to be burned in. At the same middle-class establishment where the Sun Valley creations were exhibited you could get a flimsy box of kindling wood for as little as a hundred and fifty dollars, but it is not much to look at; and if you want to avoid the sneers of the mortician you cannot get off with less than six hundred. And do you know what the residuum to be put in a

brass "urn" is now called? "The cremains." Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, and the cremains to a memorial park. All this is supposed to maintain the dignity of death. Or is it the dignity of undertakers? Nowadays we are not brave but vulgar in the infamy of our nature.

A few days ago I brought up the subject with my doctor. He smiled grimly and said that he had recently told an undertaker to go to hell when the latter had protested to him: "Your father was a man of some dignity in this community. It does not become you to haggle over the price of his casket." But the doctor was not very encouraging when I asked him what instructions I might leave to prevent the playing of any of these farces with my mortal remains. I was lucky, he said, to live in Arizona rather than California. Here the cremains may still be buried in your back yard. In California they have to be consigned to a memorial park. So far as he knew, the only people in Tucson exempt from the necessity of submitting to various indignities are the poor Papago Indians on the reservation near by. They can get a special license to bury their own dead if they do it quickly enough. I am thinking about applying for adoption into the tribe.

Logan Pearsall Smith once remarked that neither religion nor philosophy had ever made it easier for him to face the inevitability of death. The only thing which had ever done so was the splendor of the words which great writers have found when they discuss it. Though he had no hope, it was some compensation to share in a greatness. But if the morticians have their way, that consolation is not likely to be provided again. Gray could hardly have composed an "Elegy Wrote in a Memorial Park." Neither could Cleopatra have said, "The bright day is done and we are for the Funeral Home."

I am more ready to admit than I used to be that Rabbi Ben Ezra may have been half right. Still, aging does bring its own annoyances, and I have met one of them just now. Those of us who have to admit that old age is breathing down the backs of our necks can no longer mention death without self

consciousness. Even to talk about joining the Papagos makes me wonder if I am getting morbid. *A fortiori* I can't feel sorry about a friend who dies without asking myself if it is really he that I am sorry for. "What really troubles you," so I say to myself, "is the realization that it is for you the bell tolls." I can't even congratulate myself on my seeming good health without remembering that among all the famous last words none is better known than "I never felt better in my life."

So far I purge no amber gum and my hams are not too noticeably weaker. It is only these intimations of mortality that get me down. Not even looking into the mirror makes me *feel* old. And for the first time I recognize fully the significance of a familiar observation: One's contemporaries don't seem older though the young seem younger. Forty looks thirty, thirty looks twenty, and I would hate to tell what twenty looks like. But the young are not fooled. They are struck dumb with astonishment when some fatuous elder happens to remark that he "feels young." "How," they ask themselves, "can he?" In another twenty or thirty years they will know. I only hope they will regret then that they called me "Sir" so contemptuously.

Statisticians keep telling us that there are going to be more and more old gaffers and dames hanging loose on society. Bright young "counselors" are talking more and more about how to keep us amused and "adjusted." "Gerontic" has become a fashionable word because it is a little less harsh than "senile," because, in fact, the analogy between it and "exceptional child" is uncomfortably close. But it is also, if anything, more lofty and condescending. Moreover, those who are planning our future seem to have especially in mind those of us who are able to find shuffleboard and bingo quite enough to live for. Perhaps that really does take care of the greater number. But not quite all. Shouldn't there be a textbook which might be called *Gerontology for the Intellectual*?

I don't mean merely a collection of plati-

tudes about keeping up one's intellectual interests and sharing the problems of the young. I mean one which would, for example, discuss what kind of intellectual interests the aged really can keep up with and what attitudes, dubious perhaps in youth, are quite permissible to them.

Naturally I wouldn't have brought this subject up if I hadn't thought I had a contribution to make—and I have. Don't, say I, fight too hard against the growing conservatism which seems to come naturally. It's perfectly all right for the aged to believe in the good old days—social, moral and artistic. Don't think it is smart to say that youth is always right. In the first place, youth isn't always right; and in the second place, it puts you in an awful hole to say so, especially since the young are so sure of it anyway. An occasional suspicion that somebody else may know better is very wholesome for them.

Don't try to assure anybody, not even yourself, that you are keeping up with the latest intellectual fashions and that you share the contempt of present-day youth for the gods of your own younger days. You ain't fooling nobody but yourself. The old fellow who tries too desperately to keep in the intellectual swim is almost as ridiculous as the one who tries to learn the latest steps, and is hardly more out of place in a night club than he is at an *avant-garde* concert. Our fathers waltzed while we did the fox trot. There is every reason why we should fox-trot while the young dance the mambo—or whatever has come along since.

So far as I am concerned I admit freely that I have less patience than I used to have with *Sturm und Drang*, with apocalyptic visions and descents into hell. Flowers of evil are less attractive, and the fact that a new book is described as "devastating" no longer makes me sure that I want to read it. I make no bones over the fact that I like Dickens better than Sartre, or *The Marriage of Figaro* better than *Wozzeck*. Melancholy, sickness and despair have long been recognized as congenial to youth. It is cheered by such adjectives as "uncompromising," "grim," "revolutionary," "tortured," "decadent" and "decayed." Youth can stand it, physically and spiritually. But the old need

cheerfulness and health and hope. Even, perhaps, common sense. Without these, they are nothing. It may be, even, that they should admire the virtues.

When the truism begins to seem more important than the paradox we are getting old, which to the young means also fatuous and feeble. Perhaps if we were young our present convictions would be. Truisms are harder to understand and understanding them takes time. Perhaps the platitude really is false until it has been rediscovered. And perhaps when we return to it, it is not because we are senile but merely because we really have rediscovered it. A merely brilliant old man is a sad spectacle. Even the preternaturally young G.B.S. showed at last signs of becoming one. Some of his last attempts to be shocking were merely foolish. And they made one of his long-time admir-

ers wish that he would say a few obviously true things before he died. Most of us can't help changing our opinions as we get older. Who knows? Sometimes we may even be righter than we were before.

Apropos of nothing, let me take advantage of a few remaining lines to pass on for the benefit of all husbands, young or gerontic, a remark made recently by a middle-aged individual. His wife had just returned from one of those forays across the border highly popular with Southwestern wives who return loaded down with Mexican knickknacks. This husband was looking sadly at his spouse's haul spread over all the tables and chairs of the living room. "It's amazing," he said, "the things women would rather have than money."

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR enters its twenty-fifth year with the forthcoming Winter issue. This number will be a special one, devoted to an appraisal of the present human situation.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE AMERICAN NOVEL?

This is the stenographic record of a discussion held at a private residence in Manhattan on Tuesday evening, July 26, 1955. Present were the following persons:

ALBERT ERSKINE
JEAN STAFFORD
WILLIAM STYRON

MR. HAYDN: We are gathered here, as you know, ladies and gentlemen, to discuss the question "What's wrong with the American novel?"

I think when I invited each of you I told you at the time that it was quite possible that this discussion might be printed under the title, "What's right with the American novel?" but there is a reason for beginning with the negative proposition, and that is that I particularly wanted to have in the group tonight some of the outstanding younger American novelists, and at least several of the younger outstanding editors in the book publishing field, because the elder statesmen have been heard a great deal, whether as practitioners or as critics or in whatever relation to the subject.

Some of you, to be sure, have been heard and heard extensively, but not, to the best of my knowledge, in an expository fashion.

One little footnote first: We say the question concerns the American novel. I see no reason why the discussion shouldn't include the contemporary novel in other countries as well, but I do hope that we can keep it primarily concerned with the American novel.

I said a moment ago that I started this with the negative question for a real reason.

I have read or heard or overheard a great many times during the last few years the statement, with varying degrees of intensity and heat, that the American novel at present is not very distinguished.

I have heard it said that the American

• STEPHEN BECKER is an editor in the Dell Book division of the Western Printing and Lithographing Company, and author of *The Season of the Stranger*.

★ SIMON MICHAEL BESSIE is general editor of Harper & Brothers.

⊕ RALPH ELLISON is the author of *The Invisible Man*.

★ ALBERT ERSKINE is managing editor of Random House.

✪ **JEAN STAFFORD** is the author of novels and books of short stories, including *Boston Adventure* and *Children Are Bored on Sunday*.

★ WILLIAM STYRON is the author of *Lie Down in Darkness*.

★ **HIRAM HAYDN** is editor of **THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR**.

Princeton

UNIVERSITY PRESS

Democracy in World Politics

By LESTER B. PEARSON

The Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs and former president of the UN General Assembly here writes from years of experience as a key spokesman for the West to set forth the problems facing democracy in the world today. With a vision that is combined with the active statesman's hard-headed realism, Mr. Pearson considers the new scale of armed force in atomic warfare, international coalitions the mediating role of the UN, diplomacy "in camera" versus diplomacy before the camera, and the international forces that determine the policies of Western nations.

128 pages. \$2.75

The Challenge of Law Reform

By ARTHUR T. VANDERBILT

In a fighting book, the well-known Chief Justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court lashes out at many of our present legal practices, which have failed to cope with crime and which encourage public apathy and delays in the administration of justice. He explains the crying need for reform, the importance of judicial administration in avoiding delays, the problem of obtaining better judges and jurors, and the necessity to streamline legal procedure. He concludes with an eloquent plea for modernizing and simplifying substantive law, "what the law says," and shows how law schools can contribute to the major task of modern lawmaking.

200 pages. \$3.50

Caravaggio Studies

By WALTER FRIEDLAENDER

"An invaluable source book, a stimulant, a guide to Caravaggio's subject matter and to the vast particulars of his life and its associations."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. "A fruit of Professor Friedlaender's long career as a greatly beloved teacher and most distinguished scholar, this book will take its place among the truly indispensable tools of instruction and research."—*Wolfgang Stechow in Saturday Review*.

348 pages plus 250 illustrations. 9 x 12. \$25.



Order from your bookstore, or

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

novel reached its most recent peak in the twenties, and that when the generation of Dreiser and Anderson had had its day, we had seen the end of our "golden period," so to speak.

I have heard that statement extended another generation, with the opinion that after Hemingway, Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Fitzgerald and Dos Passos, we have had nothing to equal them.

I have heard animadversions of this sort against the contemporary novel: that we have now really only two general kinds of American novels. One is a popular kind, read by a great many people, which is essentially reportorial. Frequently the word "reportorial" is used with derogatory intent; it is said scornfully that our novelists come out of journalistic or correspondent backgrounds; that many of them are graduates from *Time* magazine and *Life* magazine, and that this is reflected in their work which is highly competent, but somewhat—if not wooden—at least slick and highly polished; that they lack substance, density, texture, thought, vitality. The other group of our novelists, it is said, are those who are in perhaps a more traditional sense interpreters or critics of life, of the main arteries of human experience. It is claimed that they have come to be mandarins; that they write only for themselves and a few others; that they largely coexist in academic circles; that they have lost touch with the main currents of our times and have little or nothing to say to more than a small audience.

Now, as a matter of fact, I have heard many other, and some even worse things said. So it seems to me there have been enough charges of this sort to warrant putting our question, if not "What's Wrong with the American Novel?" then "Is There Anything Wrong with the American Novel?"

Would someone like to speak to one of these points?

MR. BECKER: I will speak to two of them at once. Mike and I have already had fifteen minutes on them at dinner. I started to think about this a couple of days ago.

It seems to me that part of the problem is not the fact that the American novel itself

has declined, but that the novel has ceased to be what its public used to expect.

The point I make is that in the old days—before Dickens, let's say—there was a class of people who could write and could read within a kind of common frame of reference, so that the artist's excellence was understood as excellence, what he said was understood, and everyone who read books at all knew enough to interpret them and to apply them to his own life.

Nowadays, we have fewer and fewer people interested in what is done in a literary sense, and more and more people interested in what can help them practically or what will ameliorate their everyday life.

MR. HAYDN: Do you mind if I interrupt before the second point, just for a moment, on this one?

You speak of an audience that was there, a knowledgeable audience which read and wrote, and you suggest the period before Dickens. I suddenly wondered how old the novel is. As we know it, it began perhaps a hundred years before Dickens in England.

MR. BECKER: About that, yes.

MR. HAYDN: And this goes back to Defoe, is that right? And then you have Fielding, Richardson, Smollett and Sterne and a host of minor novelists up to Scott, Jane Austen, and so on.

I'm not really challenging what you say. I am just wondering whether we should take this for granted, whether this audience matter applies specifically to the novel at that time, or rather to other literary circles.

Of course we know that statistical, quantitative literacy has increased enormously. Now the question is, is there really no longer a qualitatively literary audience in your sense?

MR. BECKER: No, I won't say that at all, but I will say that of the people who read nowadays a smaller percentage cares for the serious novel than the percentage of people in 1790 or 1820.

MR. HAYDN: I'm sure a smaller percentage, but you mean more than that, don't you? You mean a smaller number?

MR. BECKER: No, I don't mean a smaller



BOLLINGEN SERIES

1955

XXX PAPERS FROM THE ERANOS YEARBOOKS

Vol. 2: THE MYSTERIES

Translated by Ralph Manheim and R. F. C. Hull. Thirteen distinguished scholars discuss various religious manifestations that may be characterized as "mysteries."

6" x 9", 450 pages, 15 plates. \$5.00

XXXIX THE ART OF INDIAN ASIA:

Its Mythology and Transformations

By Heinrich Zimmer. Completed and edited by Joseph Campbell. Photographs by Eliot Elisofon and others.

9" x 12", 465 pages of text, 662 plates. Two volumes, boxed. \$22.50

XL EGYPTIAN RELIGIOUS TEXTS AND REPRESENTATIONS

Vol. 2: THE SHRINES OF TUT-ANKH-AMON

Translated with introductions by Alexandre Piankoff. Edited by N. Rambova. First translation of the texts on the four shrines that enclose the sarcophagus.

9½" x 12", 160 pages, 62 plates, 3 color plates. \$17.50

XLVII THE GREAT MOTHER

By Erich Neumann. Translated by Ralph Manheim. An analysis of a primordial image which finds expression in early man's myth, ritual, and art, and in modern man's dreams and creative work.

8" x 10", 380 pages, 186 plates. \$7.50

LI THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE AND THE PSYCHE

By C. G. Jung and W. Pauli. Translated by R. F. C. Hull. Jung on synchronicity. Pauli on the influence of archetypal ideas on Kepler's scientific themes. 5½" x 7½", 245 pages, 6 plates. \$3.00

LII PANDORA'S BOX:

By Dora and Erwin Panofsky. The changing aspects of a mythical symbol in European literature and art from Roman times to the present.

8" x 10", 200 pages, 61 illustrations. \$4.50

DISTRIBUTED BY PANTHEON BOOKS, INC., 333 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. 14
For detailed catalogue write to Bollingen Series, 140 E. 62 St., N. Y. 21

number. There were fewer people reading in those days than read now.

But my second point may throw a little light on this. I think when you talk about the reportorial writers you get close to what people want to read nowadays, what people do read.

There is a whole slew of badly thought out novels, of witness books, of good or bad nonfiction, which seems to mean more to people, possibly because back in the old days there was a certain series of factors that the novel had to reflect or explain that we don't have now.

I am borrowing from Malraux's thesis about art when he says that in medieval times there was a common knowledge that was so restricted that any symbol in any painting was understood by anyone who looked at that painting, and nowadays in modern art you don't have that. There are hundreds of splinters; and the same thing may be true in literature where people read what concerns them most immediately, but are not concerned with broad generalizations, with the basic facets of life that the novelist concerns himself with. Nonfiction largely has become of greater importance to people who read. The novel has become more and more entertainment and less and less guidance or art.

MR. HAYDN: Now there are two or three things from what you said there that I'd like to follow up.

MR. BECKER: By the way, I would like to be challenged successfully on this thing. I don't like to be pessimistic.

MR. BESSIE: The implication is that I didn't challenge it before at dinner, but that isn't so.

MISS STAFFORD: I wonder if you were talking about the novel or the decline of the audience.

MR. BECKER: For the novelist to be alive, you have to have some sort of an audience to keep him alive. Let me say right now that I think the people Hiram referred to are dead wrong when they say that the novel is not now what it used to be. For every one man who could write English well with some grace and some style fifty years ago, there are ten now.

MR. HAYDN: When you say that the novel has never been anywhere near as good as it is now, are we limiting it to the American and maybe the English novel?

MR. BECKER: For simplicity's sake, yes.

MR. HAYDN: I think of about seven or eight giants in the nineteenth century that we have to go a way to match yet, but most of them are not American or English.

MR. BESSIE: Can I pick up from that for a minute, because I think, before we get into that too far, we ought to discuss or agree or disagree on whether or not the novel is in that shape. We ought to go back to the subject of whether it's wrong or right.

We have had a lot of writing and opinion on the decline of the novel in America and elsewhere, and it struck me that the thing that is most impressive about this is that there are two things thought of when people say this:

That novels, for some reason or other, don't seem to be selling as well as they used to. That's the audience that you want to get at.

I think there's another thing that enters into this judgment when it is voiced. This goes back to what Hiram said, that there isn't any general agreement on a commanding figure to succeed the generation in America of, let's say, Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald.

You get a group of people in a room talking about the novel and they are likely not to find anybody after that generation on whom they agree as a "naturally" first-rank figure in the American novel.

I think you have to agree on that before you can get into what's wrong with it. You have to agree on whether or not you think the novel has declined.

I happen not to. I happen not to believe that, for example, the sale of the novel in the large, which really means the reading of the novel, is off. I don't believe that, and I haven't seen figures that could show it.

MR. ERSKINE: I could prove the opposite very quickly.

MR. BESSIE: That more people are reading novels? That's right, I think you could. So the audience—I think at least quantitatively, which doesn't get at what you


UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS

The Second Man and Other Poems

By LOUIS O. COXE. 40 poems make up this second volume of Mr. Coxe's poetry. The predominant themes are: the living meaning of his native New England, its past, and the people who make it. \$2.75

Further Speculations by T. E. Hulme

Edited by SAM HYNES. A collection of Hulme's essays, poetry, and a diary made available for the first time in book form. \$4.50

Copy of a Letter of the King of Portugal

SENT TO THE KING OF CASTILE CONCERNING THE VOYAGE AND SUCCESS OF INDIA

Translated by SERGIO J. PACIFICI. Limited edition. The first English translation of a historical document published in Italy in 1505. \$5.00

JUST PUBLISHED

History and the Social Web A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS

By AUGUST C. KREY. A distinguished historian demonstrates that the events and societies of past eras and modern times form a complex and interlocking pattern when seen as one broad canvas. \$4.00

Fifty Years of Thomas Mann Studies (1902-1951):

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

By KLAUS W. JONAS. Out of the vast labyrinth of literature that has been published about Thomas Mann, Dr. Jonas has selected approximately 3000 books and articles. \$5.00

Political Prairie Fire THE NONPARTISAN LEAGUE, 1915-1922

By ROBERT L. MORLAN. "The first thorough study of North Dakota's novel and far-reaching political experiment."—*Minneapolis Tribune*. \$5.75

A CLASSIC—REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND

The Populist Revolt

By JOHN D. HICKS. Made available once more, after being out of print for some time. \$6.00

At your bookstore, or from
THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS
Minneapolis 14, Minn.

were saying directly, but it begins there—quantitatively has increased. I think maybe you disagree with me, but I don't think novel reading can be shown statistically to be off.

MR. HAYDN: Isn't there something that ought to be said right here? Probably Steve Becker was not saying that not so many people were reading novels, but that he didn't believe there was as much of an audience now for what will again require a definition—the serious novelist.

MR. BECKER: That's right.

MR. ELLISON: That's so.

MR. ERSKINE: Steve said so many things, but in talking about the pre-Dickens era and mentioning the time around 1790 and following, he said that there was a group of people of considerable size who had the equipment to appreciate the artistic virtues of a good novel. This is something that I would question a great deal.

MR. HAYDN: So would I.

MR. BECKER: I didn't say "of a considerable size."

MR. ERSKINE: I don't think they ever thought in terms of good and bad novels, because as I remember the record, there was not much discussion at that time of what is a "good" novel—the sort of high-powered analysis that we are accustomed to.

MR. BECKER: I didn't mean to say that there was a large audience, but the audience was homogeneous intellectually, in the sense that if you read books at all—I am floundering now a little bit.

MR. BESSIE: Do you think the novel has declined?

MR. BECKER: No, I don't think so. You are being terribly blunt in cutting the whole conversation short. No, I don't think so.

MR. BESSIE: I think we ought to try to get that one, because this is the basic thing, isn't it?

MR. HAYDN: Gentlemen, one thing at a time. This is the basic thing, but one way is to creep around it and surround it, and the other way is to give it a frontal attack.

MR. BESSIE: It will repel it so fast that we will be routed in no time if we give it a frontal attack.

MR. ELLISON: Isn't it possible that the novels of the Dickens period and of the nineteenth century and even of the early twentieth century—isn't it possible that these books, aside from their high artistic qualities (most of which we have assumed, though Dostoevsky and some of the other giants never did succeed in writing what we call a perfect novel) expressed a sense of wonder which gave the audience, a great part of it being the ordinary newspaper reader, a grasp of contemporary change; a sense of wonder arising out of the multiplicity of events being reduced to form; a sense of discovery?

MR. HAYDN: Well, at the same time, certainly some of those same generations gave the opposite effect, gave with great intensity the sense of what was familiar—say, *Madame Bovary* and *Fathers and Sons*.

MR. ELLISON: But the *newness* within the familiar, it was discovery in that sense, a leap from the known to the unknown. Otherwise the reader would not have had a connection with the newly revealed aspect of reality. *Madame Bovary* became *bovarysme*. It named a situation which, although familiar, had never been so well defined before.

We don't manage to do that so often.

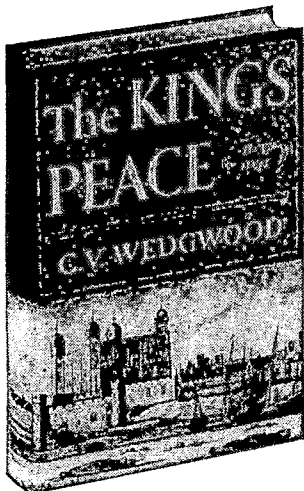
MR. HAYDN: I wish you would elaborate that. I don't think I fully understand it.

MR. ELLISON: Maybe I don't myself. All right. Any day I may walk down 125th Street, say from 8th Avenue on over to Lenox or Fifth, I can see people gesturing wildly on the street; I can hear wild political statements; I can see dope addicts; I can see people acting out wild fantasies; I can see people clinging to rural ways in a hopped-up, whirlwind industrial environment; I can see youth gangs acting fantasies of violence.

Of course, I can do that on 6th Avenue and 42nd Street, too.

I can see clashes of taste in dress, music, religion, morals—everything.

I see a whole chaotic world existing within the ordered social pattern—with the cops on the corner, the busses running on schedule, the subways on schedule, and so forth—everything that it takes to keep a



The King's Peace

1637-1641

By C. V. Wedgwood

The brilliant English historian, C. V. Wedgwood, has been at work for many years on her most ambitious work—the tremendous story of the Great Rebellion which cost Charles I his life and turned England into a republic. This fascinating and important volume completes the first act of that historic drama. It vividly relates the stirring events of the four years which preceded the Civil War, years which transformed Charles's peaceful dominions into a land torn with mistrust and menaced by fire and sword.

While Miss Wedgwood gives thorough consideration to the religious, political, and economic elements in the struggle, she fully reveals the personal reactions of the men and women of that time. The noted historian A. L. Rowse, has commented: "*Miss Wedgwood has written a superb book . . . If she goes on like this she is going to achieve one of the historical masterpieces of her generation and our time.*"

510 pp.

Illustrated

\$5.50

The Cycle of American Literature

An Essay in Historical Criticism

By Robert E. Spiller

This impressive work by an editor of the *Literary History of the United States* provides a fresh, coherent appraisal of America's entire literary culture. Professor Spiller sees in American literature a pattern which follows the cycle of life: a birth, a period of maturation, a fruition, and a return to the sources. His cyclic theory discloses not only a single organic movement, but two secondary cycles: the first which reached its climax with Melville and Whitman; the second which ripened into the works of such contemporaries as Eliot and Faulkner. Although Dr. Spiller has concentrated on major authors, he has not overlooked significant minor figures. For richness of scholarship and critical perceptiveness, this is a volume of first importance for all who are interested in American literature.

\$4.75

Wherever books are sold

The Macmillan Company

60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

big city operating—and I can see a million contradictions to that order.

I can see all the details of experience which we pass by daily and never stop to define; or, when we do, we attempt it only in sociological terms which cut the heart out of it. As far as the individual man who is caught up within this experience is concerned, he is living out the chaos within the recognized order and though he might be only vaguely aware of it his sense of reality is affected. He is more apt to get a sense of wonder, a sense of self-awareness and a sharper reflection of his world from a comic book than from most novels.

MR. HAYDN: Let me ask you this to see if I understand.

It seems to me that you are saying that we fail to see and communicate to readers, now, all sorts of new things in your sense, which have not been examined by most readers. But it seems to me that the emphasis ought to be rather on the fact that the first-rate novelist has always had a capacity to convey his own peculiar vision of what is not necessarily new, but—because it's his unique vision—which makes new insights for the reader.

MR. ELLISON: But don't do violence to what I am saying.

MR. HAYDN: I don't mean to. I'm just trying to find out. Is that what you mean?

MR. ELLISON: Not simply the new, but the undefined: those areas of experience which have not been written about—not that they aren't familiar; they have been lived over and over and over again.

MR. HAYDN: Excuse me, that is what I thought you meant, and maybe I haven't made clear what I mean, which is that I don't think it matters very much whether anyone has ever written about the particular sequence of chaoses that you were describing earlier; that what rather matters is that the writer himself has the original vision to bring his own particular and, therefore, new insights to material which may have been written about hundreds of times, but which is always shifting, always changing, always new when a new intelligence comes to bear upon it.

MR. ELLISON: Well, yes. But now we have a kind of competition with the novel. That is, as I get it, in the early days when the novel came into being (and before it became super-conscious of itself as an art form), society had begun to shift, and the novel was about these new things which were happening so fast that men needed to get an idea of what was simply temporary and what was abiding, what was valuable and what was destructive. Society was new and the form was new, so the writer could work from two approaches. He could concentrate on the development of the novel as a literary form, and he could describe the new processes of society, the emergence of new personality types.

So Balzac could describe how fortunes were made and how careers were made, how newspapers operated. A writer could deal with all of this as process and have people read it with a sense of discovery. They could say, "Yes, this is how it is!" because by describing it the novelist had made it real; he had snatched reality from chaos.

But it moved much more slowly than our reality. I mean when you jump to the United States, say after the Civil War, things just go a mile a minute; and it's been possible, after Melville and Twain and that crowd, to make a fairly great novel without touching one-tenth of the new experience in this country, or even the day-to-day experience. Where the earlier novel could deal with the new fairly easily, could see the emerging pattern and describe it and be satisfied, our twentieth-century writers were bombarded by change and they restricted their range. Where Balzac took on a whole society, they settled for a segment.

That is, when Melville wrote *Moby Dick* whaling was a great industry. He could start by describing this industrial process and take off from this into realms of symbolism, metaphor, philosophy and what not, and give you that tremendous sense of discovery which lies within the familiar. And he could do it and get in all the racial and social and cultural types, too; all the diverse peoples which make the country so exciting.

However, Hemingway wrote for years and

THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON

INCLUDING VARIANT READINGS CRITICALLY COMPARED WITH
ALL KNOWN MANUSCRIPTS

Edited by THOMAS H. JOHNSON. Here is the first complete edition of all of Emily Dickinson's 1775 poems, and all the variants on them, that she is known to have written—including 41 poems never before published. Casual notes to friends and relatives which frequently accompany scraps of verse help to reveal the poet's enigmatic character. After keen analysis of the manuscripts, Mr. Johnson has arranged the poems in their relative chronological order, with the variations, rejected versions, and earlier drafts of each poem following. In his introduction, the editor discusses the stylistic and historical development of the poetic art of Emily Dickinson, and he considers the manuscripts and the history of the editing of the poems. A careful study of the poet's handwriting is illustrated with several facsimiles. The appendix identifies the recipients of the poems, tabulates data pertinent to them, and concludes with an informative subject index together with an index of first lines.

In three volumes, boxed. \$25.00

MELVILLE AND THE COMIC SPIRIT

EDWARD H. ROSENBERY's brilliant reëvaluation of Melville as a great comic writer—kin of Rabelais, Voltaire, Swift, and Mark Twain. Henry A. Murray, editor of *Pierre*, calls this new book "A really first-rate analysis and appreciation of the undercurrents of philosophic wit and bright babbings of playful mirth that run through most of Melville's works up to 1852. . . . Professor Rosenberry's book is a triumphant contribution to Melville scholarship."

\$4.00

ARCHITECTURE IN THE AGE OF REASON

BAROQUE AND POST-BAROQUE IN ENGLAND, ITALY, AND FRANCE

By EMIL KAUFMANN. "This is a timely and rewarding book: timely because it brings into focus, at a moment when our architecture is submerged under an excess of dogma, the humane and searching thought of the eighteenth century, and rewarding because it clarifies with new insight the engaging art of humanism. The author has made the period lying between the Renaissance and our own day his special field. He writes with distinction and vitality."—JOSEPH HUDNUT, in his Foreword to this book. 222 illustrations. \$10.00



Through your bookseller, or from

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

44 Francis Avenue, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Publishers of the Loeb Classical Library

*A portrait gallery of some
eminently representative Victorians*

VICTORIAN PEOPLE

By ASA BRIGGS

A study of the thought and character of representative men, among them Anthony Trollope, Walter Bagehot, Samuel Smiles, Thomas Hughes, Sir Joseph Paxton, and the great Disraeli. *Victorian People* has already been acclaimed, in its English edition, as a rich and worthy addition to the tradition of historical writing epitomized by the work of G. M. Trevelyan and G. M. Young. *Illustrated \$5.00*



At your bookstore, or from

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

years, and wrote well, *I* think, and so what? How many of our divers peoples could really move into his early work?

MR. BESSIE: You've got to explain that last thing a little bit, because I got you up through Melville, although I'll argue with you about it, but where's the Hemingway point?

MR. ELLISON: Well, the Hemingway point is this: that here was a concentration mainly upon technique. Here was a concentration upon the revolution of the word, and here was the delineation of a philosophical attitude which expressed what many people, what many Americans felt in the aftermath of the First World War. A statement of disillusionment given style.

This defined reality for them and defined their predicament, but even while this was being praised, reality was ripping along. What happens?

The depression comes. Attitudes change and men who only a few years before had seen themselves in the image of the Hemingway hero looked around for other im-

ages of themselves. Hemingway had his style and his mastery to keep him going; but when I came here in 1936, I found many literary reputations dead which had been very much alive, say, in 1935, when I was still in the South.

MR. HAYDN: Excuse me, let me just try to summarize here a moment. I see one link between what you've been saying and what Steve was saying.

You both seem to be saying that you feel that there has been a failure of audience.

MR. ELLISON: No. There has been a failure of writers.

MR. HAYDN: Well, then I've discovered one thing. One of you says a failure of audience and one of you says a failure of writers, but both of you are talking in quite different terms and idioms about one generality, if I quote you right, and that generality is this:

The whole complex of life in our time is so much more fragmented, so much more, as Thomas Wolfe would call it, "many-footed," maybe; so much more manifold,

DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS

15 new titles added to the growing Anchor list

AMERIKA

By *Franz Kafka*. The adventures of a young traveler in an imaginary America. Kafka's comic masterpiece. 95¢

TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA

By *C. M. Doughty*. The greatest travel book in the English language. Abridged by Edward Garnett. \$1.25

SHAW ON MUSIC

By *Bernard Shaw*. Selections from *Music in London* and *London Music* by GBS—whom W. H. Auden has described as "probably the greatest music critic who ever lived." 95¢

FIVE STAGES OF GREEK RELIGION

By *Gilbert Murray*. A classic study of religion from the earliest mythical forms to the triumph of Christianity. 95¢

THE MYTH OF THE STATE

By *Ernst Cassirer*. A brilliant review of political thought from Plato to Carlyle, Gobineau and Hegel. \$1.25

THE VAGABOND and MY MOTHER'S HOUSE

By *Colette*. Two superbly written works—a childhood recollection and a novel—poignantly reflecting Colette's intensely felt life. 95¢

AN ELIZABETHAN SONGBOOK

The poetry of Shakespeare, John Donne, Ben Jonson and others, set to music by great Elizabethan composers. The music has been edited and arranged for the piano by Noah Greenberg; the poetry edited and introduced by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman. *An Anchor Original*. \$1.25

FIVE COMEDIES OF ARISTOPHANES

Translated by Benjamin Bickley Rogers. *The Birds, The Frogs, The Clouds, The Wasps, Lysistrata*. 95¢

THE WANDERING SCHOLARS

By *Helen Waddell*. A classic and delightful introduction to the secular Latin poets of the Middle Ages. \$1.15

MEANING IN THE VISUAL ARTS (illustrated)

By *Erwin Panofsky*. A general introduction to the author's viewpoint and a brilliant examination of life and art in the later middle ages and renaissance, by one of the world's foremost art historians. *An Anchor Original*. \$1.45

THE OLD REGIME AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By *Alexis de Tocqueville*. A new translation by Stuart Gilbert of the classic study of the origins of the French revolution by the author of *Democracy in America*. 95¢

SIX PLAYS OF STRINDBERG

New translations by Elizabeth Sprigge of *The Father, Miss Julie, The Stronger, The Dream Play, The Ghost Sonata, and Easter*. \$1.25

SELECTED ESSAYS FROM INDIVIDUALISM RECONSIDERED

By *David Riesman*. Stimulating views of America and Americans by the author of *The Lonely Crowd*. 95¢

THE TALE OF GENJI

By *Lady Murasaki*. Volume I of the greatest Japanese novel, translated by Arthur Waley. 95¢

THE ANCHOR REVIEW

The first issue of an international review with original articles by André Malraux, David Riesman, W. H. Auden, Cyril Connolly, Alfred Kazin, Ignazio Silone, Denis de Rougemont, Gerald Brenan, Arthur Koestler, and others, on art, literature, philosophy, travel and science. Edited by Melvin J. Lasky. 95¢

See the entire DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOK line at your bookstore, or write for complete list to

DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS
575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

there is so much more obvious diversity, that it is very difficult—says which of you?

MR. BECKER: Possibly both.

MR. HAYDN: It is very difficult for an audience to have the sense of rapport, to take only one example, with the context of symbolism within which a particular artist may work, for one thing; and that, on the other hand, you, Ralph, are saying that you feel that the artist has failed to take advantage—

MR. ELLISON: That's right.

MR. HAYDN: (Continuing)—of what you find to be the manifestly new facets of life in our time, and hence doesn't convey a sense of them to his readers, or doesn't find that audience which is searching for new ideas, new experience, new expression of that experience, within this form.

MR. ELLISON: Yes, we continue to write the books which should have been written ten or twenty years ago.

MR. STYRON: And may I say this: that I think that a large part of what you were talking about concerning the early writers—the Sternes, the Smolletts, and so on—was simply that they were often writing something equivalent to pure entertainment.

It seems to me that we simply have nowadays just too much competition with the novel.

MISS STAFFORD: What's the competition?

MR. STYRON: We have television.

MR. ELLISON: I don't mean that.

MISS STAFFORD: Sociologists.

MR. ELLISON: Sociologists and everything; and events themselves are so much more momentous than they were in those relatively placid times.

MR. STYRON: Events are momentous, and one sees these events in moving pictures and on television. I think that fills in a huge gap which novels used to fill, but very rarely do any longer.

MR. HAYDN: This may also relate to the reportorial tradition.

MR. STYRON: Yes.

MR. ELLISON: Yes, isn't this only because novelists want to compete? I mean, after all, we start writing sociology. We went through the phase in which everything had to be

psychoanalyzed. And that has really nothing to do with fiction.

MISS STAFFORD: What happens is that we become so inhibited, we are so afraid that we won't parse medically or sociologically.

MR. HAYDN: Let me put a general proposition to you, just something to knock over, because this will do something that Mike suggested a while back; it will at least bring the focus back on "Is the novel worse or better, or for the most part unchanging in this sense: the same proportion of good, the same proportion of bad?"

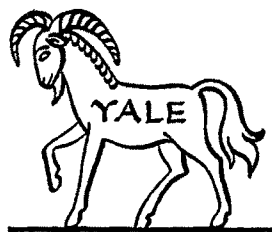
The only way we can get at this, perhaps including the point that Steve made when he was talking about the *serious* novel, is to attempt a definition. So let me set myself up as a clay pigeon, and say that a novel is a long story which contains a certain number of characters and various elements of conflict, usually having a beginning, a development, and a climactic culmination.

I'm not ready to be knocked down yet. Now, before I get at the serious novel, let's say that there is a kind of novel which, however expert or competently done in whatever terms, is primarily intended or is almost exclusively intended for entertainment and/or inspiration on a relatively superficial level—suppose we include the excitement of the mystery, and so on.

Then I offer you this for the serious novel as something just to knock down: that the concern of the serious novelist is always to extract—no, that's a bad word, "extract"—is always to find and express what is peculiarly and continually human in whatever experience he chooses to record.

Now, that sounds awfully vague, I guess, but I mean it as against the sociologist who is concerned basically in finding what certain large tendencies among human beings are, against the reporter whose attempt is to present the more or less precise facts of a given event, against the function of a psychologist or clinician who is attempting to discover body, mind, or whatever you want to call it, relationships, which could have been the cause of particular actions, and so on.

The novelist is concerned with the basic



A HISTORY OF MODERN CRITICISM

RENÉ WELLEK

"Knowledge, method, independence, and the benefit of the 'international perspective'—all work together to give us a book that will serve as standard reference to the whole subject or to the work of any individual within it for many decades to come."
Mark Schorer, *New York Times*

Vol. I The Later 18th Century \$4.50

Vol. II The Romantic Age \$5.50

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

MELVIN J. FRIEDMAN

A historical development of stream of consciousness, from its first literary use in *Tristram Shandy* and certain writings of Diderot and Rousseau to the present. The author explores its psychological basis and its musical use and gives detailed analyses of literary examples. \$4.50

PAINTED LACE

GERTRUDE STEIN

Occasional pieces, these are, written between 1914 and 1937, and brought together with a preface by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who comments that Miss Stein's poetry was "a manifestation, through language, of the same tendencies which had been made way for in Cubism, in plastic art." \$5.00

SCIENCE AND THE COURSE OF HISTORY

PASCUAL JORDAN

An eminent European physicist offers a remarkable account of men's place in the universe, showing the need for more emphasis on the far-reaching effects of scientific and technological developments in shaping the course of history. \$2.50

Order from your bookseller

Yale University Press

New Haven, Connecticut

LUTHER by Rudolf Thiel Translated by Gustav E. Wiencke

The first book in English to bring the whole panorama of Luther's life and struggles before the non-specialist reader. Not a history book, the focus of the highly dramatic and readable narrative is directly on people—with Martin Luther in the center of the stage.

Rudolf Thiel cuts through the layers of Melancthon's comfortable rationalizations, the confusions of controversy and historical over-simplification, to the real Luther. Here is that disturbing, intense realization of the contrast between God and man which sparked the Reformation.

432 pages, \$5.00



MUHLBERG PRESS
Philadelphia

A Basic History of LUTHERANISM IN AMERICA by Abdel Ross Wentz

This volume is a comprehensive history of the Lutheran church and the Lutheran people in the United States.

Larger and more complete than Dr. Wentz's earlier *Lutheran Church in American History*, it strikingly presents the historical facts and interprets the general course of events in such a way as to prevent the reader from losing the main thread in a mass of details. At the same time this work points the way towards advanced study.

LUTHERANISM IN AMERICA covers Lutheran Church history from its beginning, presenting its development in the light of historical perspective, as well as the part played by the Lutheran church in America in the modern ecumenical movement.

448 pages, \$5.00

at all bookstores

and permanent human relationships: to put them in the simplest and perhaps most old-fashioned way, with man's relationship to himself, to other men, to the society in which he lives, to the natural universe in which he finds himself, and perhaps to God.

Now, knock me down.

MR. BESSIE: There's too much in there to knock it down. It sounds fine to me. It's all there. I won't knock that down.

MR. STYRON: Yes.

MR. BECKER: I would add to it something that bears on what Ralph said a minute ago, that he tries to find, in the words you use, what is continuing, and to present it in some fresh way that will make its reader aware of the fact that it is continuing.

MR. STYRON: But just following what you started out with at the very beginning is the fact that if there is no audience to speak of, no one who cares any more for the prose expression of these relationships which you described, the novelist, at the very least, is likely to feel kind of daunted from the beginning.

MR. BESSIE: Do you think that is the case, Bill?

MR. STYRON: I think it is the case; at least it's often the way I feel.

MR. BESSIE: Let me play the devil's advocate on this, because if you feel that way, it might be quite complicated as to why you feel that way.

MR. STYRON: Of course.

MR. BESSIE: But Ralph named a book which was a spectacularly unappealing book to large numbers of people, and which failed to find an audience for years.

MR. STYRON: Namely, *Moby Dick*.

MR. BESSIE: Yes. A book which—I don't know if you like it as much as I do or not—but it would seem almost impossible for me, for somebody with any kind of serious pleasure concerned with the novel, not to read it and see that it is a very, very good book.

Well, a large number of people managed not to read that book for a long, long time, and if we are talking about the declining novel, is it declining or isn't it?

EMPIRE ON THE PACIFIC

A Study in American Continental Expansion

NORMAN A. GRAEBNER, *Iowa State College*

Just Published. In this study of the motives behind American expansion and the development of California and the Pacific Northwest, the author supplies a wealth of convincing evidence to support his contention—contrary to popular belief—that our acquisition of 1300 miles of Pacific coast was the result of a conscious political policy. He traces our 'Pacific Empire' to President Polk's plan for the gain of three major ports, and brings new significance to the "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight" issue, the Mexican War maneuvering, and the Trist Mission, etc. 7 maps; 278 pp. \$4.50

JAPAN'S MODERN CENTURY

HUGH BORTON, *Columbia University*

Ready mid-October. An eminent student of Japan relates the amazing story of her transformation during the past 100 years from a semi-feudal, agrarian dictatorship to a modern, industrialized, democratic state. Writing in narrative form, and drawing on his own experience in shaping postwar Occupation policy, the author reinterprets fundamental questions of Japan's past, and poses the complex issues which face her today. 8 maps, 13 tables, 12 pages of ills.; 560 pp. \$7

A SHORT HISTORY of MEDICINE

ERWIN H. ACKERKNECHT, *M. D.*

The University of Wisconsin Medical School

New. This brief but authoritative work by a historian who is also a physician is written in a thoroughly readable style. Compressing the salient facts of medical history, the author analyzes each major trend of the past and reveals its significance for modern medicine. Emphasizing the great and rapid achievements made since 1800, he gives a balanced coverage to surgery and internal medicine, clinical treatment and preventive measures, medical practice, etc. 31 ills.; 258 pp. \$4.50

The Invention of Printing in China and Its Spread Westward

By the late **THOMAS FRANCIS CARTER**

Second Edition. Revised by **L. CARRINGTON GOODRICH**, *Columbia University*

Also new. Incorporating results of scholarship over the past 30 years, this classic study uncovers the obscure beginnings of block printing in Buddhist and Taoist monasteries, and traces the probable channels of its transmission to the West. In discussing the invention of movable type in China, and its subsequent use, the book covers many related topics: the evolution of paper, ink, playing cards, textiles, etc. 32 ills. \$10

Through your bookstore or from:

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY • 15 East 26th Street, N. Y. 10

MR. STYRON: Well—

MR. HAYDN: Just one more point, and I really hope that all of you will open up on this; that even with the qualifications made, and if you accept my definition, my purpose in giving it is to give us a working basis in getting together on the central question.

Here is some kind of yardstick by which you can answer the question for yourselves.

Do you believe that in the face, to be sure, of all the chaos and confusion and complexity and diversity, and incidentally, the great and terrific speeds with which we can cover great distances in our time, and so on, and hence become familiar with things that were most exotic a hundred years ago—in the face of all this, nevertheless, are a large number of our novelists continuing to deal with these basic human experiences in, what shall I say, in a strong, in an effective, in a stimulating—I don't know what to say—

MR. BESSIE: Satisfactory.

MR. STYRON: I think they are. I start with the end of World War II, just for convenience's sake. We have had quite a few novels, I think, which deal very strenuously with the human condition. Nonetheless, there seems to be, at least I feel, a lack of interest in these statements.

I think that people have ignored these statements.

Mike, I think you were very right about Melville, and *Moby Dick* in particular, but *Moby Dick* was preceded by, I think, two novels, *Typee* for one. And Melville was an extremely well-known entertainer.

MR. ERSKINE: It was preceded also by several others.

MR. STYRON: That's true.

MR. BESSIE: Don't let Melville stop you, because you're getting somewhere.

MR. HAYDN: You had just reached the place where you were saying that you felt there had been strong, effective and satisfying novels out of the last war, but that you felt—

MR. STYRON: Or since then. Not necessarily war novels.

MR. BESSIE: You haven't found the proper response, and by response you mean readers, not critics.

MR. STYRON: Yes, readers.

MR. HAYDN: How do you measure that?

MR. STYRON: I don't know.

MR. HAYDN: In numbers?

MISS STAFFORD: What do you mean by saying that there has been no concern?

MR. STYRON: Well, let me try to go into that.

I think Ralph's book, for instance, is a book which in another century, say the nineteenth, would have reached a much larger audience than, in proportion, it has in our time.

MR. ELLISON: That's when it should have been written. (Laughter)

MR. BESSIE: You are being suppositious, Bill; you just can't know, can you?

MR. STYRON: You really can't know, but it's just intuition.

MR. HAYDN: What I wonder is something that I have heard, really since, literally, I was a little boy, and more from American men than women: the remark, "I like to read facts"—now, I am leaving out the woman's magazine audience; I am talking about the people who might be a serious audience for this serious kind of novel—and I remember what was for me almost the *locus classicus* of this, when I was a young, ardent man sitting next to a famous clergyman at dinner, and I was so embarrassed, anyway, to be talking to him, I didn't know what to do.

Finally, I talked about what I was interested in, and asked him whether he had ever read Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*, and he said, "I have no time for light reading." (Laughter)

This is one little, tiny incident that is really symptomatic of a great many conversations that I have had a great many places, that somehow there is, I think, a very large representation of the kind of mentality in our society in our times which feels that the novel is, after all, if not light, at least somehow special, somehow for other kinds of people.

MISS STAFFORD: You can't read it before noon.

MR. BESSIE: That's right. It's not very long ago, if not even more recently, that the



Books from HOPKINS

Labor Disputes and Their Settlement *By Kurt Braun*

The author's experience of thirty years in industrial relations is here applied to the solving of basic problems in settling industrial disputes. Basic principles and practical effectiveness of various settlement procedures are lucidly explained.

Published \$6.00

Foreign Policy and the Democratic Process *By Max Beloff*

Drawing on his profound knowledge of history and the foreign policy of Soviet Russia, Max Beloff brilliantly assesses the advantages and limitations of a democratic foreign policy. *October \$3.00*

War and Peace in the Law of Islam *By Majid Khadduri*

Going primarily to original Muslim sources, the author offers unprecedented insight into the nature of the Islamic state, Islamic law and its theory and practice of international relations, and the impact of the West on Islam.

October \$5.50

The Economic Development of Syria *Published \$7.50*

The Economic Development of Malaya *November \$7.50*

By the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development

These reports, part of a worldwide series published for the "World Bank," provide the most complete and up-to-date description available of economic conditions in Syria and Malaya, together with detailed development proposals.

Ten Centuries of Spanish Poetry *By Eleanor L. Turnbull*

An anthology, in English and Spanish, of the finest Spanish poetry through the ages. "An extremely intelligent job . . . not only good poetry but a helpful guide to the poetic literature of Spain." *The New York Times Book Review*

Published \$5.00



The Johns Hopkins Press

BALTIMORE 18, MARYLAND



The Living Lincoln

The man, his mind, his times and the war he fought, reconstructed from his own writings

Edited by PAUL M. ANGLE and
EARL SCHENCK MIERS

The new and indispensable Lincoln book. A revealing, intimate, detailed account of Lincoln's life in Lincoln's own words. A continuous narrative, selected from the recently published 9-volume *Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*.
720 pages, \$6.95

Strangers in the Land:

Patterns of American Nativism, 1860-1925

By JOHN HIGHAM

The first book to explore the hostility and bitterness of "old stock" Americans towards immigrants. Especially significant because of the current controversy over the McCarran Act. Illustrated with photographs and cartoons. \$6.00

At all bookstores

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Brunswick, N. J.

proper Edwardian could say, without feeling self-conscious, that somebody who was a novel reader was light-minded.

MR. STYRON: What?

MR. BESSIE: Light-minded. And the thing that fascinates me about this is that in relation to what we are talking about now, I think that if you feel that the novel in American society has declined, either in its own merits or in its audience, you have to explain something which you may not agree with, but which I feel very strongly, that the novel has a higher prestige today than at almost any other time.

That is, I think in the community it's a matter of higher prestige to be a novelist, and I think that a high accomplishment in a novel is probably as high as it's ever been.

I think the very intensity of the conversation about the novel, and the amount of just sheer attention paid to it—

MR. STYRON: What community is this? I don't mean to be facetious.

MR. BESSIE: I hoped we could stay away from present company—but there isn't anyone in this room who hasn't had a reasonably successful response—any writer, I mean.

MR. STYRON: Reasonable standards.

MR. BESSIE: That's right. I don't know what you mean when you say this sense of the audience being so far behind you that you can't feel that they are there, that you feel the absence of an audience.

MR. STYRON: I'm a great television viewer these days, because I have one.

MR. BESSIE: Because you have one?

MR. STYRON: Yes, because I have one, thank you. And I don't read novels. (Laughter)

MR. BESSIE: Because it's there.

MR. STYRON: I do. It came with the house. Take a quiz program I was watching—a gruesome one (I was looking at it, anyway)—and the M.C. asked the audience, he said (this is a new approach to a quiz program)—he asked the audience three or four simple questions, starting with: "Was Davy Crockett a real or fictitious person?" A terrific "Real!"

New Oxford books on literary figures

The Achievement of Samuel Johnson

by WALTER JACKSON BATE. The story of the mind of Samuel Johnson, stressing his ideological contributions and his stature as one of the great humanists of modern times. The author highlights Johnson's great achievement in giving a fresh and vital interpretation to scholarship, literary criticism, philosophy, morals, and observations on human experience. \$4.50

Selections from Samuel Johnson

edited and introduced by R. W. CHAPMAN. In this collection, poems, moral essays, biographies, political pamphlets, parliamentary reports, sermons, prayers, letters, his book of travels and the full text of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* demonstrate all the manifestations of Johnson's versatile genius. \$3.35

Jane Austen Letters 1796-1817

selected and introduced by R. W. CHAPMAN. A selection of about one-third of the Austen letters known to be extant, designed as an introduction to her life and letters. Annotation is minimal, and confined to the identification of persons obscurely named. *World's Classics* 549 \$1.35

The Contemporary French Novel

by HENRI PEYRE. "Stimulating discussions of Existentialism, war novels, the present French literary temper, and the works of Proust, Mauriac, Simone de Beauvoir, Sartre, Camus, Malraux, Giono, Saint-Exupéry, by the Sterling Professor of French at Yale."—*Harper's*.

With a Bibliography, list of novels available in translation, and brief notes on promising writers relatively unknown in America. \$5.00

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, INC.
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11



"What is the capital of the United States?" "Washington."

And then, finally (it surprised me), "Who wrote *Look Homeward, Angel*?"

Well, the man who wrote the show, I don't know where he got the question, but there was an absolute dead silence, a total dead silence.

Now, admittedly, this was a simple-headed audience. It's true that they aren't novel readers.

MR. BESSIE: Who admits this?

MR. STYRON: I admit this.

MR. BESSIE: On the basis of the results?

MR. STYRON: You're cutting me too close.

MR. BESSIE: Pardon me. (Laughter)

MR. STYRON: A group of people who do not read novels.

MR. HAYDN: One question, Bill, which really, I think, is relevant to that is: Aren't we confusing something here? Aren't these the rough equivalents of the people who fifty years ago, perhaps one hundred years ago (witness all the people who waited for the new edition of some of Dickens' novels) really were not (in the sense we have defined) readers of serious novelists, but readers of novelists who were entertainers; and that Dickens had this side to him, which was what made him so popular; and that now there are other forms in which they seek that entertainment?

MISS STAFFORD: And quite possibly a similar audience would not be able to tell you who the author of that was.

MR. HAYDN: That's right.

MR. ERSKINE: They just knew what magazine it was appearing in.

MR. BESSIE: That's right.

MR. STYRON: I think in France today—do they have quiz shows in France, Mike?

MR. BESSIE: They haven't got TV yet on our scale, but they have them on radio, I believe.

MR. STYRON: You have simple-minded audiences in France, but if they were asked who wrote *Jean Christophe*, I think there would be at least seven or eight voices from the audience who would answer the name of the author.

MR. HAYDN: It is not peculiar to the im-

mediate situation of the American novel, but to the American people?

MR. STYRON: Yes, which is the way that Steve started: that we face a rather weird 165 million deaf people, in a way.

MR. ELLISON: Let's look at it from this point of view. After all, the novel entertains, it expresses a partial vision, it celebrates a human condition, and it does all this by communicating, and it communicates on the basis of some things known and a hell of a lot that is unknown.

I am just unwilling to turn that audience over to television.

MR. BESSIE: Do you think that audience has been thrown over to television?

MR. ELLISON: I think that we are now getting away from this attitude, but I think that for much too long, American novelists have set up certain aesthetic ideals which they are trying to realize; that these aesthetic ideas and ideals came to us in the guise of certain class values, certain regional values, and certain—well, for want of a better word—national values, which very often have gotten in the way of the novelist's sense of reality. For a long time if you asked someone what an American was, he would usually describe an Anglo-Saxon of New England background—really one of many American types.

Something else has had a lot to do with the lack of communication between the novelist and his larger audience, and that is an over-investment in certain stylistic methods, a kind of snobbery of style.

But if artistic excellence is to be achieved only through a Henry James type of technique (and certainly there is artistic excellence there) to the exclusion of that great mass of experience which will not be hammered into shape by such delicate subtleties, then you are going to lose a great part of that audience.

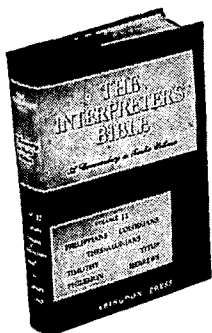
MR. BECKER: How far would you go in the other direction?

MR. ELLISON: That the audience is without responsibility or that they have responsibility, but this is what we start with. You can't complain really about the audience.

My task is to reach them, doing the least

JUST PUBLISHED...

Volume 11



THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

*Christendom's Most
Comprehensive Commentary*

"The names of the contributors and consulting editors read like a roll call of the higher echelons in English-speaking Protestant scholarship and preaching."

—*Yale Divinity News*

Volume 11 contains the introductory articles, texts, and complete commentaries on Philippians, Colossians, First and Second Thessalonians, First and Second Timothy, Titus, Philemon, and Hebrews.

\$8.75

Previously published: Volumes 1-4, 7-10

To be published: Volume 5—Volume 6—Volume 12

It's not too late—you can get Volume 12 *Free!*

A Bonus Certificate is bound in each of the first 11 volumes of *THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE*. These 11 certificates, when signed and sent to your bookseller at one time, not later than six months after the publication of Volume 12, will entitle you to this volume FREE. Enter your standing order today.

Published October 10

FOUNDATIONS OF CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE

BY GEORGIA HARKNESS

"A dynamic synthesis of faith and reason." In this work of Christian apologetics, a noted American writer and theologian comes to grips with the epistemological problem of "how we know." After first surveying the relation of theology to other areas in the search for truth, she critically turns to an evaluation of each of the main sources of Christian knowledge. Those who wish to understand more fully a complex theological problem will welcome this vital book.

\$2.75

Published October 31

FOUNDATION OF AMERICAN FREEDOM

BY A. MERVYN DAVIES

This book shows how the ideas of John Calvin and his followers developed through history—and changed history—to give us liberal democracy and the American constitution. *FOUNDATION OF AMERICAN FREEDOM* is a forcible reminder that America's concept of government rests ultimately on a religious basis.

\$3.50

ABINGDON



at all bookstores

PRESS

"A literary creation which is also a work of art."*

THE DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

As recorded by **LUCIEN PRICE**. "Brings Whitehead the personal friend and conversationalist to anyone who enjoys vital literary prose . . . The esthetic philosophy and the Whitehead of these dialogues are authentic."

—*F. S. C. NORTHROP, *Sterling Professor of Philosophy and Law, Yale Univ., N. Y. Times Book Review.*

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

\$5.00 at all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

INVITATION

To Authors in Search of a Publisher

PAGEANT PRESS (AMONG THE LEADING PUBLISHERS IN THE U.S.) OFFERS TO PUBLISH AND SELL YOUR BOOK AND PAY YOU A ROYALTY OF 40 PER CENT. WRITE FOR OUR FREE DESCRIPTIVE BROCHURE, "HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED."

WE ARE NOW PREPARING PUBLICATION SCHEDULES FOR 1956 AND WOULD WELCOME MANUSCRIPTS IN THE FIELDS OF HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, RELIGION, BELLES-LETTRES, AS WELL AS SPECIALIZED SUBJECTS. IF YOUR MANUSCRIPT IS READY FOR PUBLICATION, SEND IT TO US TODAY. WE WILL MAIL YOU FULL DETAILS CONCERNING PUBLICATION POSSIBILITIES WITHIN ONE WEEK.

Seth Richards

PUBLISHER

PAGEANT PRESS 130 W. 42D ST., N. Y. 36

violence to what I think are the great artistic achievements of the craft.

MR. HAYDN: I certainly like the angle you are coming in at, but I just have to say this, by way perhaps of initiating Act II, Scene 2, and it comes directly from what you have been saying.

We have talked a lot about the audience and perhaps we can summarize that later, but as far as the artist goes, isn't it true that those imaginative writers whom we have always thought of as great, to use a word which is currently not popular, at least in this sense, have meant something very real, both to the learned and to the simple; that, applying that test, I look around me and find many brilliant practitioners but relatively few who are of the first rank in having something to convey to all kinds and conditions of people.

That does not mean that I think the American novel is going to the dogs, but it does mean that I miss this kind of major voice, with a few exceptions.

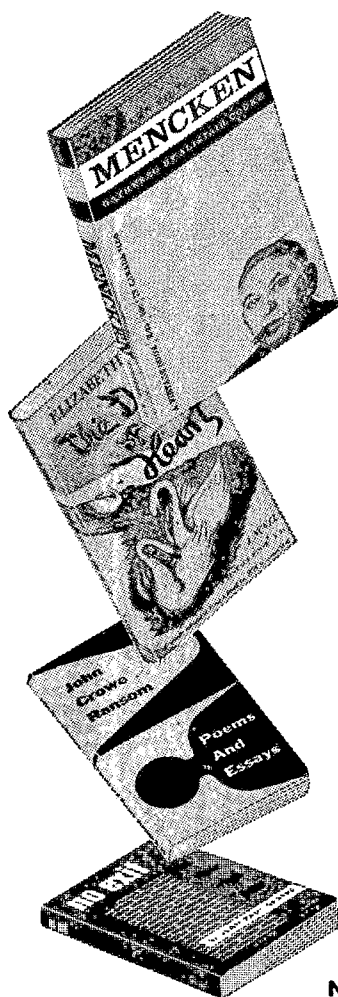
This ties in, too, with something that both Steve and you said earlier, for it is mighty hard, perhaps, to grasp in any comprehensive fashion so highly complex a world as the one we live in, and to communicate your sense of it to all kinds of people. The ones who have done this the most effectively in literature, it seems to me, have come at the end of established orders, like Dante, who gave a great imaginative vision of a world order—the one you were referring to, Steve—that was really in a sense ending already, but which he could encompass, it was there to see in clarity. Only it required a great poetic talent to lift it to the quality that it had.

Similarly, in other periods, as when John Milton wrote an epic poem, the world view that that epic poem contained was familiar to everybody, to the learned and the simple alike.

You see, this gets back to where you started. Each to his own degree had some comprehension of it. I think that is true, adds some interest in it, and it is true even more certainly of Shakespeare's plays; and really epic poetry and poetic tragedies seem to me to be the forerunners of the serious

NEW VINTAGE BOOKS

*Seven more time-tested titles
for civilized minds*



**THE VINTAGE MENCKEN,
gathered by Alistair Cooke.**

A wonderful collection of Mencken's writings designed to revive the old and acquaint the young.

**POEMS AND ESSAYS,
by John Crowe Ransom.**

The author's selection of his best work, including a new essay written especially for this volume.

**THE PLUMED SERPENT,
by D. H. Lawrence.**

A great novel of Mexico containing the essence of Lawrence's search for the inmost realities and forces shaping all men and things. Introduction by William York Tindall.

**THE LAW OF CIVILIZATION & DECAY,
by Brooks Adams.**

A daring concept of history that preceded Spengler and foreshadowed Veblen, by the brilliant historian brother of Henry Adams. With the original introduction by Charles A. Beard.

**THE DEATH OF THE HEART,
by Elizabeth Bowen.**

Her best known and perhaps most important novel, now available in a paper-bound edition.

**THE ARMED VISION:
A Study in the Method of Literary Criticism,
by Stanley Hyman.**

A brilliant discussion and evaluation of the works of Edmund Wilson, T. S. Eliot, R. P. Blackmur, William Empson, and other leading British and American literary critics.

**NO EXIT & THREE OTHER PLAYS,
by Jean-Paul Sartre.**

Four remarkable plays, including *Dirty Hands*, *The Flies*, and *The Respectful Prostitute*, important contributions to the contemporary theater.

**95¢
each**

For descriptive circular listing all Vintage titles, write to

VINTAGE BOOKS, INC., 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22

A MASTERPIECE IN GOLD

by Balfour



The same fine craftsmanship that distinguishes your Phi Beta Kappa key is yours in other Balfour products

Service Pins	Class Rings
Awards, Cups Trophies	Banquet Favors and Place Cards
Citations and Scrolls hand engraved	Fraternity Pins and Crested Gifts

L.G. Balfour COMPANY
ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

novel, rather than romances and legends and tales in prose.

MR. ERSKINE: Well, how many people do you think read *Paradise Lost*?

MR. HAYDN: That was a poor example.

MR. BESSIE: It depends upon what you are trying to show.

MR. HAYDN: But Shakespeare is not a poor example, but, of course, he had the advantage of the stage.

MR. ELLISON: *Crime and Punishment* was published in the newspapers.

MR. HAYDN: Witness 80,000 people in Dostoevsky's funeral cortege, though probably some for the wrong reason.

MR. STYRON: I think, again, Dostoevsky was serving the place of an entertainer, as fabulous as he was.

MR. HAYDN: That's true, certainly.

MR. ELLISON: Is this a negative word, Bill?

MR. STYRON: No, because a novel has to entertain of course. I don't mean to deny that.

MR. BESSIE: If you are agreeing with what Hiram is suggesting, that this is a distinction that ought to be made—

MR. HAYDN: Which is that?

MR. BESSIE: Between entertainment and the serious novel.

MR. HAYDN: I would like to check that, because I meant only that there were all these different kinds which were written almost exclusively for entertainment. I didn't mean I didn't think the serious novel was written for entertainment, too.

MR. ERSKINE: When you were setting up your definition for us to shoot at, I thought you were introducing a wider range between them.

MR. HAYDN: I didn't mean to, but I neglected to say this other half.

MISS STAFFORD: It hasn't changed. Its intent is still to teach and to delight.

MR. HAYDN: But there are all kinds of teachings, and that's why I threw in that little side comment about "inspiration" with the entertainment for the lighter kind of novelist—because he, too, feels that he is teaching.

MR. BECKER: You've got hold of a big

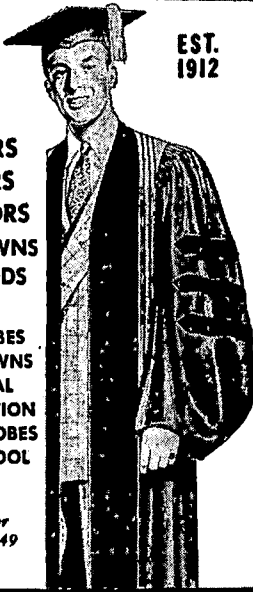
CAPS & GOWNS

EST.
1912

DOCTORS
MASTERS
BACHELORS
CAPS, GOWNS
and HOODS

PULPIT ROBES
CHOIR GOWNS
BAPTISMAL
CONFIRMATION
JUDICIAL ROBES
HIGH SCHOOL

Write for
catalog D49



BENTLEY & SIMON

7 WEST 36 ST. NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

very important books of the Council on Foreign Relations

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS 1953

BY RICHARD P. STEBBINS

With an Introduction by Grayson Kirk

• This annual volume, like the preceding volumes, reviews the events of the year in the light of historical fact rather than editorial bias. It is written for the lay reader as well as the expert. With grace, wit — and even more important — with detached scientific analysis, Richard Stebbins records 1953 — one of the most decisive years in our national history. Do you recall, for instance, that 1953 was the year that saw new administrations taking over in both the White House and the Kremlin . . . that it was the year of the Bricker Amendment, the “clean-up” of the State Department and the Foreign Service, the ousting of Mosaddeq, the unofficial attack on the information program? These are only a few of that year’s dramatically important events — ones which bear forcibly upon the history of the world today.

\$5.00

DOCUMENTS ON AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS 1954

EDITED BY PETER V. CURL

• The latest volume in the famous series presenting outstanding documentary material relating to world relations during 1954. Here, in convenient reference form, are texts of conferences — Berlin, Geneva, London, Paris, Caracas — and statements from world leaders — Churchill, Mendès-France, Nehru, Tito, Eisenhower, Dulles and Chou En-lai. Here are documents covering the settlement of the Suez dispute, the Iranian oil crisis, the American airmen held captive in Communist China, the H-Bomb experiments, the Atoms-for-Peace plan, the St. Lawrence Seaway. Here is the means for every interested reader to keep abreast of the ever-changing, always fascinating picture of America in her relationships with the world.

\$5.00

At all bookstores

Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by
HARPER & BROTHERS • New York

point here, teaching and delighting. I'm sure a lot of us are delighted by books which are in spots incomprehensible to many people.

I'm thinking of *Ulysses* now, for example. There are great gaps in my literary education. I know practically nothing about the nineteenth century. I have read *Ulysses* five times. Each time I feel more intrigued.

I can't conscientiously recommend it to everybody, but it's edifying, it's entertaining, I laugh like hell, I think it's a wonderful book, and where are you going to draw the line?

MR. BESSIE: Why draw a line?

MR. BECKER: Because if you don't draw a line, then you are putting *War and Peace* which, in the sense of words, is entirely comprehensible to anyone who wants to put in the time necessary to read it, in the same category with *Ulysses* which requires, for example, some knowledge of mythology.

MISS STAFFORD: *Ulysses* is *sui generis*.

MR. BECKER: That belongs to the discussion, too, somewhat.

MR. HAYDN: It's very special, even as Rabelais was; really, I mean if we don't read Rabelais, we don't know that, but if you do read it, you know that it, too, requires a special sophistication in much the same sense that *Ulysses* does.

MR. BESSIE: With this small distinction, which I would like to make: I would encourage the imitation of Rabelais and I would hope to be given the power to discourage the imitation of *Ulysses*.

MR. HAYDN: In the strict sense, Mike, discourage both imitations. If emulation, that's a different word—

MR. BESSIE: That is another session, I suppose, for another night. But the relationship of the novelist to where he comes from—

MR. HAYDN: I feel vulnerable enough about my definition of novels and great novels, but let me ask you this:

MR. ERSKINE: Don't you think that *Ulysses* has complicated the life of editors perhaps as much as anything? (Laughter)

MR. BECKER: Except its counterpart, Dr. Freud. (Laughter)

MR. HAYDN: Out of all this discussion I want to come back to one thing. I'm clear only—and then perhaps only partly—on what Mr. Ellison thinks on this question. With the rest of you I am not.

Do you believe that the serious American novel, as defined and amended, is as strong today, has approximately as many strong individual practitioners as it has had in the preceding hundred years?

MR. STYRON: I would like to answer by seconding what Steve said very early; that, if anything, the quality of the novel, it seems to me, in its depth and perception, and—to use a sort of tenuous word—universality, is greater now than it ever was. Or, at least, it has greater possibilities.

MR. HAYDN: Now, starting there, I'd like to know why.

MR. STYRON: Well, go on. All right, I'll go on. (Laughter) I think, for instance, that Faulkner certainly achieves a kind of greatness that no one else since Dostoevsky has achieved.

Now I am not a critic, and so I don't think I can go into analyzing my feelings, but I think he is a profound novelist. I think that most anyone who reads novels seriously will agree with that, despite all of Faulkner's faults.

MR. BECKER: I would like to pick that up, if I may. I think that it's very good that you put him with Dostoevsky and not Tolstoy, because one of the reservations that I was going to make to my previous statement that I think that novelists today do on the whole a better job than novelists in any period, is that it's more and more impossible for them all the time to reflect their entire world. They have got to do by means of examination in depth of one part of that—

MR. HAYDN: May I stick another parenthesis in here, because I know it won't belong anywhere else?

I believe that what you call universality comes from the intensity with which a particular is represented, and I put alongside these great comprehensive books—and I'm second to none in my admiration of Tolstoy—a book of the same generation called *Fathers and Sons*, which is laid in a little

provincial setting with only three or four important characters, and the thing is so intensely and wonderfully rendered that it just spills over the sides, and I find meanings—

Well, I first read it in a town called South Euclid, Ohio, and I found meanings for South Euclid, Ohio, in that book.

Now, it doesn't at all represent all of his known world, yet by implication, by extension, it has all sorts of overtones that are tremendous.

MR. BECKER: Well, you think hard.

MR. HAYDN: Well, I'm really asking, not stating. Can't you write today about a little patch, so to speak, and render meanings that are universal or semi-universal?

MR. BECKER: Yes.

MR. ELLISON: It occurred to me that otherwise I would have to give up writing novels.

MR. ERSKINE: But you can't write about it with the particular limitations that Dickens had, or that someone a hundred years ago had, and satisfy a modern audience.

MR. HAYDN: You mean you cannot help—Well, did you mean something like this, Albert, for instance? I don't see how anyone, any novelist who is concerned with character at any depth or density can ignore the fact that Freud and all the other doctors and disciples and opponents, and whatever of psychology, psychoanalysis and psychiatry, have come along since.

We all know what mistakes some novelists have made, reading with a volume of Kraft-Ebing open on one side and one or another pundit on the other side, and written case histories instead of a novel.

MR. ERSKINE: That's one of the things I mean.

MR. HAYDN: And it's terribly important, I think, for the novelist to let whatever he absorbs of that be absorbed, but not to give it back in the terms in which he secured it.

MR. ERSKINE: Not in jargon, anyhow.

MISS STAFFORD: Well, anyhow, all they did was steal language from us.

MR. HAYDN: That's true, and all the good ones admit that.

MISS STAFFORD: The analysts would have existed if it hadn't been for the writers.

MR. ERSKINE: Let me give an example not from the distant past, but my own action to reading for the first time *Winburg, Ohio* two years ago. I found this just incredibly dull, but I could understand what at the time it was published, it might have seemed so.

MR. HAYDN: I quite agree with your judgment.

MR. STYRON: Why do you think it's dull?

MR. ERSKINE: I don't know that I can really define that. It just seemed to me to be—

MR. BESSIE: It wasn't interesting?

MR. HAYDN: I reread it. You see, I read it years ago and thought it wonderful. Then I reread it not long ago, and it seemed to me apparent that Anderson, probably unconsciously, but anyway, that he was aware of a mission, in the sense of breaking open the conventional, and as he thought of it, the hypocritical, and so on, that it had all the crudeness and rawness of something hard to say, but I'm thinking of someone breaking ground and his consciousness breaking ground. It is as though he had assimilated this way of dealing with familiar phenomena.

MISS STAFFORD: That is very true. You can't read *Main Street* now.

MR. HAYDN: And yet you can see what a lot of novelists owe to him if you read after reading his predecessors.

MR. ELLISON: And you can see why people read it, too, because I can remember how kids used to flock into libraries to read anything he wrote.

MISS STAFFORD: Certainly.

MR. HAYDN: A few years ago, on the same sideline, I had to reread for a particular class purpose, about ten novels written in the twenties, very famous novels, and the only one, as I think I told you the other day, Mike, that stood up for me at all was *Point Counter Point*.

It is not the kind of novel that I particularly like, but it is just as strong as

just as good, of its own kind, now, as it was then.

MR. STYRON: And not *Farewell to Arms*?

MR. HAYDN: No, not to me. But what are we saying with all this? We are saying, aren't we, that we think that in many ways the contemporary novelist has a tougher job.

MR. ERSKINE: I think that we have been talking about the novelists of the past a great deal more than we have about the ones of the present.

MR. HAYDN: That's very true.

MR. ERSKINE: But I feel that I have, and many other people have, a tendency in reading the eighteenth-century novel, say, to discount certain things in advance when we are reading them, which gives us a more charitable view of their work than we have toward contemporary novels. We expect more of the contemporary.

What Ralph is talking about, that the contemporary hasn't met the situation—we don't expect Dickens to have done this.

MR. HAYDN: To have met our situation?

MR. ERSKINE: I found in rereading some of Thomas Hardy's novels not so long ago, and reading some of those that I had never read before, that I was just cringing with embarrassment, because I really like this man, but I had to say, "Well, after all, he was writing *then*."

MR. HAYDN: You are thinking of floridness and of the author intruding and of no concern for preserving the illusion, as most contemporary novelists do, through limiting their point of view to a character, and so on?

MR. ERSKINE: I don't think so much that, but I think it was partly the things which seemed naive. It seems to me, I would think—

MISS STAFFORD: Making mistakes.

MR. HAYDN: Let me ask you this: Maybe this is a comment on those novelists, but does Shakespeare seem naive to anybody?

MISS STAFFORD: No.

MR. BESSIE: Hiram, Shakespeare wasn't a novelist.

MR. HAYDN: He is to me a predecessor of the serious novelist, the imaginative writer. This is to me the heritage of the best of the

nineteenth-century novels rather, as I said before, than the tales in prose narrative, and so on, that preceded them.

MR. BESSIE: I don't see what your point is.

MR. ELLISON: Isn't it—whenever these first great writers, when we reread them and they fail—isn't it a failure of eloquence really, and that's precisely where Shakespeare does not fail?

We know what's going to happen, we have read the plays many times, I'm sure most of us have. I've read most of them myself. I know what's going to happen. I know the situation.

And yet the language, the eloquence itself, is what remains and what abides.

I recently reread *Farewell to Arms*, because somehow I had a theory about it, and so I went back and reread it. Some of the guys get very, very special—anyway, I reread this book. (Laughter)

Pardon my rhetoric—but going over it again, I was very interested to see how well some of the stuff held up for me, not because I didn't know what was going to happen, and not because it hadn't been redone by Hemingway imitators over and over again, but because of the way he had done it, because of his angle of vision, and because of his own personal statement.

MR. STYRON: I agree, and that's why I cannot see why *Point Counter Point* and the novels of the twenties—

MR. HAYDN: Make some allowance for personal opinion.

MR. STYRON: I do, but I just wanted to express my own admiration of the book.

MR. HAYDN: This will probably go off the record altogether, but may I come back to your asking why did I pick this Shakespeare thing? I think that what Ralph said in a sense applies directly.

I remember the other day having some reason for going back through *Hamlet* and discovering two lines that I had never noticed before—this is the most minor kind of thing, but this had to do with the scene where Osric has come in to tell Hamlet that he must duel with Laertes and has talked all that fancy court language, and Hamlet and Horatio are commenting on him after

he goes off-stage again—and I don't even remember which one said it, but one says, "He did comply with his dug before he sucked it." (Laughter)

This is what—250 years ago? Somebody help me on my arithmetic. (Laughter) Maybe 350 years ago. But that's all I mean.

Now, I think a lot of Hardy is naive one way and a lot of Meredith is naive another way, but still *Jude the Obscure*, as a whole, stands up for me very wonderfully.

MR. ELLISON: I can still remember the wrenching that I went through reading the stuff, when the girl has gone so far, and then begins to reject and fall back—oh, Lord, I suffered through this in *Jude the Obscure*.

MR. STYRON: I think the eloquence of a book like *The Naked and the Dead* is immense in its own way, and I certainly believe that just in that way the contemporary novel is alive and jumping.

MR. HAYDN: To me the one thing that is most exciting in a good novel is—well, there are two things really:

One is the sense of life, of vitality, of things coming to life, so that it ceases to be something I am reading and becomes an experience I am having, and I don't think that is being sentimental. I think it really does happen.

The other is the sense of the person behind the book, not intruding, but as I read on, the sense of—gosh, I think—

MR. STYRON: Authority?

MR. HAYDN: Yes, authority; but also originality in the sense of what is unique in one person.

MR. BESSIE: One person?

MR. HAYDN: That's another way of putting it. Do we have our fair proportion of them still?

MR. BESSIE: We can all give testimony on this, I suppose, because this then becomes confession. What you are saying now is, who are there among the living, or who have there been among the living (if it's the living we are talking about), at any rate, the modern American novelists, are there such?

Yes, I think there are.

MR. HAYDN: I suppose so. Well, I am not

asking are there such—or perhaps I am asking that. But I'm asking also, is there a marked falling off in numbers among them?

MR. BESSIE: I would abdicate completely from making a numerical comparison.

You can say are there many or few or some; this is really in a sense what we are dealing with.

You see, I go back to what I said at the outset. We agree or we could agree upon almost any previous period as recently as twenty years ago on figures of major novelists, people who we thought were major in the sense in which Bill Styron set forth, but he attaches it to at least a pre-World War II generation.

Of those who came since, could we—of novelists—agree on any number of people who we felt were of comparable stature?

Is that the question that you are now raising?

MR. HAYDN: I think it is, Mike. I got a little lost.

MR. BECKER: Isn't it a little bit early to talk about figures?

MR. BESSIE: You mean in person or in numbers?

MR. STYRON: No, I'm talking about a person, a figure as a literary figure.

MR. HAYDN: I'll put it another way:

As year follows year in the 1950's, do you have this same sense of impact, with a fair degree of regularity—never mind about more or less? And I would like to know what everybody feels about that.

MR. STYRON: Well, what kind of impact was there in the twenties? Was Hemingway instantly conceived of as a figure?

MR. BESSIE: Two books, no; the third book, yes.

MR. HAYDN: Hemingway is alive. I'm talking about the state of the American novel. I asked the younger generation to come here, but I think we're talking about several living generations.

MR. BESSIE: If I were to answer it in general terms, I think what I would say is this: That I personally feel that there are a considerable number of people who are alive, moderately young and in vigor, whose works I have read, and of whom I feel that

if they have not yet delivered, have produced what I consider a satisfactory work. They have the equipment and the possibility of doing so, and so I feel a sense of expectancy in that sense.

MR. HAYDN: I agree with that.

MR. BESSIE: There are a number of people of whom I feel this is true, wholly aside from the people in this room.

MR. HAYDN: The people in this room know that we think they're good or they wouldn't be here, but we agree with what you have said.

MR. BESSIE: Also, there are people who have come very, very close, if not there, to doing it, to producing a book or books which I think are as good as novels ever written anywhere.

I personally don't for a moment think that the novel is in a decline, and I don't think it's in a decline as to the figures writing it or as to the audience.

MR. STYRON: May I again address this to Ralph and Steve?

Do you feel hypothetically a sort of lesser excitement about writing than that which you might think you would feel if you were living in the twenties?

MR. HAYDN: Boy, that's a hypothetical feeling!

MR. STYRON: I know it's hypothetical, but all I'm trying to say is that there is, I think, a kind of—there was an excitement in the twenties, from what I gather in reading the literary history of the twenties, which is just not generated now—not that it's necessarily important, but that is a nagging sort of thing.

MR. ELLISON: Aren't we getting a lot about the authors all mixed up with what they were doing?

MR. STYRON: Sure.

MR. ELLISON: Yes, it was the Jazz Age, so-called, and Fitzgerald was burning the candle at both ends sometimes, and a little later on the Hemingway legend started—well, this is all very good. It caught the imagination of a lot of people.

I don't think we can put ourselves in that position, because ours is a different world. Maybe around the colleges and maybe

around the *Paris Review* and so forth, you have just the same kind of excitement.

Certainly there was that kind of excitement around *Partisan Review* during—well, we'll say around 1939, before the Nazi-Soviet Pact.

When I first came here, there was a great deal of excitement. Everyone felt that the world was really spinning along, and you had quite a number of people who were considered culture heroes.

Well, theories wear out and then you have to have something else. It's a little bit more difficult now, I think, to produce a work of art, a worthwhile work of art.

MR. BECKER: This is something I wanted to say before: that my memories of the twenties are understandably vague, but it seems to me a novel which captured you in the twenties could influence you far more than a novel that captures you now.

You may admire a book immensely—

MR. STYRON: I certainly agree.

MR. BECKER: Influencing the way you live.

MR. ELLISON: It depends on who you are, too.

MR. BECKER: Your relations with your fellow man, the kind of thing you decide you want to do.

MR. HAYDN: I'm just immensely moved. I haven't been very much of a chairman. I am immensely moved to state a heresy.

I think that the most overrated novelist in the history of American novelists is Scott Fitzgerald. I think he is a competent second-rater.

MR. STYRON: I disagree.

MISS STAFFORD: I disagree heartily.

MR. HAYDN: I think if anybody asked me who has outstripped him already at an early age, I would say you have. I could name some others, too, but I certainly say you have.

I only recently read *This Side of Paradise*, and I think it is a most nonsensical, sophomoric novel.

MR. STYRON: But *The Great Gatsby* is a good novel.

MISS STAFFORD: *The Great Gatsby* is almost a perfect novel.

THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND

MR. HAYDN: I disagree. I think it's a good novel, but it has sort of been finessed into a position which it could ill afford to have. But this is really just personal stuff, I didn't mean to throw that out.

MR. ERSKINE: I think Hemingway is even more overrated.

MR. HAYDN: He is certainly my second choice.

MR. ELLISON: For me he has had a lot more to say than Fitzgerald—definitely. *Gatsby*—fine; but Hemingway links up pretty close to Twain.

You might feel that Twain is overrated and certainly he isn't as subtle.

MR. HAYDN: Well, Ralph, show me the novel of Hemingway to stand beside *Huckleberry Finn*.

MR. ELLISON: His short stories don't do so badly.

MR. HAYDN: You know, it is not altogether irrelevant, because one of the great detractors of contemporary novels said to me just about a week ago, "One thing I would like to point out to you," he said, "the older generation has produced some very good novels, and individuals in it have produced two or three very good novels, but our new younger novelists"—he took the ones under thirty-five—"Name one," he said, "who has followed an initial first-rate book with a strong second or even third or even a fourth one."

MR. BESSIE: That's the mystery. That, I think, is very close to the mystery of the "under forty" novel.

MR. STYRON: Why is that particularly important?

MR. HAYDN: Whether he has or not?

MR. STYRON: Yes.

MR. HAYDN: Well, I don't know whether it is important, but I know that one test—I'll go this far with you—that one test of a really first-rate novelist, I should say, as against the writer of a first-rate novel, is that he should produce more than one first-rate novel.

MR. ERSKINE: Or even more than one novel.

MR. BESSIE: That's right.

MR. HAYDN: Well, a number of those he

referred to have produced second novels and third novels which were, most people felt, inferior, and markedly so.

MR. BESSIE: Don't you think that there is a distinction in this respect, Bill?

MR. STYRON: I do in a sense, but I also think—Well, take for instance, Fitzgerald, whom I greatly admire. His first novel was a great success. However, it's not very good. His second novel was even worse. He had to wait until his third novel before he produced what I think is not only good but superb.

MR. HAYDN: I think you are right, Bill, that many, many novelists develop that way, only, also, in almost every generation some develop the other way, and this was what this man—I'm not saying he's right—but this is what he offered.

MR. BECKER: I think there's a reason for that, which is that a great many people these days reach the age of twenty-five or so with a very good basic equipment for writing and go through fairly serious experiences which affect them seriously, heavily, at that age, write a crackerjack novel right out of the heart, and then become "writers," and cease to consider their art.

MR. HAYDN: Also, there is an economic factor.

MISS STAFFORD: Certainly.

MR. HAYDN: There must always have been an economic factor, but I think there's a difference.

MR. ELLISON: Hemingway was writing about this in the thirties in the *Green Hills of Africa*, and he discusses just what happens. This is an American phenomenon. That is, not simply a phenomenon of the forties and the fifties.

MR. BECKER: I agree with Ralph that it is an American phenomenon, too.

MR. ELLISON: And one thing is the extreme fluidity of our society. Reality changes fast, and if you don't keep up with it, you are apt to fall into writing the same book or writing the book—I mean, writing the book which is expected of you.

MR. BECKER: Not only that, but the veriest pauper in this country can sometimes, very often, through education, make of him-

self a good writer, and he has none of the family or the money or the assistance from outside that many European writers get, because belonging to a certain level of society they are expected to be writers, professional men.

MR. HAYDN: That certainly is one factor.

Now the other one that you raised just a moment ago, Ralph, what is expected of the writer who has produced a good first book is not unlike—I'm tired of people bringing athletic similes into every context—but, anyway, not unlike the second season of a baseball player, which is notoriously a bad season.

Somehow there is a sense of pressure. Isn't that true? I don't know. The greater amount of ballyhoo may have something to do with it, too.

MR. ERSKINE: I think that is a thing which frequently destroys people.

MISS STAFFORD: The ballyhoo you get. All that preliminary publicity.

MR. ELLISON: Your integrity is destroyed.

MR. BECKER: The greatest professionalism in the whole vocation.

MISS STAFFORD: We have the kind of thing that belongs to the stage, to the theatre, and to politics.

MR. BESSIE: Doesn't this carry a little bit back to the prestige of the novel—without trying to be too objectionable?

MR. STYRON: That is not an objectionable question at all. I think that a novelist feels that he is very definitely in competition with just what you are talking about.

MR. HAYDN: There seems to be quite a bit of prestige attached to being a novelist.

MR. STYRON: I don't object to that at all.

MR. BESSIE: If the novelist is thought of as a competitor of Jinx Falkenburg—

MR. STYRON: By whom?

MR. BESSIE: By the mass media audiences.

MISS STAFFORD: This is quite a vulgar note to introduce—you remember when *Forever Amber* came out, there was advance publicity for that book. She was built up the way Marilyn Monroe was, in exactly the same way.

MR. BESSIE: And in exactly the same places.

MR. HAYDN: Did you notice in *Publishers' Weekly* the advance notice?

MISS STAFFORD: Exactly the same reasons.

MR. BECKER: These are the eternal verities.

MR. HAYDN: The advance notice for the second book: "The theme of our advertising will be the author's picture"—that was the quotation. (Laughter)

MR. BESSIE: The solution to a harrowing problem.

MR. HAYDN: Another aspect of it appeared in the paper the other day, not with someone whose reputation needs to be made, but it was on the movie page—an advertisement of *Land of the Pharaohs* saying: "Written by that winner of the Nobel Prize and the Pulitzer Prize."

MR. STYRON: And Harry Kurnitz didn't get a nickel's worth.

MR. BESSIE: But Harry had a great experience working with a great man.

MISS STAFFORD: I'm sure no one in this room read the sequel—well, not the sequel, but Kathleen Winsor's second book, which is called *Star Money*.

MR. BESSIE: I read the first page of it.

MISS STAFFORD: I have a great appetite for trash and I read this one. It's a novel about a beautiful "clothes horse" who wrote a novel in the sixteenth century, and oh, the invasion of privacy!

MR. BESSIE: And lost love!

MISS STAFFORD: Miserable lost love!

MR. BESSIE: But had a good apartment.

MISS STAFFORD: An awfully good apartment. They drank cointreau as a cocktail.

MR. ERSKINE: I wanted to say at some point that this interests me a great deal, and I wasn't aware of this Kathleen Winsor thing, which indicates that even the writer of a most popular sort of fifth-rate novel then becomes aware of himself as a writer, and writes a book about the writer.

I have found in my manuscript reading, mostly of unpublished books—but this is true of many published books in the last twenty years—that writers are writing too much about writing and about writers and about the conflict between the writer and society.

And I think that is one thing that is terribly wrong with the American novel.

MR. STYRON: That sounds like Thomas Wolfe.

MR. ELLISON: How many people really know about that problem and how many people have a way into it?

MR. BESSIE: Unless it applies to everything. Unless it's darn good.

MR. STYRON: Of course.

MR. ELLISON: I would like to carry on for a minute.

Here we are, really teaching writing in colleges, which is very good. I have attended classes, I mean my friends' classes. I have never taken one.

But along with that goes a kind of piety toward standards of excellence, which is not so good; so many of the people who have taken these courses will tell you that so-and-so is good, and if you say, well, so-and-so is also good, they'll say, oh, no, he couldn't possibly be that good.

This is bad for this reason—here we are around the East Coast—

MR. HAYDN: Just develop that a little more. I have missed this. Why can't so-and-so possibly be good?

MR. ELLISON: Because he wasn't called good, first by the teacher, who very often is a novelist or a famous critic who has his own theories and his own motives for having theories about what is excellent, and you get a kind of ingrown thing whereby writers write for other writers rather than writing for a big audience.

MR. HAYDN: This is one of the initial charges, you may remember, that I quoted.

MR. ELLISON: Yes, and I agree. Certainly. And this is the great wrong about it: that the whole tendency in American life, historically, technologically, statistically, and every other way, is to mix up everything.

The South is becoming industrialized. It's a great industrial frontier. They build battleships in Oklahoma, planes in Kansas.

I mean, here you have this diversity of function no longer in stable geographical locations. You have population shifts. Washington State, which had no Negroes before World War II, or had very few, now has a

Negro problem, as such. Great masses of Negroes went up there during the war.

You have all these great things happening; and on the other hand, you have writers like me—though I do travel a bit, I have lived here since 1936, and I haven't made a trip out there, or to many other parts of the country, to learn exactly what is happening.

So how am I really going to communicate? I can communicate out of my own personal vision and out of my personal knowledge of that process of being transplanted and whirled around.

But time passes so fast that I could not, for the life of me, describe what's happening to my brother who went to California in 1938.

MR. BECKER: Wasn't one of your original points the fact that you can take a perfectly commonplace happening and by giving it your own fresh impetus make out of it a work of art?

MR. ELLISON: Yes, but if you aren't careful, you'll limit yourself only to people who live pretty much the same pattern that you live. And you are apt to limit your range of reference, the richness of your symbolism, your eloquence, to that group whose experience most closely matches the curve of your narrative.

One of the great pleasures of publishing a book was to have a fellow who did not read novels, who only read it because I wrote it, talk to me in terms which sounded like those of a "new critic."

The man said, "I read it; it meant this." And I went back—and you know, damn it, it meant that. Well, here was something. This was better than any favorable review that I got, because I felt that I had communicated with him.

MR. HAYDN: And that may not be the learned and the simple, but that's at least the initiated and the uninitiated.

MR. ELLISON: Yes. I just feel that we are called upon to do a big job, not because someone is going to give us a star on the report card, but because this is America and our task is to explore it, create it by describing it.

A Frenchman has been exploring France—each French writer explores the nature of the French personality, French reality, French culture, and the universality of the Frenchman.

He can do that. He's got a small country. We've got a big country. Here it takes more doing, but it'll be new.

MISS STAFFORD: I don't see that the problem for the novelist today in America is any different from that of a novelist in any point in history.

MR. ELLISON: It is not essentially, in general, Jean, but for instance, up until 1946 you got very few people, and maybe after 1946, who considered Faulkner as a readable novelist; and certainly they did not consider him as an important or a great novelist.

Now he is recognized as such.

MR. STYRON: Even by *Time* magazine. (Laughter)

MR. ELLISON: All right, by *Time* magazine.

MR. ERSKINE: But not by the *New Yorker*.

MR. STYRON: Not yet.

MR. HAYDN: Ladies and gentlemen, we can continue this well on, and of course, you are all invited to. Many people have written in after these conversations and said it didn't seem that we stayed on the point. Yet no one has written in and objected to the digressions, because the digressions are often the heart of the thing.

Now, I would like to conclude this by going around the circle from left to right, and giving each person an opportunity, if he cares to, to say something on the central point, which is: "What is wrong with the American novel?" or "What is right with the American novel?" or both.

Bill?

MR. STYRON: May I do something very ungracious and pass to Jean? Or are you taken off guard, too?

MISS STAFFORD: Yes, I am.

MR. STYRON: Let's pass to Mr. Erskine.

MR. ERSKINE: I have nothing at this moment.

MR. ELLISON: Oh, come now, you can't do this.

MR. HAYDN: I'll start with you and come around this way.

MR. ELLISON: Well, I think that technically the American novel is far more conscious (maybe too self-conscious) than ever before.

There is a technical awareness and mastery, which has not existed so widely before.

I don't think that it has interested itself in communication of the wonder of the American experience as it might. I think we are groping toward that, and that in the younger novelists you are getting, you are *beginning* to get it.

I was quite surprised, encouraged, to talk with writers, publishing writers, who seemed to know absolutely nothing which occurred before 1940. I think there is a kind of hope in that, as well as the obvious danger.

MR. HAYDN: Thank you very much. Steve?

MR. BECKER: I agree with Ralph that American writers are now better equipped and, in general, can turn out better books than they have ever done before.

I think that part of the difficulty lies in the changing functions of the novel, again in terms of the audience. Certain jobs that the novel used to do are now being done for far too many people by the news magazine, by television, by periodical literature in general, rather than by books which could be expected to last and to supply some sort of guidance or entertainment for some time.

I think—give me a minute.

MR. HAYDN: Take your time.

MR. BECKER: We are succeeding much more thoroughly in illuminating specific areas of experience, and the only lack that I feel, and it may not be a very serious lack at all, is in the step between specific experience and universal experience, so that too many readers may pass by the total significance of the book.

I don't know whether too few writers can feel life as a whole and write a book which expresses their vision of the whole, although there are a great many who can do a wonderful job on a small part of that thing.

MR. HAYDN: Mike?

MR. BESSIE: Unfortunately, it gets more and more difficult to add to what's been said, because what's been said is so well put.

I think I would try to say these things: In the first place, I think that the very amount of concern with the state of the novel is an indication less of any decline in the novel, or any real problem with the novel, than it is of the sense of expectancy, a sense that the novel and novelists are perhaps about to give us—as we have had now at pretty swift intervals for more than a hundred years—extraordinary achievements in writing.

And they have come, on the whole, I think, fairly close. There have been quite a few of them, until I think that what we are really saying, all of us, is where is it? or where is he? or where is she? where is the novel? where is the novelist? or—although we think less in terms of groups and schools than we did a while ago—where is the group? That is the first thing.

The second thing, I think, is: Difficult as it is to produce a novel which, in the sense

that Steve Becker says, encompasses the whole, I find it difficult to believe that this is a more difficult time to encompass than, for example, Stendhal's.

I have a feeling that the time in which Stendhal lived, to him and to the people who read him, was a time that justified that preposterous and wonderfully prophetic statement that so few novelists today would have the courage, in the face of publicity, to make, as Stendhal himself made about his own books.

I would sort of welcome a novelist today who would say of himself, not in the Henry Miller sense, but in the sense in which Stendhal said it: that this will be read in—well, you name the date.

I'm baffled, as an editor, by this sense, which God knows, Bill Styron is not the only one to have, of the separation from readers. (If I'm rephrasing it badly, you'll have a chance to do it yourself.)

I don't really understand it. I have the feeling that the writer today, that the novelist today, must be as close to his reader as

1945 - 1955

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR announces with pride the publication of a special Winter issue devoted to an appraisal of the present human situation.

The past ten years of uneasy peace have been ones of an awakening and adjustment to the conditions which constitute the present more hopeful equilibrium. The Editors of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR have invited a group of distinguished writers to evaluate aspects of the past decade, the shifting present and the probable future.

Balzac was, and if Balzac had this sense of alienation from his reader, I fail to find it.

And I would like to know—I don't think it's our purpose now—but I would like to know why the novelist, if he does feel this, feels it. I think that the rewards of success in the novel have become disproportionate with the merits of a novel, as we seriously know it.

A successful book brings more in acclaim and rewards than the writer knows is justified. And I think that the novelist may have a small piece of the Hollywood writer's problem of getting more of something that isn't serious in its values than he knows what to do with.

The last thing I think about the novel now is the thing that I tried to say a while ago, which is that there are so many people—I couldn't begin to name them or number them—who, I think, can write good novels, and quite a number who, I think, can write very good novels, and I think, this is why we talk about the state of the novel. Where is that very, very good one?

MR. HAYDN: Thank you.

Bill, may I come around to you now?

MR. ERSKINE: Can I precede him now, because all I want to say is—

MR. HAYDN: I will ask Bill. May he precede you?

MR. STYRON: He certainly may.

MR. ERSKINE: This is no summing up.

MR. HAYDN: Is this a way of evading the summing up?

MR. ERSKINE: Perhaps. (Laughter)

What Mike was saying about the sense of separation from the audience that a lot of people who write novels today feel—I have encountered so many people through reading their manuscripts and through seeing them, who have written unpublished novels, and some who have written novels which have been published, who are proud of this sense of separation and who would not like to do anything about it at all, but who, if you publish their novel, and the separation continues to exist, are very much distressed about it.

I am distressed by the fact that so many people seem to feel that it is important to

be separated from this corrupt world in which we live, and I think that this is a real problem.

MR. HAYDN: This is another echo from the initial impeachment from outside, isn't it? Only this is from the inside.

Ralph, you remember that I said a little while ago—

MISS STAFFORD: I think that certainly silences me. (Laughter)

MR. BESSIE: If you were going to say it, you've got to say it.

MISS STAFFORD: I will say this:

MR. HAYDN: Bill—

MR. STYRON: Of course, ladies first. (Laughter)

MISS STAFFORD: I don't have any sense of separation from the audience. When I'm writing I'm writing for God—

MR. HAYDN: But did Albert mean while you were writing? I don't think that he did.

MR. ERSKINE: Well, I didn't mean you.

MISS STAFFORD: Let's not let this get to be a personal quarrel.

MR. HAYDN: But you didn't mean the writer had this sense of separation while he was in the act of writing, did you?

MR. ERSKINE: I think the ones that I'm talking about have it from the very beginning.

MR. HAYDN: Have it perennially?

MR. ERSKINE: Yes. They like to think that this is too good for people to read, and then when people don't read it, they are disappointed.

MR. HAYDN: I would then like to ask you a question: How many of these are in your opinion really first-rate writers?

MR. ERSKINE: I think that some of them basically are, but they have gotten, out of the air, or somewhere, this notion. I don't know how to explain it.

MR. HAYDN: Because—

MR. ERSKINE: They like to think that they are Shelley, that they will be appreciated after they are dead.

MR. HAYDN: I think that the prime examples of this could not possibly uphold this point of view logically and still submit their books to publishers.

MR. BESSIE: Oh, Hiram, if you're going

THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND

to be a full-time masochist, you're going to get somebody to hurt you.

MR. HAYDN: Well, all right.

MR. ERSKINE: Well, don't you know these?

MR. BESSIE: I do, indeed.

MR. BECKER: What is behind it? A great contempt for the American public?

MR. ERSKINE: Something like that.

MR. BESSIE: I don't think there is anything—

MR. STYRON: I really would like to know about that.

MR. HAYDN: I do agree with you both. I don't know. I know people who talk like that, but my God!

However, I really don't know how anyone, if you make the most modest effort to track it down, can defend this point of view, and seriously go on and submit his book to you and ask it to be published, holding his nose, and then count—well, you said this, didn't you—and then count how many advance orders you have and how many re-orders you get after publication.

So that this simply annihilates the whole argument. I don't mean your argument. I mean theirs.

MR. BESSIE: This is thoroughly out of turn, but I don't think there is any particular relationship between what Bill was talking about and what Albert was talking about at all.

MR. HAYDN: I don't either.

MR. BESSIE: If Bill would say, I would be very interested personally in what he means about this.

MR. HAYDN: In spite of the resemblance that you have begun to bear to either Mr. Sherlock Holmes or to Dr. Watson, I forget which, on the trail of the notorious—well, I would like to say I don't think any of us thought there was any relation.

MR. BESSIE: I'm sure that I just wanted to get to Bill.

MR. STYRON: Will you just briefly say what you're getting at?

MR. BESSIE: The first thing that you said, which you haven't had a chance to get back to, about the feeling that the novelist today—well, you said nobody is interested in the document. Nobody is interested in what it

is that he produces, the statement, or something like that.

MR. STYRON: Something like that.

MR. HAYDN: That he misses the feeling of a really interested, concerned audience.

MR. STYRON: Now, you want me to elaborate on that?

MR. BESSIE: Not if you don't want to.

MR. STYRON: I don't know precisely how to, but I'll try.

I think Steve said, at least one of the first hypotheses, was that of a missing public. Isn't that right? Or, at least the suggestion of that.

And I still feel, I mean all glitter aside, all Hollywood aside, all romance aside, that the novelist in America today is a writer who is writing to an audience which is specialized as never before; that Melville, *Moby Dick* aside, was a tremendously—he was read in—I don't know what the population of the U.S.A. was in 1850. But I would imagine that the proportion of his readers was just fantastically greater than it is now.

MR. ERSKINE: You would be wrong.

MR. STYRON: All right, then I would be wrong.

Do you mean to tell me—we will have to check on that. Disregard the Melville remarks. Nevertheless, I think the writer, at least I do, I feel a tremendous kind of—I feel I should be like the fellow who was sure to write for television some time. I really do.

MR. BESSIE: Why?

MR. STYRON: I feel that if there is a possibility to be moved by a medium, I think there's a possibility to be moved by the television medium. I don't say that I'm even going to think about being a TV writer, but if there is this possibility, why should I not write for television?

MR. BESSIE: Maybe you like words.

MR. STYRON: I love words, but then, again, there's the economic factor.

MR. BESSIE: This is a really serious point.

MR. BECKER: You always want to reach more people than you do.

MR. STYRON: Of course you do. For instance, if on a one-night program at CBS, something like that, I could reach—oh, I

don't know how many, 14 million people—
 MR. BESSIE: You can tell me what you mean by reaching.

MR. ERSKINE: Yes. (Laughter)

MR. STYRON: Well, look, the movies have done it. Why can't TV do it? I have seen movies which have moved me. Why don't I write for the movies or TV instead of books?

MR. ELLISON: Your books move people. Your works—

MR. STYRON: But if I can write in a medium, without sacrificing my sincerity and my integrity, which will reach more people, why should I not do that?

MR. BESSIE: I'll give you the answer very simply. The answer is because you don't use yourself to the extent and in the way that you want to use yourself.

MR. STYRON: How do you know?

MR. BESSIE: I know by the fact that you haven't done it. That's the only way I can know. I know an awful lot of people who have done it, and this is one of the problems—a lot of people find it not only more rewarding economically and in acclaim, and also get a sense of contact with a larger number of zeroes by talking through TV or the movies to a greater audience than they do in a novel. If this is their satisfaction, I say more power to them.

MR. ELLISON: It is not really a task, is it? I can remember reading things by Faulkner long before he was generally acclaimed, and just wishing that I could have written those things. I mean they are powerful and they are still good, and I think they'll be here forever.

MR. STYRON: I agree.

MR. ELLISON: But to have judged them on the basis of how many people were reading him at that particular time would have been unfair.

MR. BECKER: That is what he means. You are not judging. You are feeling this.

MR. STYRON: Yes, it's a feeling of a steadily declining audience, of an almost minuscule audience.

MR. BESSIE: Gee, I wonder, Bill. I think maybe it's just this other great big thing

that's growing up in an area vaguely called communications.

MR. HAYDN: Well, it all depends what you mean by minuscule. There are 165 million people in the United States. I don't know how many of these are totally illiterate.

I do know that when a book sells 100,000 copies, not 100,000,000 copies, but 100,000 copies, all of us who are associated with the publishing firm that published it are jubilant in terms of what's coming into our coffers, because this is a very large sale indeed, and yet it is a very small percentage of the American population.

Now, possibly Bill means something like this; and we know, through Hooper Ratings, or whatever they call them, that the number of those who listen to a particular television show is enormously larger.

MR. BESSIE: That's right.

MR. HAYDN: So that if you care at all about the sense of the size of the audience, there is really an enormous difference.

MR. BESSIE: I agree with that.

MR. HAYDN: Ladies and gentlemen, I have seldom conducted a meeting in which I have felt more impotent to keep the train on the tracks. Begging your pardon, I would like to continue around my circle, for anybody else who would like to state his reply to that question: "What is wrong with the American novel?" or "What is right with the American novel?"

There are three people who may have given their answers, but in the course of the "backing and forth" I'm not sure.

Bill, do you want to say something?

MR. STYRON: Well, I think Mike has done it and Steve has done it, too. I think I have sounded unduly pessimistic, and as far as I know, I will write novels for a long, long time.

And if I sound pessimistic, it's only because of the fact that television dazzles me, not because I want to write for television, but because I think there is always this very intrinsic thing of reaching people whom you might call zeroes, and maybe they are, a lot of them are, but nonetheless, reaching a lot of people.

MR. BECKER: Thank God this isn't for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

MR. BESSIE: I was going to take the magazines out of the—take the zeroes out of the magazines. That is the most bedeviled statement I have ever heard.

MR. HAYDN: The cynicism of several commentators is going to look equally bad, but I'm going to leave it all in. (Laughter)

MR. STYRON: Anyway, I think that the kind of emotional problem affecting the novelist is this feeling that—oh, that all these tremendous, fantastic, grandiose, marvelous things that he has to say do not reach nearly the number of people that they might.

MR. BESSIE: That's right.

MR. STYRON: I think in America today it

has reached a point which it has never reached before, in that sense. I'm going to keep on writing novels and I'm going to write the best kind of novel I know, but this will always be important to me, I think.

MR. BESSIE: I think it will.

MR. HAYDN: Jean?

MISS STAFFORD: Well, it may be a problem, but you have got to stick to that. I would like to say this: I don't think that the American novel is moribund. I think it's rather morbid for the novelist to discuss its morbidity.

MR. HAYDN: Albert, will you deliver the *coup de grâce*?

MR. ERSKINE: No.

MR. HAYDN: In that case I shall simply say thank you very much and Amen!

William A. James

January 28, 1893—August 3, 1955

For ten years Mr. James served THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR as advertising representative with enthusiasm and diligence. His belief that such a publication could be an effective advertising medium has been an important factor in the growth of the magazine and in its establishment on a sound financial basis.

The editor, the editorial board and the staff of the SCHOLAR wish to record their gratitude for the thought, the cheerfulness and the energy which William James brought to his work for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D. C., and should not exceed three hundred words in length except on request. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.

—EDITOR

Cold War Troubles

It is a pity that Mr. Langbaum's otherwise admirable essay ["Cold War Troubles at Home," AS: Summer, 1955] should be marred by some of those intemperate criticisms of liberalism now so popular in circles that exaggerated both McCarthyism and the obsession with McCarthyism.

Liberals, he writes, "are predisposed to believe (with as much chance of being right as wrong) that a Hiss, a Lattimore, an Oppenheimer must be innocent because he is a victim of investigation." What an extraordinary statement! I do not think liberals are disposed or predisposed to think Hiss innocent, though they doubtless do think that his significance has been fantastically inflated. Liberals, and, I trust, conservatives as well, are predisposed to think Lattimore and Oppenheimer innocent for the very good reason that in our system men are assumed to be innocent until proved guilty, and that both have been examined pretty thoroughly and not found guilty. The government exhausted itself, and its resources, trying to find Lattimore guilty of something, and failed; it does not require any peculiar predisposition therefore to hold that he is in fact innocent of whatever charges have been brought against him. And I do not see how any one can read the report of the Gray committee without feeling that Professor Oppenheimer comes out of it rather better than his accusers or examiners or judges.

But we read further that "the whole arduous effort of liberal thought in the past decade has been devoted to . . . building up a finely discriminated anti-Communist

position." On the contrary, most liberal thought has been devoted to maintaining the gains of the New Deal, to supporting the Truman and Stevenson positions, to defending the TVA or natural resources, to dealing with problems of segregation or of housing, to strengthening the UN and a score of other things. If Mr. Langbaum really thinks that liberalism since 1945 has devoted itself purely to anti-communism he is indeed the victim of that obsession he describes. But why should he ascribe his own obsessions to liberals generally?

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER
New York, New York

Communism at Home

The leading article in your Summer number is on a timely and important topic, one which, in the hands of an Arthur Krock or a David Lawrence, might well have contributed to improved public sentiment. In the hands of a teacher of literature, it consists chiefly of a rehash of the anti-McCarthy assertions of "we liberals" current in the spring of 1954. The bias of the author is established by his continuous use of such expressions as "the sort of people one doesn't know," "the dark, unknown populace . . . potential McCarthy supporters—unsusceptible to rational control."

It would be enlightening to hear some specific details of the acts that Mr. Langbaum, speaking for "at least half of us," characterizes as "our anti-Communist effort" that was "interrupted." When liberals, and especially the college-professor type, make political headlines, it is usually for signing petitions of "prominent citizens," protesting

the invasion of the "constitutional rights" of some Rosenberg or Lattimore or Remington, or applauding some judge who has blocked their prosecution. It would be refreshing to hear of some real anti-Communist activity by these intellectuals.

Mr. Langbaum has evidently not fully recovered from a severe case of jitters brought on by his narrow escape from a threatened appearance on his campus of the dreaded Senator from Wisconsin. His "certainty" that the "McCarthy myth has collapsed" sounds very shaky, and justifiably so.

As for the present situation, Mr. Langbaum accepts at face value the Administration's assurance that "all . . . fellow travelers and remotest acquaintances . . . were now ousted from government"—some of them, unfortunately, after promotion, others protected by powerful influence from coming to trial on government charges. He thinks that "we are . . . united against communism," but that it is rather silly to be "worrying the distinction between liberal, Pink and Red."

Be assured that the average American does not worry much on that score, but holds that one political tag blends easily into the other. Your essayist does not approve of following "our moral principles to their 'logical conclusions.'" Finally, he asserts the "principle" that "no intellectual commitment whatever, can be criminal." Why, then, all the shouting about self-incrimination?

After relieving himself of some thirteen pages on "McCarthyism," Mr. Langbaum has little space left for his views on the problem he purports to discuss. Apparently, he favors a cessation of polemics, leading to "the only kind of culture that is free—quiet culture, the still, small voice of reason." It is very doubtful if that is a practical suggestion, in view of the intense bitterness expressed by the liberals last year.

"Our job now is to tell each other that we are not at war." Tell that, Professor, to the families of the men who are in Communist dungeons, or who are being shot down, every once in awhile, over neutralized waters or territory. Tell them that "we are in a state

which may last fifty years," and see if they are as complacent as your liberal associates are about "the few Communists among us," and the survival of "our democracy and culture."

I hope THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR can soon publish a creditable, objective article on how to deal with communism at home.

HERBERT D. A. DONOVAN
Long Island, New York

Offbeat Meanings

I wish to express a small resentment at Mr. Werner Cohn's specialized definition and use of the term "proletarian" in his article on the Jehovah's Witnesses [AS: Summer, 1955]. Mr. Toynbee, perhaps, committed the distortion, but Mr. Cohn compounded it.

The taking of respected words and fitting them to the Procrustean bed of the specialist is to be deplored. I, for one, doubt whether adoption of offbeat meanings for standard terms really makes for clarity and understanding.

The content of Mr. Cohn's article was provocative, but I must confess that it grated to have to adjust to "proletarian" in this new context. It was a little like eating bacon that had been dropped in the same

Workers of the world, unite!

TILTON M. BARRETT
Worcester, Massachusetts

Concern for Contemporaneity

I wish to take issue with Werner Cohn in his article, "Jehovah's Witnesses as a Proletarian Movement" [AS: Summer, 1955]. It seems to me that he is another victim of those sociologists whose credo is "Let us now go up into the House of Contemporaneity and worship." The language of this sect of sociologists is frequently quite as esoteric as that of the Jehovah's Witnesses. Of thousands of examples, I cite one: "monadic." But aside from language, it is the concern for contemporaneity that leads so many sociologists into pitfalls. Their sights are too low. When they look backward they never, or hardly ever, get beyond Dr. Freud. Mr. Cohn

accuses the Jehovah's Witnesses of "proletarian secession from society." What about "the Orphic way of life" among the ancient Greeks? It was the "only road to salvation" and only "the elect" could be "saved," with all others going to a hideous hell. Was this also a "proletarian secession"? Should we accuse the Orphics of "an underlying inability to come to terms with the risks and dangers inherent in life itself"? Would Mr. Cohn claim "an adolescent quality of proletarian movements" was the motif of the Book of Revelations? I was quite disturbed that Mr. Cohn did not state anywhere that the Jehovah's Witnesses paraphrase the Book of Revelations over and over again in their own literature. Even the number of the current "elect" in the world, namely 144,000, comes from this book.

As I see the problem, any interpretation of an Armageddon sect in America which leaves out references to Revelations (or, for that matter, Homer and Virgil, especially in the Sixth *Aeneid*), is shaky. Furthermore, it is even shakier business to leave out reference to what may be the single major motive of all Judgment Day sects: the *apparent fulfillment* of ancient prophecies in our day. We have reached the fire-from-heaven epoch. We are even so squarely in the middle of it that we find it difficult to define what is absurd any longer. Imagine the President of the United States meeting with his cabinet in a tent 100 miles from Washington in 1920!

In my high school days I knew many Russellites (the founders of the Jehovah's Witness religion), and I want to emphasize that they are not different from the corner grocer or the local B.P.O.E. president. After all, the son of Jehovah's Witnesses became the President of the United States on the conservative ticket (Republican) in 1952.

FRANCIS HAYES
Gainesville, Florida

A Thorough Understanding

Soon after I had read Mr. Werner Cohn's article in the Summer issue, I was "button-holed" by a Jehovah's Witness. I felt unusually well fortified in my stand after I had

read the results of his research. It seems amazing to me that such ideas as those which this group not only believes in but tries to spread could have survived in this day and age which we like to think of as "enlightened." Works such as Mr. Cohn's, which are well documented, scholarly and well presented, are needed to let educated people have a little idea of what notions are still held by such groups. Only through a thorough understanding of the situation can any constructive action be taken.

JOHN R. REEDER
New Haven, Connecticut

Recurring Millenarian Phenomena

In linking Jehovah's Witnesses with Nazi, Communist, and some Zionist youth groups as examples of a Toynbee-like proletarian movement, Werner Cohn is making a scholarly mountain out of a molehill of recurring millenarian phenomena from the first century A.D. to the twentieth.

He may well have added as examples of "curious" eschatological movements the Mormon Church and the Seventh-day Adventists as sociologically more akin to the religious sect he denominates as "proletarian," than is the Marxist-Communist society, which certainly not only "lives in," but is "of" the given societies wherever it appears. And of all such "Toynbee Proletarians" the Ku Klux Klan is or was the most perfect likeness.

Was it Mr. Cohn's purpose to use Jehovah's Witnesses as "whipping horses" in order to assure his readers that he is anti-Marxian and anti-Communist? If not, then why go so far afield to find movements analogous to his title theme?

It should not go unchallenged when a writer presents his materials as a work of research and fails to use undisputed examples of the type of organization which Mr. Cohn says is typical of totalitarianism—"onion" in form and with "charismatic leadership." Our industrial system is loaded with examples. I know a great newspaper chain empire that is commonly thought to be

owned by one man. But New York banks are the real owners and direct the policies of the chain. I did some work for a great bank recently and was surprised to learn that this reliable institution is the hidden owner and director of several industries thought by the public to be owned by shadow personnel. And what of giant concerns found to be owned and controlled by insurance companies when one peels off the "onion" wrapped directories!

If Mr. Cohn were as well acquainted with early Christianity as he is with the modern Zionist youth groups he would know that the type of organization to which he refers as the basis of his study was typical of the early Christian Church before Rome accepted it and gave its missionary movement the military power of empire. The onion-like-hierarchical organization of its spiritual and political totalitarianism is apparent to any serious student of Church history. Rome was quick to perpetuate this phase of what of necessity the early Christians had practiced in order to survive, pending, as it was thought, the Second Coming and the millennium.

The eschatology phase of Jehovah's Witnesses is rampant in practically all Protestant groups, excepting the liberal churches. It is today a dominant theme among communicants of the burgeoning denominations outside the more formal evangelical bodies.

Another example of what Mr. Cohn thinks is typical of the totalitarianism of the Marxist-Communists and Jehovah's Witnesses is the French Revolutionists, especially the Jacobins, who had their own political commissars and secret police. Still another is the anti-slavery advocates who participated in the underground railroad system of freeing slaves. A real onion-like organization was this, indeed, with infiltrated leadership of "who's-got-the-button-type."

Applying the criteria which Mr. Cohn uses, it will be found by using scholarly research that "proletarian" totalitarianism has its roots in many institutions and in many countries of Western civilization. Isolation of this or that group from its economic, religious, or sociological environ-

ment does not provide research materials sufficient to establish Mr. Cohn's thesis or to defend it against intelligent challenge. His metaphysical concept conceals unhistorical details important in forming sound conclusions.

GIFFORD ERNEST
Chicago, Illinois

Proletarian Identification

I should like to thank Werner Cohn for reviving some very pleasant memories and for analyzing, by analogy, a movement which influenced my adolescent development. As a law student, I have long been fascinated by the Witnesses and their perseverance in the face of difficult Constitutional battles. As the mazkir for Camp Shomria of Hashomer Hatzair at the impressionable age of fifteen, I was happy to feel that I was not an outsider and could recall the meaning of the jargon. (I am surprised that "tents" rather than "ohelim" was used.)

Although my political orientation has been substantially altered (I am now a member of the New York Young Republican Club), I am convinced that this early identification with a "proletarian" movement was profitable and enlightening. The attempt to be different manifested itself in an affinity for "good" music, books and the theatre, in addition to the absence of make-up. It gave us a feeling of independence and importance without neglecting community feeling.

Within the context of adult life, I agree that the proletarian life and movement is improper in its sacrifice of responsibility and mature independent action for security in the highly developed community. Mr. Cohn's keen analysis of these groups has given me the feeling, more than ever, that my few years spent with a proletarian movement added to my ability to appreciate the "capitalist, bourgeois" community which I have now come to love.

I should like to add that the Shomer picture of the hibbutz was not unlike the New World described in Mr. Cohn's article. His analogy has many other points of similarity, but I am quite confident that

the author is well aware of them and that they have been omitted only because of the demands of editorial brevity.

JOSHUA F. GREENBERG
Brooklyn, New York

Not So New Isolationism

Margaret Mead, in "The New Isolationism" [AS: Summer, 1955], decries as unfortunate the tendency of intellectuals (especially Hofstadter, Riesman and Glazer, and Charlotte Knight in the articles mentioned) to relegate the world crisis to last place in discussions of various domestic ills. It seems to me that this lack of emphasis on the world crisis is justified, inasmuch as the country is becoming more and more isolationist, *de facto*, every day.

People seem only secondarily concerned with this world crisis. They are primarily interested in the problem of buying a new television set, or sending the kids through college, and so forth. Civil Defense authorities are deploring the lack of volunteers. The failure to take an interest in plans of evacuation of our major cities is becoming a major defense problem, as pointed out in Lewis A. Dexter's article, "Defense Means Protection," in the same issue of the SCHOLAR. Margaret Mead is certainly correct in noting this isolationist tendency and voicing a warning in respect to it. But would she have our social scientists present the world crisis as a primary cause of certain domestic ills when this is plainly not the case? It seems to me that psychology, class analyses, and attention to cultural character, the very methods which Margaret Mead denounces as a "subtle, new, reactive form of isolationism," are the most accurate forms of analysis that can be applied at this time, considering the present isolationist temper of the culture.

Furthermore, I cannot see why Margaret Mead includes the adjective "new" in her title. This isolationism is nothing new, but an extension of the same old isolationism so typical of America and broken only by brief periods of involvement in foreign wars. I am not saying that this is a good thing, but we cannot ignore its existence; and I do

feel that individual personalities and class character are more significant in influencing American institutions today than is the world crisis or fears allegedly engendered by it.

EDWARD JAY
Browning, Montana

Education and TV

I want to express my sincere appreciation of Joseph Wood Krutch's column, "If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . ." on education and TV. It seems to me to get to the core of several things that need to be borne in mind by anyone who has to do some thinking about education, especially liberal arts education.

It strikes me that it might be worth while to make reprints of this column available in quantity. In any event, I hope that in some way it will be given wide distribution among educators.

OSCAR J. FALNES
New York, New York

Neo-Phariseeism

Some of your readers appear to be affronted by Mr. Prezzolini's "Testament," published in your Spring issue. They sniff poison in the jeremiad of a lovable and scholarly gentleman who in the declining years of his life finds cause for much disillusionment, only slightly assuaged by the realization that he is not above shining his own shoes and washing his own windows.

To spot alarming trends of neo-this or neo-that in Mr. Prezzolini's cultured and civilized regret over what might have been but has not been, strikes this reader as a singular form of neo-phariseeism.

Despite his disillusionment, it is clear that Mr. Prezzolini has found a modicum of peace and contentment. Whether in these days of A and H-bombs cheerful whistling through the conventional corridors of optimism can vouchsafe as much, is open to considerable doubt.

GARIBALDI LAGUARDIA
Santurce, Puerto Rico

Despair and Exhaustion

I found myself wrestling with Prezzolini ["Testament," AS: Spring, 1955] like Jacob with the angel. He is a distinguished man, a remarkable mind. He has explored the widest fields of knowledge and experience all to no purpose. One cannot argue with him for what has happened. The trouble is not that he is wrong. What is devastating is to see so great a mind sink down into despair. He has lost his love of life and of his fellow-men. Santayana in his last writings showed a cold indifference to all earthly things. But Santayana was consistently that kind of a personality from the first, an intellectual never interested in action or other human beings. Prezzolini was never a mere intellectual spectator using the football field for his mind to play around in, indifferent to everything but the sport of using his mind. Santayana ended in cold indifference as he had lived. Prezzolini has plunged into life, has loved life, has felt the immense hopes and illusions of 1900, and now reaches the end in sadness and despair.

In his pessimism he chooses to think of the world of eternal conflict as being all a one-sided affair of triumphant evil. When one thinks of the results of the tireless efforts of such men as he in our past half century to diminish hatreds, misunderstandings, and destruction around them; when one looks at our world, as far as anyone can grasp such a vast scene, who can say that Prezzolini is not justified? Yet when such immeasurable forces are in conflict no human mind is massive enough to speak with confidence.

It is a grievous spectacle to see such gifts as Prezzolini has possessed end in utter despair and exhaustion. But it is well that he has spoken, even though few may listen. In America where such loud complacent voices are now raised in a triumphant chorus of faith that the present American way of life is supreme perfection, Prezzolini should remind us that all is not best in the best of all possible Americas.

STEPHEN BUSH
Iowa City, Iowa

Pseudo-Conservative Revolt

My wife and I find Dr. Hofstadter's article, "The Pseudo-Conservative Revolt" [AS: Winter, 1954-55], to be the most illuminating discussion which we have read about the forces that are bringing confusion and anxiety into our present American life. We would like to pass it on to friends who are as concerned as we are about getting to the roots of our trouble.

HARRY A. OVERSTREET
Mill Valley, California

* * *

Splendid is the word for Richard Hofstadter's article. To such a thinker thousands can be truly grateful, because of the stimulating and convincing thesis he sets forth. Seldom have we seen an issue defined as clearly and wrapped up as well.

JOHN CHARLES WYNN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A Pastiche for T.S.E.

In "For T.S.E. Only" [AS: Spring, 1955], Mr. Hyam Plutzik has written a clever pastiche but one which, regrettably, draws some of its sustenance from myth, especially in its attempt to exploit the weary old issue of anti-Semitism. Words "will not stay in place,/ Will not stay still. Shrieking voices/ Scolding, mocking, or merely chattering,/ Always assail them. . . ." And it is frightening to reflect on the implications that have been drawn from one line in "Gerontion" and the general atmosphere (presumably) of "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar," both written circa 1920. Heaven help us if the Irish should decide to protest the anti-Irish sentiment of the Sweeney poems.

As for the lack of fellow-feeling, the warmth, the human touch, or whatever—this, too, is an old story, representative of certain opinions which were in vogue about 1932 when it was fashionable to predict, not without malice, how quickly T.S.E. would be forgotten, a miserable, disintegrating, reactionary talent, all intellect and no heart.

DAVID W. EVANS
South Gate, California

Index to Volume 24

The pagination of the volume is divided as follows: Winter, 1-128; Spring, 129-256; Summer, 257-384; Autumn, 385-512. Listed in the *International Index*.

- A Little Faith, A Little Envy: A Note on Santayana and Auden, *Gerald Weales*, 340
- Alcock, *Ida M.*, translator: *The Olympian Cowboy*, *Harry Schein*, 309
- Alexander, *Sidney*, review of *Hester Lilly and Twelve Short Stories* by Elizabeth Taylor, 114
- American Foreign Policy, Illusions of, *Asher B. Lans*, 393
- American Novel? What's Wrong with the (FORUM), *Stephen Becker*, *Simon Michael Bessie*, *Ralph Ellison*, *Albert Erskine*, *Jean Stafford*, *William Styron*, *Hiram Haydn*, 464
- Anthon, *Carl*, *The Birth of the Free University*, 49
- Auden, A Little Faith, A Little Envy: A Note on Santayana and, *Gerald Weales*, 340
- Barzun, *Jacques*, *THE SCHOLAR'S SCRATCH PAD*, 96
- Becker, *Stephen*, What's Wrong with the American Novel? (FORUM), 464
- Bessie, *Simon Michael*, What's Wrong with the American Novel? (FORUM), 464
- Birth of the Free University, *The*, *Carl Anthon*, 49
- BOOKSTAND, *THE REVOLVING*, 99, 216, 352
- Realities of American Foreign Policy by *George F. Kennan*, reviewed by *Asher B. Lans*, 99
- The Remarkable Mr. Jerome* by *Anita Leslie*, reviewed by *Edmund Fuller*, 104
- The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and His Brothers*, reviewed by *Louis Simpson*, 110
- Hester Lilly and Twelve Short Stories* by *Elizabeth Taylor*, reviewed by *Sidney Alexander*, 114
- Cornell Studies in Civil Liberties*, reviewed by *Saul K. Padover*, 216
- Of Whales and Men* by *R. B. Robertson*, reviewed by *Gordon Cuyler*, 220
- The Buffalo Hunters* by *Mari Sandoz*, reviewed by *Gordon Cuyler*, 220
- Coro-Coro* by *Paul A. Zahl*, reviewed by *Gordon Cuyler*, 220
- Essays in the Public Philosophy* by *Walter Lippmann*, reviewed by *Asher B. Lans*, 352
- Man on Earth* by *Jacquetta Hawkes*, reviewed by *Paul B. Sears*, 356
- The Opposing Self* by *Lionel Trilling*, reviewed by *Robert N. Linscott*, 360
- Democracy and Marxism* by *H. B. Mayo*, reviewed by *David L. Marks*, 366
- BRIEF COMMENTS, 118, 226, 369
- Burgunder*, *Rose*, *The Eve of Capricorn* (Poem), 323
- Can These Stones Speak?, *William Croft Dickinson*, 329
- Carrier, Constance*, Three Poems: *Terra Nova*, Notes for a Poem, Transformation Scene (Poems), 45
- China's Foreign Policy, Communist, *I-Kua Chou*, 137
- Chou, I-Kua*, Communist China's Foreign Policy, 137
- Cohn, Werner*, *Jehovah's Witnesses as a Proletarian Movement*, 281
- Cold War Troubles At Home, *Robert Langbaum*, 265
- Communist China's Foreign Policy, *I-Kua Chou*, 137
- Conformer (Poem), *Hannah Kahn*, 458
- Conservative Revolt, The Pseudo-, *Richard Hofstadter*, 9
- Cornell Studies in Civil Liberties*, reviewed by *Saul K. Padover*, 216
- Coronado, He Was There Before, *Joseph Wood Krutch*, 35
- Counterpoint (Poem), *Hannah Kahn*, 458
- Cowboy, *The Olympian*, *Harry Schein*, translated by *Ida M. Alcock*, 309
- Cuyler, Gordon*, reviews of *Of Whales and Men* by *R. B. Robertson*, *The Buffalo Hunters* by *Mari Sandoz*, *Coro-Coro* by *Paul A. Zahl*, 220
- Dark Wood, The (Poem), *John Hall Wheelock*, 180
- Defense Means Protection, *Lewis A. Dexter*, 299
- Dexter, Lewis A.*, Defense Means Protection, 299
- Dickinson, William Croft*, Scotland and the Scots, 195; Can These Stones Speak?, 329
- Dilliard, Irving*, PORTRAIT. *Alvin Johnson*, 88
- Dylan Thomas: 1914-1953* (Poem), *Rosemary Thomas*, 180
- Early in the Morning (Poem), *Louis Simpson*, 325
- Earth, Sea and Sky (Poem), *Joseph Freeman*, 321
- Eaton, Walter H.*, Song of the Passionate Psychologist to His Beloved (Poem), 418
- Eclogue for Rachel (Poem), *Carol Johnson*, 181
- Edman: Two Poems for Irwin, Earth, Sea and Sky; In Memoriam (Poems), *Joseph Freeman*, 321
- Ellison, Ralph*, What's Wrong with the American Novel? (FORUM), 464
- Erskine, Albert*, What's Wrong with the American Novel? (FORUM), 464
- Eve of Capricorn, The (Poem), *Rose Burgunder*, 323

- Finn, Dallas, What the Japanese Intellectuals Are Thinking, 443
- For T. S. E. Only (Poem), Hyam Plutzik, 183
- Foreign Policy, Communist China's, I-Kua Chou, 137
- Foreign Policy, Illusions of American, Asher B. Lans, 393
- FORUM: What's Wrong with the American Novel?, Stephen Becker, Simon Michael Bessie, Ralph Ellison, Albert Erskine, Jean Stafford, William Styron, Hiram Haydn, 464
- Freeman, Joseph, Two Poems for Irwin Edman: Earth Sea and Sky; In Memoriam (Poems), 321
- Fuller, Edmund, review of *The Remarkable Mr. Jerome* by Anita Leslie, 104
- Genius of Kleist, The, Thomas Mann, translated by Francis Golfing, 187
- Golfing, Francis, translator: *The Genius of Kleist*, Thomas Mann, 187
- Harris, Mark, The "Merry Widow Waltz" in Colors, 435
- Hawkes, Jacquetta, author: *Man on Earth*, reviewed by Paul B. Sears, 356
- Haydn, Hiram, What's Wrong with the American Novel? (FORUM), 464
- He Was There Before Coronado, Joseph Wood Krutch, 35
- Hedden, Worth Tuttle, On Writing the Family Novel, 65
- Hofstadter, Richard, The Pseudo-Conservative Revolt, 9
- Humanities: Mirrors of Genius, The, Neal W. Klausner, 81
- Humphrey, Hubert H., Liberalism, 419
- IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, Joseph Wood Krutch, 212, 348, 460
- Illusions of American Foreign Policy, Asher B. Lans, 393
- In Memoriam (Poem), Joseph Freeman, 321
- Intellectuals Are Thinking, What the Japanese, Dallas Finn, 443
- Japanese Intellectuals Are Thinking, What the, Dallas Finn, 443
- Jehovah's Witnesses as a Proletarian Movement, Werner Cohn, 281
- Johnson, Alvin, PORTRAIT: Irving Dilliard, 88
- Johnson, Carol, Eclogue for Rachel (Poem), 181
- Kahn, Hannah, Conformer (Poem), 458; Counterpoint (Poem), 458
- Kelman, Norman, Psychoanalysis and Morality, 158
- Kennan, George F., author: *Realities of American Foreign Policy*, reviewed by Asher B. Lans, 99
- Kinds of Knowledge, The, Mark Van Doren, 411
- Klausner, Neal W., The Humanities: Mirrors of Genius, 81
- Kleist, The Genius of, Thomas Mann, translated by Francis Golfing, 187
- Knowledge, The Kinds of, Mark Van Doren, 411
- Krutch, Joseph Wood, He Was There Before Coronado, 35; IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, 212, 348, 460
- LaFarge, John, S. J., The True Face of our Country, 28
- Langbaum, Robert, Cold War Troubles At Home, 265
- Lans, Asher B., review of *Realities of American Foreign Policy* by George F. Kennan, 99; review of *Essays in the Public Philosophy* by Walter Lippmann, 352; *Illusions of American Foreign Policy*, 393
- Lawrence, T. E., author: *The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and His Brothers*, reviewed by Louis Simpson, 110
- Leslie, Anita, author: *The Remarkable Mr. Jerome*, reviewed by Edmund Fuller, 104
- Liberalism, Hubert H. Humphrey, 419
- Lilac Bush, The (Poem), Marion Lineaweaver, 182
- Lineaweaver, Marion, The Lilac Bush (Poem), 182
- Linscott, Robert N., review of *The Opposing Self* by Lionel Trilling, 360
- Lippmann, Walter, author: *Essays in the Public Philosophy*, reviewed by Asher B. Lans, 352
- Mann, Thomas, The Genius of Kleist, translated by Francis Golfing, 187
- Marks, David L., review of *Democracy and Marxism* by H. B. Mayo, 366
- Mayo, H. B., author: *Democracy and Marxism*, reviewed by David L. Marks, 366
- Mead, Margaret, THE SCHOLAR'S SCRATCH PAD, 378
- "Merry Widow Waltz" in Colors, The, Mark Harris, 435
- Mirrors of Genius, The Humanities: Neal W. Klausner, 81
- Morality, Psychoanalysis and, Norman Kelman, 158
- Morton, David, Obscure Incident (Poem), 457
- Nardi, Marcia, News from Our Town (Poem), 326
- Neff, Emery, translator: *Testament*, Giuseppe Prezzolini, 171
- News from Our Town (Poem), Marcia Nardi, 326
- Nicholl, Louise T., Second Wonder (Poem), 456
- Note on Santayana and Auden, A, A Little Faith, A Little Envy; Gerald Weales, 340
- Notes for a Poem (Poem), Constance Carrier, 46

- Novel, *On Writing the Family*, *Worth Tuttle Hedden*, 65
- Novel? *What's Wrong with the American* (FORUM), *Stephen Becker*, *Simon Michael Bessie*, *Ralph Ellison*, *Albert Erskine*, *Jean Stafford*, *William Styron*, *Hiram Haydn*, 464
- Obscure Incident (Poem), *David Morton*, 457
- Olympian Cowboy, *The*, *Harry Schein*, translated by *Ida M. Alcock*, 309
- On Writing the Family Novel, *Worth Tuttle Hedden*, 65
- One Word for Four Seasons (Poem), *James Whelden*, 185
- Pack, Robert*, *The Success* (Poem), 280
- Padover, Saul K.*, review of *Cornell Studies in Civil Liberties*, 216
- Pertinent to My Heart (Poem), *Dachine Rainer*, 434
- Plutzhik, Hyam*, *For T. S. E. Only* (Poem), 183
- PORTRAIT: *Alvin Johnson*, *Irving Dilliard*, 88
- Prezzolini, Giuseppe*, *Testament*, translated by *Emery Neff*, 171
- Proletarian Movement, *Jehovah's Witnesses* as a, *Werner Cohn*, 281
- Protection, *Defense Means*, *Lewis A. Dexter*, 299
- Pseudo-Conservative Revolt; *The*, *Richard Hofstadter*, 9
- Psychoanalysis and Morality, *Norman Kelman*, 158
- Rainer, Dachine*, *Pertinent to My Heart* (Poem), 434
- READER REPLIES, *THE*, 126, 247, 383, 504
- Redding, Saunders*, *THE SCHOLAR'S SCRATCH PAD*, 243
- Revolt, *The Pseudo-Conservative*, *Richard Hofstadter*, 9
- Robertson, R. B.*, author: *Of Whales and Men*, reviewed by *Gordon Cuyler*, 220
- Rose and the Sun*, *The* (Poem), *Sheldon Zitner*, 459
- Sandoz, Mari*, author: *The Buffalo Hunters*, reviewed by *Gordon Cuyler*, 220
- Santayana and Auden*, *A Note on, A Little Faith, A Little Envy*., *Gerald Weales*, 340
- Schein, Harry*, *The Olympian Cowboy*, translated by *Ida M. Alcock*, 309
- SCHOLAR'S SCRATCH PAD, *THE*, *Jacques Barzun*, 96; *Saunders Redding*, 243; *Margaret Mead*, 378
- Scotland and the Scots, *William Croft Dickinson*, 195
- Sears, Paul B.*, review of *Man on Earth* by *Jacquetta Hawkes*, 356
- Second Wonder (Poem), *Louise T. Nicholl*, 456
- Simpson, Louis*, review of *The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and His Brothers*, 110; *Sleeping Beauty* (Poem), 324; *Early in the Morning* (Poem), 325
- Sleeping Beauty* (Poem), *Louis Simpson*, 324
- Song of the Passionate Psychologist to His Beloved* (Poem), *Walter H. Eaton*, 418
- Stafford, Jean*, *What's Wrong with the American Novel?* (FORUM), 464
- Styron, William*, *What's Wrong with the American Novel?* (FORUM), 464
- Success, The* (Poem), *Robert Pack*, 280
- Taylor, Elizabeth*, author: *Hester Lilly and Twelve Short Stories*, reviewed by *Sidney Alexander*, 114
- Terra Nova* (Poem), *Constance Carrier*, 45
- Testament, Giuseppe Prezzolini*, translated by *Emery Neff*, 171
- Thomas, Rosemary*, *Dylan Thomas: 1914-1953* (Poem), 180
- Transformation Scene* (Poem), *Constance Carrier*, 47
- Trilling, Lionel*, author: *The Opposing Self*, reviewed by *Robert N. Linscott*, 360
- Troubles At Home, Cold War*, *Robert Langbaum*, 265
- True Face of Our Country, The*, *LaFarge, John*, 28
- Two Poems for Irwin Edman: Earth, Sea and Sky; In Memoriam* (Poems), *Joseph Freeman*, 321
- University, The Birth of the Free*, *Carl Anthon*, 49
- Van Doren, Mark*, *The Kinds of Knowledge*, 411
- War-Troubles at Home; Cold*, *Robert Langbaum*, 265
- Weales, Gerald*, *A Little Faith, A Little Envy: A Note on Santayana and Auden*, 340
- What the Japanese Intellectuals Are Thinking*, *Dallas Finn*, 443
- What's Wrong with the American Novel?* (FORUM), *Stephen Becker*, *Simon Michael Bessie*, *Ralph Ellison*, *Albert Erskine*, *Jean Stafford*, *William Styron*, *Hiram Haydn*, 464
- Wheelock, John Hall*, *The Dark Wood* (Poem), 180
- Whelden, James*, *One Word for Four Seasons* (Poem), 185
- Writing the Family Novel, On*, *Worth Tuttle Hedden*, 65
- Zahl, Paul A.*, author: *Coro-Coro*, reviewed by *Gordon Cuyler*, 220
- Zitner, Sheldon*, *The Rose and the Sun* (Poem), 459